Collier's

TEN CENTS

JUNE 26, 1943

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I STILL BELIEVE IN NON-VIOLENCE

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

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WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE HUSBAND S

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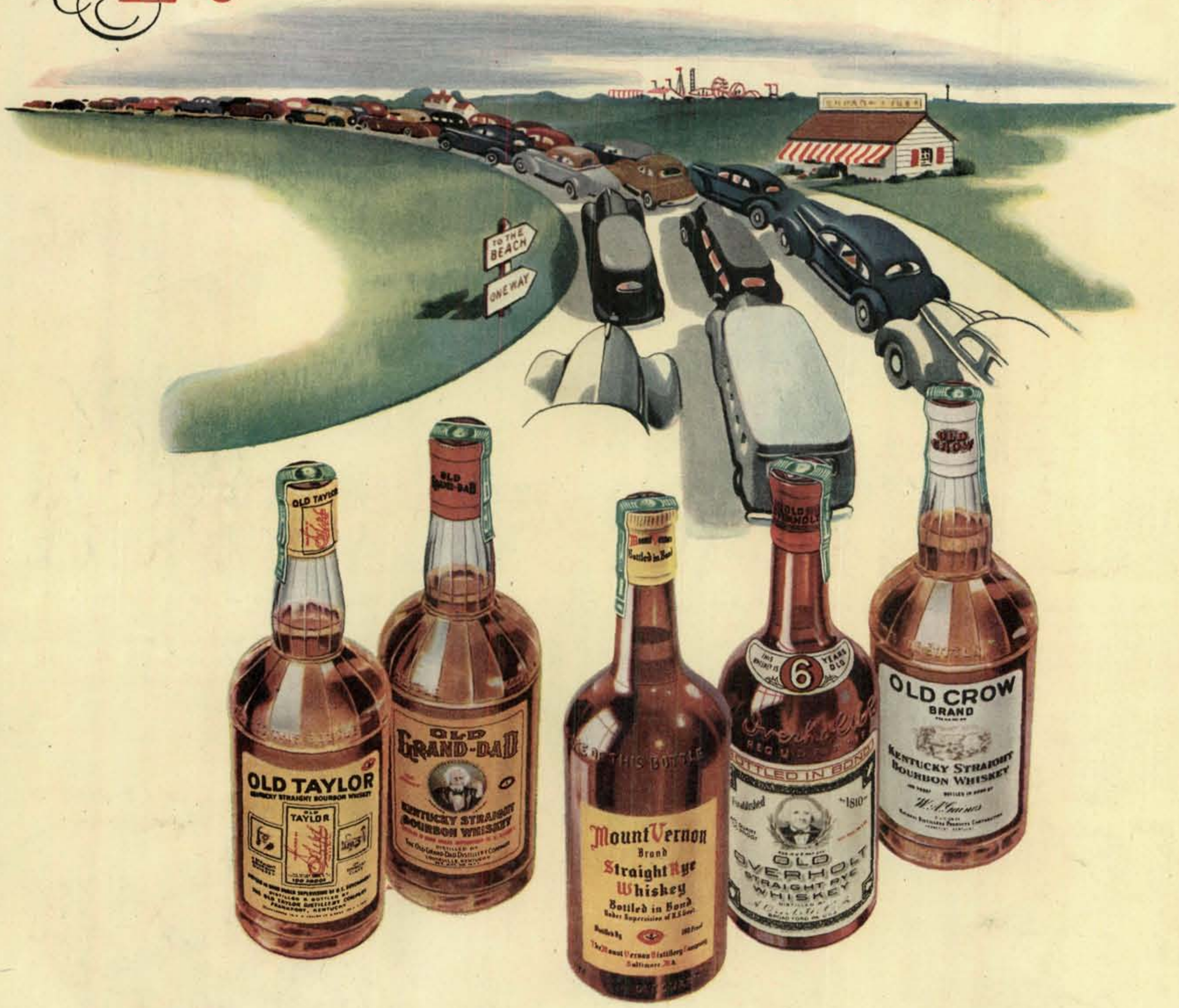
Long Before Pearl Harbor *they were aging in oak*


TO THE BEACH
ONE WAY
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Mount Vernon Brand Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
6 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
OLD CROW BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

YEARS before there were any gasoline ration books, these great whiskies were laid away to age under the most favorable auspices imaginable. Fifty years ago, you see, the Congress of the United States passed a very fortunate law for the man who really likes fine whiskies. This Bottled-in-Bond Act specifies strict regulations governing bottled in bond whiskies.

As a result, none of the emergency changes forced upon most other products by war-time needs have touched these great whiskies. So whenever you buy *these* bottled in bond products you obtain identically the same quality. It is no special privilege or favor but simply a matter of long-standing law.

At a time when National Distillers is not making a drop of whiskey and when every distillery the Company owns has been completely turned over to the production of alcohol for war purposes, it is pleasant to know that without being selfish, wasteful or unpatriotic, you can find in any one of these five great brands of whiskey the same unchanged and unchanging quality that you used to like 5, 10 or even 50 years ago. *Every drop of it was laid away long before Pearl Harbor.*

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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What to do with a Victory Garden

by BOB HOPE

1. Of course, you know what a Victory Garden is. That's a little garden where you go out and putter around for a while, and if you can straighten your back again it's a victory. It's lots of fun, though. I have a beautiful patch . . . on my right hand where the blister broke!

2. Mother Nature is really wonderful. For instance, suppose you want carrots. Well, you just drop a little seed in the ground and in no time at all up comes a rabbit. Of course, if you want a bright smile, some Pepsodent planted on your brush does wonders every time.

3. After your garden has started to grow, it's very important to use Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste. This puts a bright gleam on your teeth . . . so if the sun doesn't come out one day, you can always walk around with a big smile and shine on your vegetables.

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
Contains Irium
New
VICTORY PACKAGE
SAME QUANTITY
SAME QUALITY
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
Contains Irium
Pep

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

4. Watch out for pests. I'm not bothered with birds any more . . . since I tossed a tube of Pepsodent into their nest. Now they haven't time to do any damage—they're too busy brushing each other's teeth and singing, "Oh, it floats away film with the greatest of ease!"

5. Well, that's all. Just don't forget the tomatoes. I find the best way to remember them is to keep their phone numbers in a little book. You know, the same book you write in when you want to remember to buy Pepsodent . . . the only tooth paste containing Irium

How IRIUM in Pepsodent uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dull and dingy. Film is what hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles are clouded when commonplace methods fail to clean film away.

But look what Irium does to that film. It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface bright, clean and sparkling.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely and gently.

Surly to Bed!

THAT WAS ME ALL OVER WHEN COLDS KEPT MY NOSE RED AND RAW! BUT SINCE I USE SOOTHING *KLEENEX* TISSUES* FOR HANKIES, I'M WEARING A HAPPY MAPPY!

(*from a letter by* G. T., Portland, Ore.)

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR.

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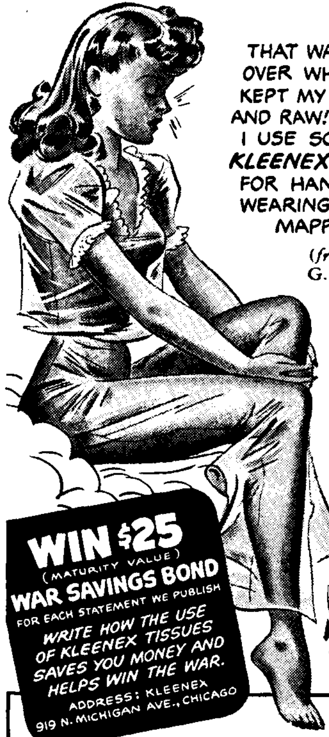


Buddy's Bib

NO NAPKINS FOR BOYS IN OLIVE DRAB SO BEFORE I GO TO CHOW— IT'S *KLEENEX* THAT I ALWAYS GRAB IT SERVES AND SAVES AND HOW!

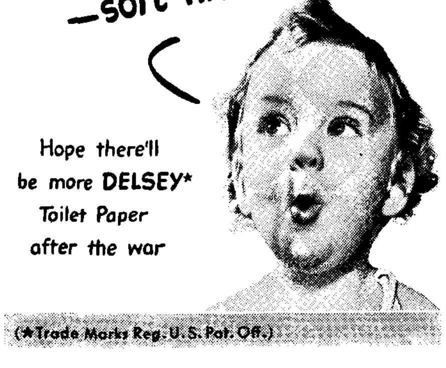
(*from a letter by* Pvt. M. K. L., Fort Reno, Okla.)

My Towels Had Measles

—WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE MY NAIL POLISH. NOW I USE *KLEENEX* AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER. NO MORE STAINED TOWELS!

(*from a letter by* B. J. B., Petersburg, Ind.)

OH BOY! Remember Delsey? —soft like Kleenex



Hope there'll be more DELSEY* Toilet Paper after the war

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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Collier'

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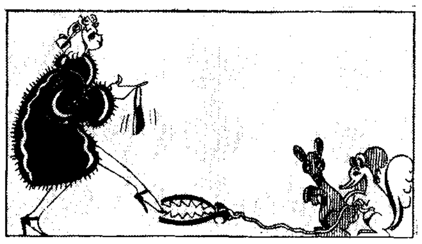
ANY WEEK

OUR agent on the Pacific Coast, Hollywood Division, reports exclusively to this office that he has found an actress who has hoarded so many fur coats that the animals are setting traps for her.

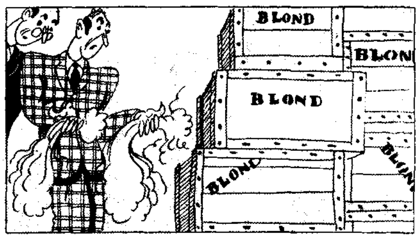


AND First Lieutenant Louis Ruppel, United States Marine Corps, who used to be one of our countless bosses, notifies us that in the training camp where we hope he is now undergoing severe hardships, there are quite a number of veterans of World War I. These elderly leathernecks will not be called upon to do the proverbial landing and getting the situation well in hand. They will fill home-front jobs that are not so hard on the legs. What we want to tell you, however, is that Lieutenant Ruppel reports that these carry-overs are known to the younger Marines as Retreads.

OUR associate, W. B. Courtney, may now be on his way to England where (you know as well as we) he will write very superior stuff about our pulverizing Air Forces. It was necessary for Mr. Courtney to get a Portuguese visa. Therefore he went to the Portuguese consulate. He didn't get in that day. On the door of the consulate, he says, there was the sign: "Owing to Discovery of Brazil, we are closed for today." We tried this one out on several of our friends and have decided that it needed a little amplifying. So we explain that it was the anniversary of the discovery of that valiant land by Senhor Pedro Alvares de Cabral in 1500. Seems a little flat to us, but there it is.

THE very reliable Mr. Bill Mason of Akron, Ohio, was at the airport to greet Doctor Noah Miller, now a captain in the Army. Present too was Captain Miller's small daughter who was taking the homecoming of her father pretty calmly. Her father got off the plane and was greeted warmly by family and friends, with the exception of his small daughter. She looked at him coldly and said: "Well, is that Hitler dead yet or is this just another furlough?"

AS USUAL the government is leaning on us again. It is having blonde trouble just like a lot of individuals we know. Away back at the start of the war, some troublemaker spread the rumor that the Army wanted blond hair. We've forgotten what it was that the Army was supposed to want blond hair for. Anyway, they didn't want it, and we had to tell the girls. Then it was the Navy. It's very hard to discourage blondes. Crates of blond combings arrived at the Navy Department. Again we were requested to tell the girls that the Navy didn't want their hair. The OPA came next; the blondes determined that some government bureau was going to get their hair. We'll never forget how Mr. Leon Henderson pleaded with us to come to his rescue. So we spoke firmly and with apparent effect. Now the girls have turned on the OWI, which itself has a rather pronounced blond, Mr. Elmer Davis. And even the girls have no idea why the OWI should want more blond hair. Truckloads of crated blond hair are arriving at OWI every day, and the situation is getting out of hand. So again we ask our blond readers to stop it. Looking into the future we may add that the WPB doesn't want any, either; nor the Maritime Commission; nor any of the others. Hang on to it. You may need it.



WE DON'T remember how we got to talking to this fellow but he was very interesting. He helps build government houses in war-industry centers—foreman, we think. Anyway we asked him about the houses—whether they were good houses, how long it took to build them, things like that. "Brother," said he, "I take a few hammer-and-saw guys with me, go to the site, scrape away a little dirt and rubbish with my foot, throw down a couple of armfuls of lumber and stand back. By the time I turn around, the boys have the house up. We're getting so fast that if you give us a family who'll stand still for a few minutes, we'll build their home right around them and leave them sleeping peacefully. But they got to be careful about bumping into walls or jumping on the floor." . . . W. D.

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JUNE 26, 1943

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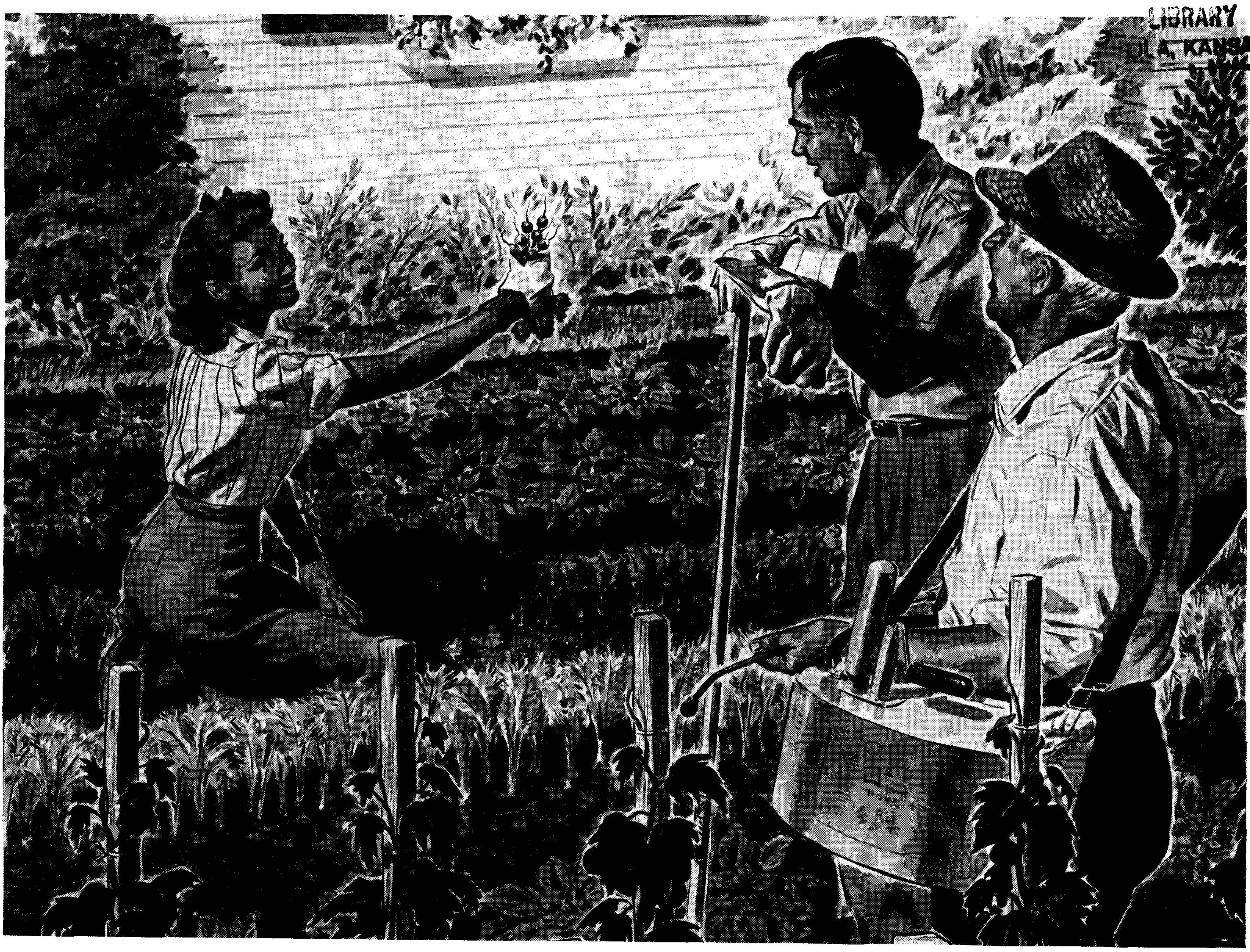

WHO should exercise . . . and WHY

LIKE OUR ARMED FORCES, civilians, too, must keep physically fit for their part in this war. This means adequate sleep, rest, recreation, a nutritious diet—and *exercise*.

Every person in good health should take some form of exercise—the type depending upon age, strength and occupation.

Proper exercise strengthens the muscles which hold us erect and in good posture. It stimulates the circulation and keeps the heart and lungs in prime condition. It helps us avoid putting on excess weight. Digestion and elimination are improved . . . vigor and endurance are heightened . . . we have that feeling of being in "the pink" of condition.

In short, proper exercise helps us *live* longer! Meanwhile, we get keener enjoyment out of everything in life.

Generally, some form of exercise which may be continued day after day the year round is preferred. Moderate *regular* exercise is far better than too much at one time.

Any exercise is more beneficial out of doors. The tonic effect of fresh air and sunshine is great. Wisely taken, exercise should produce a pleasant exhilaration, not undue fatigue and aching muscles.

Desk workers and those who do light manual work—sitting or standing at a machine, for example—need exercise to keep them limbered up. Workers whose jobs demand great physical exertion need *recreation* more than "muscle building." They should seek sunshine, rest and fresh air in their leisure time.

If regular checkups show us to be sound, we are never too old to benefit from some form of exercise. This year, millions of Americans are getting splendid exercise through their Victory Gardens. If you are one of these, Metropolitan will send you upon request a free booklet entitled, "Keeping the Garden Going."

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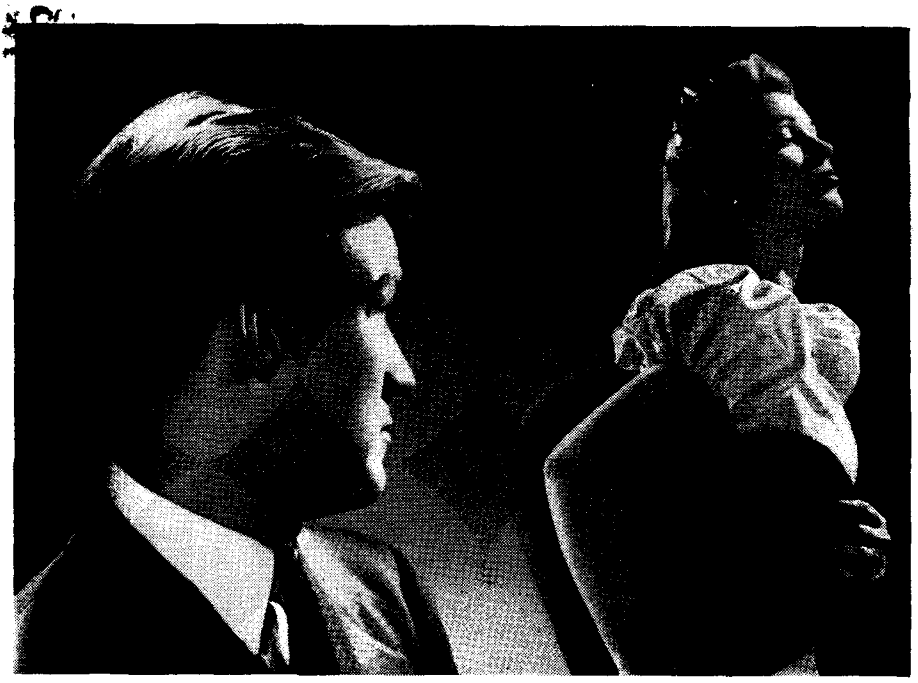
LOSING YOUR "HEART"... THANKS TO DRY SCALP?



HERE'S A TIP: 5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

...GIVE YOU HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

IT'S SO EASY: Each morning when you comb your hair simply shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb, or rub it on your scalp. That's the ticket to well-groomed hair every minute of the day. What's more, it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural scalp oils! Then before every shampoo, massage your hair vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—and rub a little on afterwards. Yes, for double care, both scalp and hair, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic regularly. And remember... it's different because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

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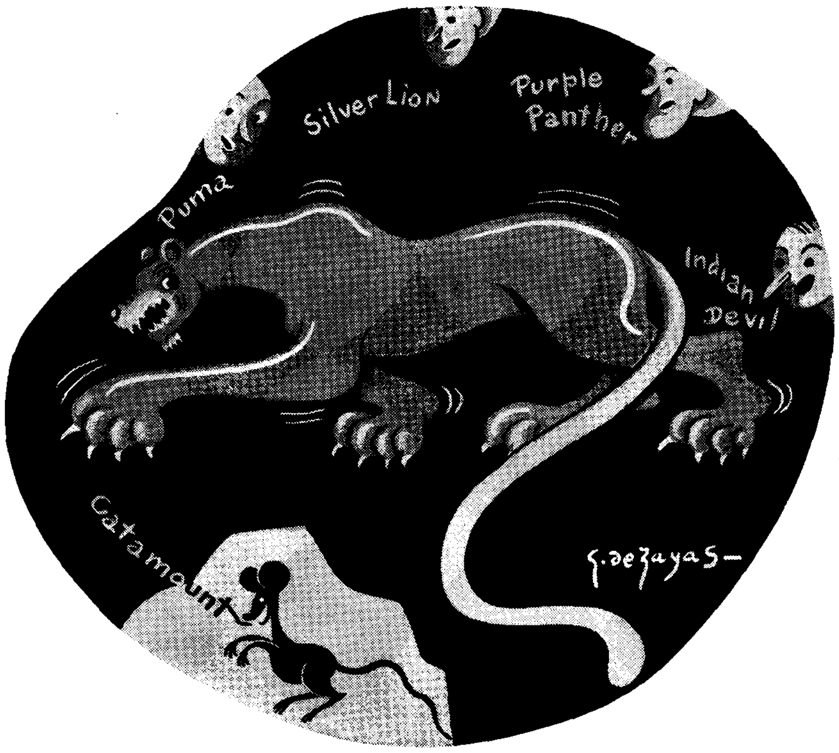

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The cougar, *Felis concolor*, the large member of the cat family found in the western part of both Americas, is known by 19 different names in this country alone, some of them being puma, catamount, silver lion, purple panther, mountain screamer and Indian devil.—*By Saul Miller, New York.*

When an atom is "smashed," it does not fly into a number of small pieces like a smashed glass bottle. Instead, artificial transmutation takes place in that the atom loses some constituent particle or absorbs some new particle or does both and, therefore, becomes a new and different atom. Today, more than 700 of these new atoms have been created by atom-smashers, and their number grows almost daily.

The majority of the 900-odd radio stations in this country have to share their wave length with a number of others because there are only 106 frequencies in the standard broadcast band.—*By Rosanne Guess, Charlotte, S. C.*

The German shepherd dogs that accompany Coast Guardsmen on night patrol duty can detect the presence of a stranger within a surrounding area of 350,000 square yards.—*By Walter Rae, Lakewood, Ohio.*

The condition of a coin, far more than its rarity, determines its value among collectors. For example, they will pay up to $15 for a United States 1913 S. (San Francisco mintage) quarter in excellent condition and as much as $20 for a perfect 1902 S. half dollar, although both of these coins, when badly worn, are worth only face value.

For many years, illness due to sunburn has caused the loss of more than 200,000 man-days annually. . . . Of the 256 Popes of the Roman Catholic Church, 81 or nearly one third of them adopted one of only five names, 23 using John, 16 Gregory, 15 Benedict, 14 Clement and 13 Innocent.

Scientists in India are now making extensive studies of the meteors that, when entering the earth's upper atmosphere, produce strange whistling sounds of several seconds duration on short-wave radio receivers.

As Congress has never passed a law imposing monogamous marriage on the tribal Indians of the United States, men belonging to tribes that permit polygamy may lawfully have several wives at one time.—*By David A. Black, Los Angeles, California.*

Walking upstairs consumes more energy than most kinds of hard work and strenuous sports in the same length of time. Compared with this simple act, for example, the caloric requirement for sawing wood is only 39 per cent, for running only 48 per cent and for swimming only 54 per cent.

Most people who are good judges of time will overestimate the length of a certain time interval when they have a fever and underestimate it when their temperature is subnormal. —*By Margery Lent, Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y.*

Rabies develop in only a small percentage of the persons who forgo treatment after being bitten by a rabid dog, one eminent specialist estimating it conservatively at 15 per cent. However, the disease infects an average of approximately 35 per cent of the domestic animals that are bitten, ranging from about 28 per cent of the cattle to about 40 per cent of the horses and dogs.

The white birch has been officially chosen by the American Forestry Association as the tree to be planted as a memorial to a mother.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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by "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

SUPERHUMAN range of sight and hearing . . . superhuman precision in the remote control of tremendous power . . . that's what Bendix gives to the U. S. fighting man, on land and sea and in the air! It's **"The Invisible Crew"** . . . mechanical and electronic supermen that magnify man's powers and protect him against human error.

No human hand could ever contrive, in a power-diving plane, the instant and delicate fuel adjustment which "STROMBERG" Aircraft Carburetors *automatically* make. No human vision could pierce through fog and into distant space where the Bendix Radio "Seeing Eye" now penetrates. No earthling mind could ever attain the positive perception of speed, direction and stratospheric height that are so unerringly registered by the "PIONEER" Instrument members of . . . **"The Invisible Crew."**

In ships, tanks and planes, these Invisible Crewmen fight beside our boys . . . unfailingly. Like an endless army, they stream forth day and night from 25 great Bendix plants . . . products of the Bendix engineering mind, and of the more than seventy thousand Bendix workers. And with our boys, too, **"The Invisible Crew"** will be coming back . . . to serve them in making this a brighter, better world.

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BACK UP OUR BOYS BUY WAR BONDS

FIRE-POWER WINS!

...when horse-power helps!

When YOU have the most fire-power you win—*if you can move in fast enough.* That takes *horse-power*—more of it than the world ever saw before. Food, arms and horse-power are the biggest needs of our fighters. Engines by the hundreds of thousands in airplanes, tanks, trucks, jeeps, bulldozers, boats and ships depend on Sealed Power piston rings, pistons and cylinder sleeves for their full, eager horse-power.

On the home front, as on every fighting front, Sealed Power motor parts are serving as they have always served, with top economy and dead sure reliability. Have that irreplaceable engine of yours checked before it is beyond repair. A Sealed Power Piston Ring set, individually engineered for each particular make and model of engine, will give proper oil control which will reduce wear and prolong the life of your engine. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ont.

New Sealed Power Piston Rings can be just like extra gas stamps in your ration book

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Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

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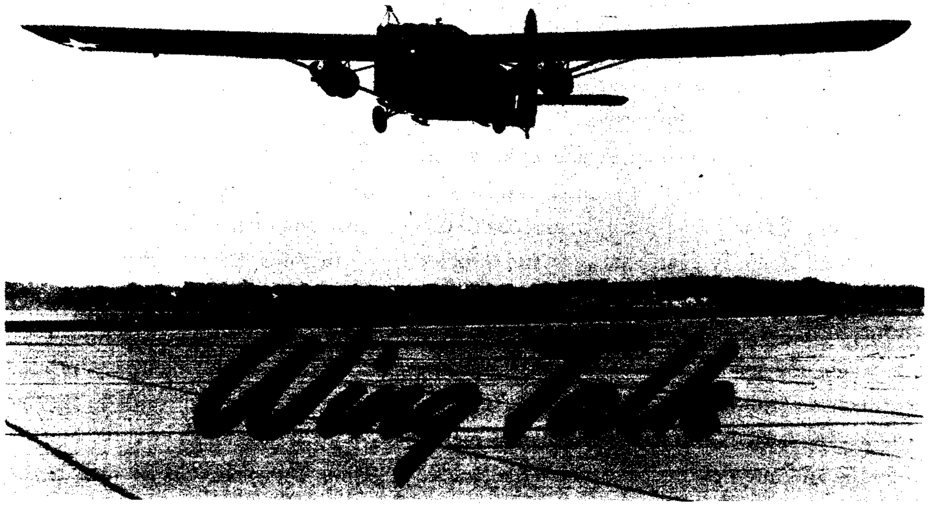
Scrap metal is needed for every gun, tank and ship. Send your scrap to war



BRUCE SIFFORD

Shown above in test flight is Northwestern's self-propelled troop transport glider, equipped with two demountable 130-horsepower engines. Instead of being delivered knocked down and in crates, this glider can be flown from factory to air base, where the engines can be removed and returned to deliver another glider

The Lockheed P-38 Lightning, as practically every small boy in America knows, is an Army Air Forces high-altitude fighter, equipped with a pair of Allison liquid-cooled engines, four machine guns and a cannon. The guns are the fixed type, aimed forward.

Thus our audience of practically every small boy in America is going to be (a) dubious and (b) subsequently popeyed as we explain the details of this matter, authentic and fresh from North Africa, about a certain smart and resourceful P-38 pilot.

Confronted by a sudden emergency, this quick-witted lad increased his normal and conventional fire power of four machine guns and one cannon, all pointed forward, with the following protective, auxiliary equipment:

Two tail guns.

Waist guns, port and starboard.

A power turret covering 360 degrees laterally.

More guns firing forward.

And with this hastily arranged protection, he flew safely back to his North Africa base on one engine.

What happened was this: Out over the Mediterranean as part of the escort for a flock of B-17s, our young friend and his pals met up with some of the Luftwaffe's few remaining fighters in that area. When one of his Allisons quit in combat, he feathered the prop, took a look around, and realized he was probably expected to make a run for it to his field on the one functioning engine.

Then he thought of something better. He swung over to a near-by flight of Fortresses, slid under the tummy of one of the big bombers, adjusted his speed to coincide with that of the Boeing, and rode along underneath as the chick in a sort of aerial hen-and-chick formation. It was quite comforting—all those extra guns overhead.

For a time, there was some unusual radio transmission in the area. It went something like this, in rather informal phrasing: "Hey, you! Get the blank-blank out from under us. Scram, peashooter. You're blocking our ball turret!"

But our busy young P-38 sky rider apparently was intently engaged with such matters as what else was in the sky, engine-head temperatures and the multitude of other matters which go with keeping a P-38 in hand, especially with one engine dead.

He stayed right where he was until he was within range, although those radio messages, traveling only a few feet, could scarcely have been weak.

Later he slid out from under, landed, and all hands decided he could probably be safely forgiven.

Here's something you can do for the boys fighting out in the Pacific. When sending a present to a loved one or friend at one of the remote island outposts, wrap it in a newspaper rather than regular wrapping paper. Or if you work in the shipping department of a plant sending materials to the front, stuff your Morning Post and Evening Gazette in empty spaces left in packing crates. If there is plenty of space and lots of crates, spend a few nickels for other papers and magazines, or ask for your neighbor's. The men who unpack the war supplies will appreciate them.

Naval aviation officials suggested this easy means of helping those in the combat zones after a trip to the Pacific by Commander Luis de Florez, an officer of the Bureau of Aeronautics. He reported that what the men in the fleet and bases wanted most was to read about things back home. But don't rush out and order a subscription to the home-town paper for your boy or mail him a bundle of newspapers. Shipping space is too valuable.

Commander de Florez tells a little story to show how eager the men out there are for home news. He says he was paying his respects to Rear Admiral C. P. Mason, commander of a Pacific task force, and had brought along a box of fine cigars for Mason and his staff, thinking they might have been short on good smokes. When he produced the package, the hard-bitten airmen scrambled for it, fighting not for the cigars but for its newspaper wrapping!

It's an old-time favorite around hangars, but it really happened to one proprietor of a private airfield in the Middle West. Three Marine paratroopers called upon him and wanted to buy rides. "And they joke about sailors taking canoe rides when they're on shore leave," the proprietor mumbled.

"This ain't funny," said the Marine spokesman. "We've done a lot of riding around in airplanes, but we've never come down in one. We come down the short way. And we want to see what it feels like to get all the way to the ground in a plane." ★★★

"ONE FOR THE LAD WHO LIVES AT 221 SOUTH MAIN..."

"This one is yours.

"This is the one you shot down.

"This is the one you marked for your own, months ago, in the attic of the old house back home. There, in the cleared space at the window-end, where your work bench is, you built a model of a Zero. Weeks later, in training school—with the help of the ship you built—I burned into my mind the line, the silhouette, the bank and turn and climb of my enemy.

"Now, up here, meeting him a minute ago, with the sun in my eyes—half-blinded, and caught by surprise, I recognized only the shape of wing. But in the splinter of a second I knew him for no friendly thing, but as my deadly foe. And so, *we* shot him down.

"This one is yours, lad. And I want you to know that out here we think of you and the other fellows who build models of enemy planes as a kind of "special ground crew" of our flying gang. So, keep on building those planes! Keep on backing us up. Keep on helping us win. And when the long fight for freedom and the right to fly in peaceful skies is won, I'll come home again!

"Home to my town, to the house where I was born. And there I want to find everything the way it always was. *Everything!* I don't want anyone to take even a pennant from the wall in my old room or move the silver cup I won, or change a single picture from the place where it's always hung!

"We're fighting a tough fight, lad . . . and we've got ideas about what we want when we come back. Most of all, we want an America where we can look forward, as we always have, to better things. The same America we've always known . . . where you and I can plan and work and build our futures . . . where there will always be visibility unlimited, ceiling unlimited on every man's opportunity!

"That's the America we're fighting for!"

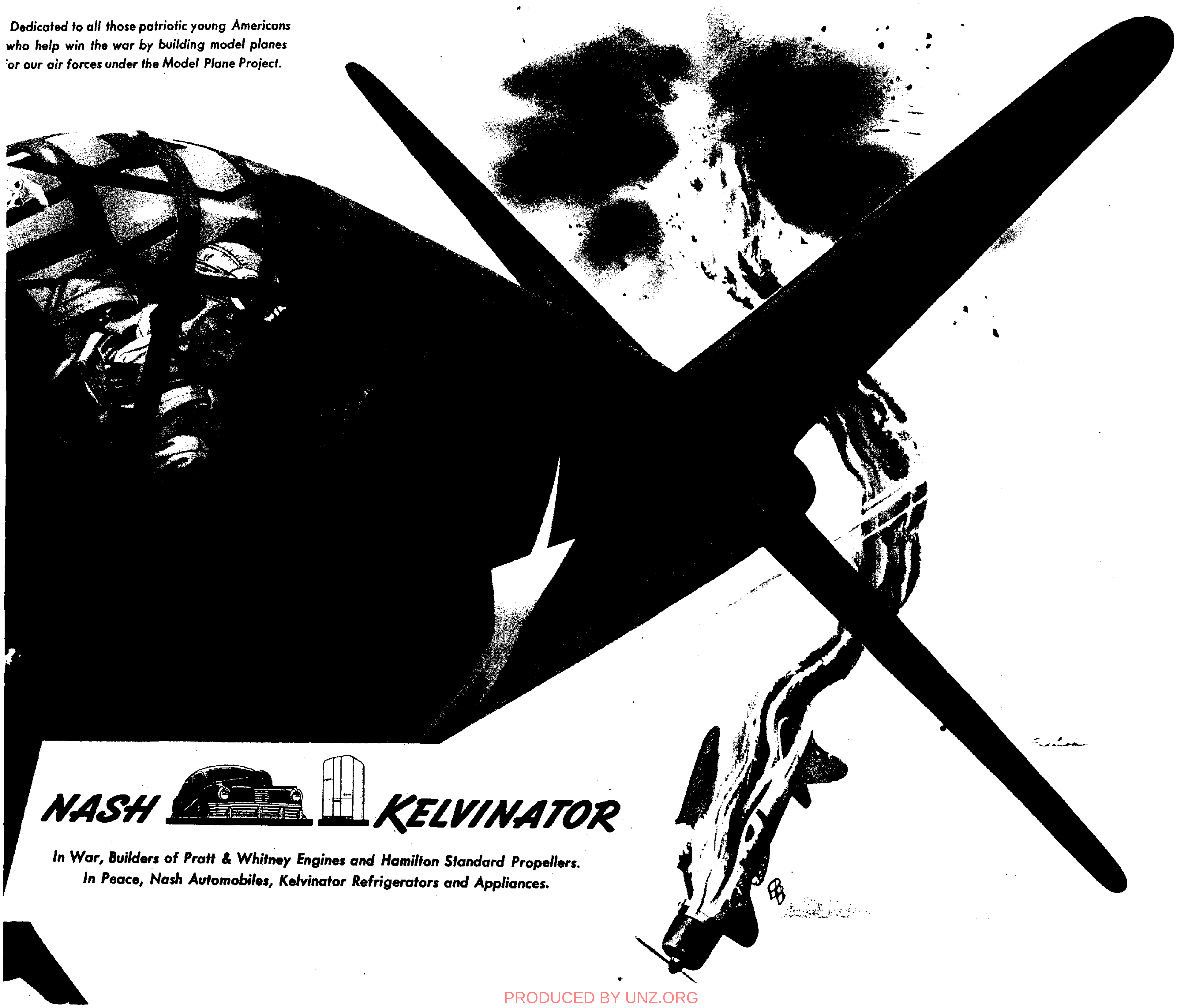
• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, we're building giant new 2,000 horsepower super-charged engines for U. S. Navy Corsair fighters . . . propellers for United Nations bombers . . . working to hurry the day when our boys will come home again, the day when we'll turn again to peaceful things, to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

Dedicated to all those patriotic young Americans who help win the war by building model planes for our air forces under the Model Plane Project.



NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

"PLEASE MR. AND MRS. PUBLIC"

"Please think over the Long Distance calls you've made recently to war-busy centers. Won't you agree that some of them are unessential?

"All of these calls can't be vital, but we don't know which are necessary and which are not. You who make them can best decide that.

"We have plans to spend a billion and a quarter dollars to take care of your needs after the war but we can't do much about it now.

"If you will ease up on calls that aren't really necessary, we'll do our best to get the vital calls through with little or no delay."

P. S.—This is serious.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 26, 1943

CHILDREN OF MARS

By Quentin Reynolds RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

In Russia, they call their Boy Scouts "Pioneers." They have no uniforms, no recreations, no time for play. But they are very proud of the job they are doing to speed victory—and, as Collier's correspondent in Moscow can tell you, they should be

THE ice on the river had broken, and the swift current had swept it down to the Volga. Standing on the embankment, looking across the river toward the Kremlin and its towers and mosques, you could feel the warmth of the sun and you knew that spring finally had come to Moscow. At home about now, the kids would be getting out baseball bats and gloves and hurrying to the nearest vacant lot. Here in Moscow, the youngsters just out of school were hurrying to the embankment across the narrow river outside the Kremlin. They laughed and yelled, and then a soldier gave an order and the laughter stopped.

The kids lined up. There were about sixty of them, about one third girls. Not one was more than fourteen. The soldier gave crisp orders. The kids marched smartly up and down the embankment. They marched by twos and fours, with their drillmaster barking out military commands. They drilled for one hour—these children of Mars—and then they were dismissed. When their time came, these youngsters would already have considerable basic military training. Today they had been in school for five hours and they had drilled for one hour.

As the kids hurried away from the drill ground, again laughing gaily, it was not to the baseball diamond or a park to play. Their real work of the day was just commencing. Children in Moscow have no time for play. Time after time they have heard their parents and teachers say, "This, too, is your war. What are you doing about it?"

Each child does something about it. The children of Russia are organized into a society called the Pioneers. It's much like our Boy Scouts, except that girls also are admitted to membership. The duties of Pioneers are not nearly so pleasant as those of Boy Scouts. During wartime there's no play, no long hikes in the country, no lessons in knot tying or woodcraft. These Pioneers do not even have uniforms. Their job is not one which would appeal to an ordinary American boy, but it's a mighty necessary and essential job.

When school is done and drilling is finished, they go into homes and help. Each housewife now has to run her own home by herself. There's no servant problem in Moscow; there are no servants. Only the very old can be spared for domestic service. The Moscow housewife has to do her own housework. She has to do her own marketing, which often means standing in line in front of food stores; and she has to take care of her children.

If her children are very young, her problem is a difficult one. This is where the Pioneers enter the picture. Each group of Pioneers is assigned to a city block. They find out which families need help. They go into homes and do what is needed. If the woman of the house is too ill or elderly, or is nursing a child, they do the marketing, sweep the floors, help with the dishes and sometimes (to allow the wife a night off to visit friends) they remain and mind the babies.

Within the Pioneers there is a secret group, the envy of all the others. These are called the Timur. Some years ago, a moving picture depicted a boy named Timur who had very great powers. He often visited the dirty homes of mortals and merely by waving a wand would make the house immaculate. If there was wood to be chopped, why, that was a cinch. He'd

(Continued on page 59)

SOVFOTO

Mischa, above, although just in his teens, is already a seasoned guerrilla fighter with dead Germans to his credit. His exploits are emulated by other youths throughout the length and breadth of Soviet Russia. Below, boy and girl members of the "Pioneers" from Moscow's Public School 664 give their time at a government nursery caring for children of mobilized fighters and workers

SOVFOTO

HORNE SOLO

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Lena Horne has a great voice, a fair voice, the voice of a screech owl—you can take your choice. On her, it looks good

NO MATTER what else may be said about Hollywood, it must be given credit for insanity.

This has been aptly illustrated by the success of a young Negro singer known as Lena Horne. Nothing more spectacular has been known in Hollywood since the Rudolph Valentino funeral. When seen at a small night club upon arrival in town, Miss Horne was an unknown girl who sang very simple songs in an engaging way. Men of international renown came and leaned their elbows on tables and gazed at her with the enraptured looks of sailors bewitched by mermaids.

"That is the greatest voice since—uh—since Tetrazzini," cried one great producer in an awed whisper.

"What charm, what grace, what beauty!" sighed another, blowing his nose hard to keep back the tears.

A local journalist wrote of Miss Horne in terms that had hitherto been reserved for Madame Récamier and Theda Bara. He spoke of Bernhardt and Clara Bow. He urged them rather sharply to move over and make room for their superior.

In the very nature of things, such adulation could lead only to lucrative servitude in one of the cinema's concentration camps and in due course Miss Horne was bound over for a period of seven years to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They rewarded her rather evilly for such surrender of her poverty by casting her in Panama Hattie, which will run well up in competition with any collection of the screen's worst bores.

Her contribution to this shambles consisted entirely in providing short cinematic intervals in which members of the audience could crawl out from under their seats without danger of asphyxiation. The result was that she was starred in the motion-picture version of Cabin In the Sky, a film which it is hoped will break down the superstition that audiences will not pay to see pictures with an all-Negro cast.

Difference of Opinion

About her singing, there is a difference of opinion. One group stoutly maintains that she is a reincarnation of Adelina Patti; the other merely waves a desperate hand like a man who has fallen in a rain barrel and fears he will not come up again. Lena Horne herself belongs to the latter school. In her case it is not modesty; it is fear.

"There's no use you trying to fool me," she says in a trembling voice and with a look over her shoulder which implies that she is being stalked. "Some day they're going to find *out.*"

The truth is that she is an acceptable singer and an artist at projecting a song. The delicate weaving of her hands, the appealing earnestness of her voice and the general air of being somebody who is worthy of support have made her a sensation. The French have a word for this and the word is *diseuse.* In general it is used out of respect for one who is paid very large money for having charm and technical proficiency instead of a voice.

Like almost all female motion-picture stars, Lena Horne comes of a divided family. Her parents were divorced when she was a child, and she either moved about as an appendage to her mother's modest stage career or lived precariously in the families of various relatives.

When she was sixteen she was in the chorus at the famous Cotton Club in Harlem, getting that job through her mother who was then playing in stock at the old Lafayette Theater on Lenox Avenue. In addition to the performances at the club, the show was booked into theaters, and Miss Horne often did five other performances a day for the same salary, $25 a week.

"There was no night-club union in those days," she explains; "but we put on a strike of our own; got it up to $35 a week."

In the small hours of the morning when the waiters were yawning around waiting for the drunks to go home, they let Lena do some of the songs. She was the kid of the outfit and the worst singer, and it was hoped the patrons would have enough sense to get out before the music killed them. She had a shrill, piping voice that tended to burp when pressed, and she squeezed it regularly. However, she learned to use a mike and to face an audience and she picked up some tricks about phrasing. Two years later Sissle hired her as soloist with his band.

Hasty Marriage, Then Heartaches

When they reached Pittsburgh, Mamma Horne was still there guarding Lena, who up to this time had enjoyed a romantic life approximately as torrid as that of a crustacean and in consequence was fair game for the first personable male who approached. This happened to be Louis J. Jones of that murky city and the marriage ensued almost immediately. From that circumstance came two children (Gail, 4; Teddy, 2), several long-sustained heartaches and an eventual divorce.

The divorce brought her back to New York and she was sitting in a movie house in Harlem easing her sorrow when a friend rushed in to say that Charley Barnet was rehearsing at the Apollo and needed a singer and why didn't she go after it? She did, and for a time was more or less satisfactorily employed.

In 1940, times were tough again when Barney Josephson took the excellent advice of John Hammond (who has discovered more Negro stars than any other human) and booked Lena into Café Society Downtown. Her name up to then had been Helena Horne, but Barney ruthlessly dropped the added letters. He also taught her a great deal about using her personality in her songs.

"The voice, Lena, is—" he wiggled his hands and creased his brow in distress.

She was there for six months, had a radio program on the side and finally fell for somebody who said she would be great in one of the Hollywood clubs. Her style was just about set—no thrilling high notes, no fake diminuendos, no tricks. She didn't sing hot, she didn't sing the blues, she sang the old songs very simply.

The Hollywood venture had all the earmarks of a major defeat at first, because the night club she was to overwhelm never managed to open. However, there was a smaller undertaking known as the Little Troc, where she appeared all atremble and bowled over the gentry as mentioned above. The town went so blithering mad about her that she was crowned queen of something or other overnight.

On the personal side, she is a soft-spoken, pleasant and intelligent girl. She lives in a small house cater-cornered across from Humphrey Bogart's and next door to Peter Lorre's, and there is considerable gossiping across back fences and yoo-hooing through open windows.

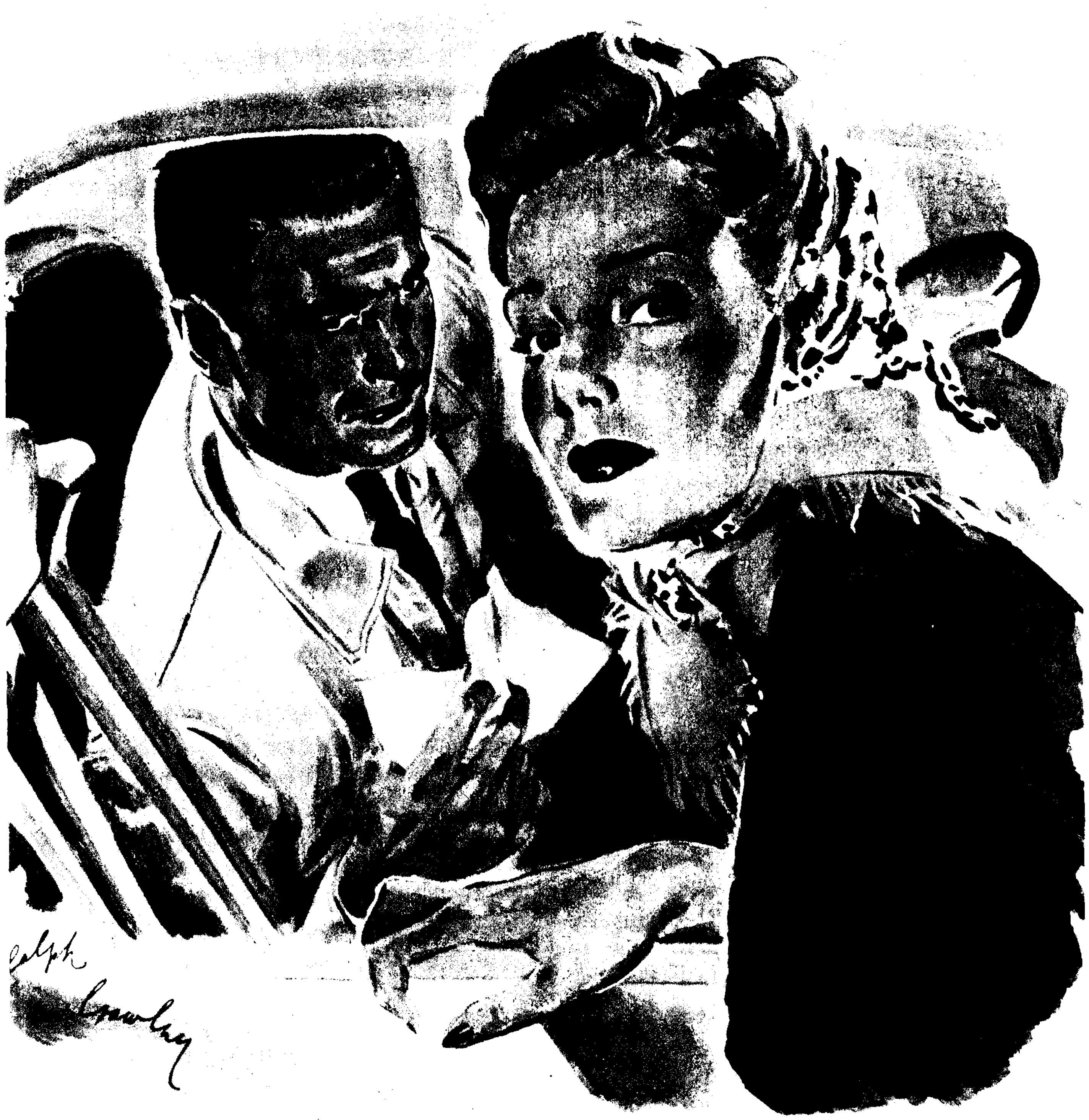
Her handling of Hollywood wolves has set a standard for all young ladies. She receives their attentions graciously, and assures them that she will be very happy to accompany them on an evening out.

"Come up to the house and meet the children and my mother," she says kindly.

This discourages wolves so inordinately that they invariably remember a previous engagement.

But Hollywood will accept no back talk about Lena, regardless. If you suggest that she may be something less than monumental, they give you a hard stare.

"Maybe you suffer from being nuts," they say bitterly. ★★★



Her hand tightened on the car door. "I had little to say," she told him. "They were the ones who wanted you"

SAILOR, COME HOME

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CROWLEY

War may change a man from lover to stranger, but it will not end his need to be needed

SHE saw Jack Kirk's old car stop down the hill at the corner of Maple and Bay and saw a man get out, turn back to the car and lean on the hinge-weak door. It was old Frank Hatheway and he liked to talk. Her impatience grew and she thought that if she had a twenty-two rifle she would take a chance and frighten him away from the car. Jack Kirk would like that. She could hear him say, "Boy—that was neat!"

"You still waiting?" her father asked, rustling the paper.

"He's come," she said. "Mr. Hatheway's holding him up though."

It had been raining and the new tender green of the grass stood out against the dark clouds in the eastern sky. She heard her father get up and walk with a firm step toward her. She heard him slap his newspaper down on the table without changing his pace. When he was directly behind her he said:

"Margaret, you're not the kind to be shocked easily. But to see the man you love—crippled; to see that trouser leg pinned back—will hurt."

"I can take it," she said. "I've seen it a thousand times in my mind's eye. I'm ready."

She stood near the window with her thumbs caught in the pockets of the gray slacks—a tall, fair girl, her head lifted as if she were looking beyond this moment, beyond the roofs of the town, beyond the great arc of the river cradling the town.

"You can," her father said, "but don't. For your sake, don't. I'm talking now as your father—not a doctor. You're too young, you have too much ahead of you."

She stood there, watching the car.

He spoke again. "Knowing Jack Kirk, Margaret, I'd say he will release you from the promise."

She turned then, quickly, defiantly. "I won't let him."

Her father said, "He's hard-willed." He put his hands on her shoulders, gently. "Don't let pity decide your life—you'll both regret it—forever."

"I won't let him," she repeated softly, stubbornly, as though she had not heard her father.

Dr. Adams smiled and his face grew relaxed. "I can say no more. In the end you two will decide. Ask Jack to stop in at the office and say hello to me."

After he had gone out of the room Margaret turned to the window and saw Jack's old car slowly climbing the hill to the house. She felt suddenly tense—and eager. She thought of Jack as she had known him before he went away into the Navy. She saw him walking through the woods upcountry—tall, rangy, the red hunting cap pushed back, his dark hair damp. She remembered going to picnics at Long Lake—ten kids clinging to the car, like opossums to their mother's back; and Jack's square hand, backed by a thick wrist, spinning the wheel and sending the car over the blueberry barrens as if it were on the Machias road. And only four years ago on a late November afternoon, she had stood on the side lines and prayed as he began that long, loping broken-field run which won the high school's big game.

And in these pictures she was always beside him. They were of the same breed, and yet, they complemented each other—like the lion and the lioness, like the tiger and his mate. . . .

THE sound of tires on gravel checked her thoughts and she heard the tinny creak of the car door as it opened. Walking through the hall, her hand held out toward the door, she thought: I must open it at once—watch him come up the steps. We must accept this thing from the beginning simply and fearlessly, without embarrassment or shame. It is the only way.

But she stood weakly, her hand on the knob, listening to the long pause outside, then the curious double thump and the single footstep on the porch. She closed her eyes and felt her heart slugging against her breast. Then she opened the door.

He stood there, silently, a lean tower, his blue eyes burning. She saw his jaw working and she kept her eyes lifted to his.

"Jack."

He made no move, but she saw his chest lift and fall as if he were winded and she saw the vein in his neck swell as color moved up across his jaw. She took a step nearer him. She saw his left arm lift toward her, then stop.

He spoke then, quietly, through a tight throat: "It's good to see you, Margaret. It's been a long time."

The moment for which she had been waiting had come and was passing. He still stood there, rigid and tall.

She said, "Come in, Jack."

He looked down at her. His eyes were like fogged glass and yet his voice held a carelessness. "Fine," he said. "Thanks. The house looks the same."

She turned away and walked toward the front room and heard the click of the crutches behind her. She pulled the big leather chair around and placed a small table with cigarettes and an ash tray handy. Then she turned and saw him take a long swing forward and the curious thought came to her that he had already become expert at this way of walking.

Jack Kirk said, "I wrote you that I had something to talk to you about in my last letter, remember?" He swung easily into the chair and sat there, leaning forward. He ran his big hand across his mouth and his eyes avoided hers.

She asked him about the trip back from Norfolk and he answered quickly, eagerly, glad of the small talk. He spoke of his ship with respect but without sentiment. He made no reference, as he had in his letter, to the shot that had blown up his gun turret, or to the days in sick bay. He touched on times before he had gone into the Navy, but his talk was the talk of a stranger. Then the thing he had to say came to the surface and forced out these other things. He edged forward in the leather chair.

(Continued on page 38)

The Husband Shortage

By Amram Scheinfeld

DRAWINGS BY M. K. BARLOW

AUTHOR OF YOU AND HEREDITY
AND THE FORTHCOMING MEN AND WOMEN

America is coming face to face with the fact that it has a serious and growing shortage of prospective husbands—that even before the war, one of every seven of our girls faced spinsterhood. It's a situation that has disrupted the social and moral codes of other countries and can do the same to ours unless we can find a better answer than anyone has found so far

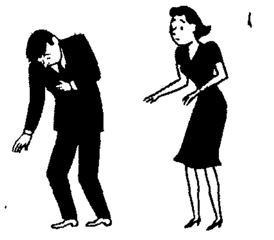
THE FACTS

AMERICA IS HEADED TOWARD A PERMANENT SURPLUS OF FROM 6 TO 8 MILLION MARRIAGEABLE WOMEN WHO WILL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT HUSBAND

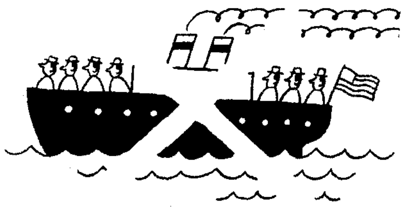
Because of Growing Shortage of Husband Prospects Produced by

WAR CASUALTIES

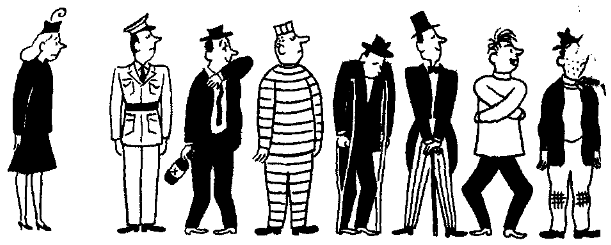
+ HIGHER DEATH-RATE OF MALES CHIEFLY THROUGH GREATER BIOLOGICAL WEAKNESS AND THROUGH INDUSTRIAL HAZARDS



+ USING UP OF MALE SURPLUS BROUGHT IN BY PREVIOUS IMMIGRATION



+ LARGE NUMBERS OF MEN REMAINING UNMARRIED OR DELAYING MARRIAGE



FOR the first time in our history we are confronted with a big shortage of potential husbands. The situation already is so serious that *one out of every seven girls now seems headed for spinsterhood.* And if we add to this the young widows and divorcees who won't be able to marry again, we are threatened with a standing population of millions of women—six, seven, eight million, no one can estimate exactly how many—who will have to go through life without husbands.

This simple fact is social dynamite. It can rock the foundations of our social system and attitudes toward sex, cut down our population, change our American way of life.

Those who best understand the dangers ahead—our population experts, sociologists, economists and psychologists—are genuinely concerned. They have seen throughout Europe, notably in Sweden, England, France and Germany, the grave changes that have accompanied marked reductions in the proportion of men to women. They know that unless we begin planning speedily and realistically to meet the unbalanced situation of the two sexes, it is going to be difficult to maintain our present-day moral and social standards.

You can't blame the situation on the war. It will make things worse, but it isn't the primary cause. Long before it started, there had been a steady drop in the ratio of men to women in the United States. If the war ended today and we could recall to life and health every one of our casualties, there still would not be nearly enough men to provide husbands for all our girls.

There are two fundamental causes for our man shortage. One is biological, affecting the whole civilized world: the fact that males are inherently weaker in resistance to disease and death. The other cause is peculiar to the United States, and results from our having used up the artificially created male surplus brought in by past immigrations.

Most dramatic is the biological factor: Males enter the world with the cards stacked against them. No matter how we might equalize conditions for both sexes—by abolishing war, or eliminating accidents and added strains on men—males are destined to die off at a faster rate from the moment of conception on through life.

That fact now is known to apply not only to human beings, but to most of the animal kingdom. From mice to elephants, from birds to flies and fish, in almost every species the male is biologically less resistant, and has, on the average, a shorter life span.

One of the most interesting experiments on this point was made at the New York Aquarium, with guppies, the familiar little tropical fish that give birth to live offspring. Expectant mamma guppies were placed in one tank, and after their hundreds of progeny had been born and had grown for a certain period, they were counted by sexes. It was found that the females outnumbered the males two to one. To prove that this wasn't because more females had been born in the first place, in another tank there were placed large numbers of growing guppies, males and females in equal proportions. And here, too, after a certain period in which many had died off, it was found that twice as many females as males survived.

This does not apply as startlingly to human beings. But if we follow a population of men and women into old age—the nineties and over—we also find that twice as many females as males survive.

One of the reasons for this much higher survival rate of females is that males are more likely to enter the world with inherited defects. Another is that the female organic mechanism is better able to adjust to sudden internal upsets or external adversities. And, strangely enough, under modern conditions childbearing may strengthen many women.

Discrimination by Nature

Before babies ever are born, nature begins to discriminate. The casualties among male embryos are vastly greater than among female embryos. *In the third* month after conception, four times as many male embryos die off. By the time the threshold of birth is crossed, a heavy toll has been taken of the males who had been conceived.

To compensate, nature starts things off with many more males. Despite prenatal losses, 105 to 106 boys are born for every 100 girls.

But immediately, the greater toll of boys makes itself felt. Among infants dying in the United States before their first birthday, at least 25 per cent more boys than girls are carried off. During childhood this mortality ratio drops, but at maturity the male death rate goes up again, and thereafter the death toll among men is at least 25 per cent higher than it is among women. By the time the mid-twenties, the principal marriage years, are reached, the original surplus is completely gone, and thereafter women increasingly outnumber men.

One remarkable fact is that as the "expectation of life" has been extended, women have profited much more than men have. From 1900 to 1941, the expectation of life at birth had been increased by an average of about 15 years for white males, but had gone up 17 years for white females.

A strange seesaw is at work here. The higher the death rate anywhere, the lower usually is the excess of male over female deaths. The more the mortality rate is brought down in any population, the higher goes the excess of male deaths.

This should not be too difficult to understand. As the more virulent plagues are wiped out, as living conditions, hygiene and medical care are improved and the hazards of childbearing reduced, the inherent resistance advantages of women are given increased opportunity to assert themselves. The result has been a constantly widening gap in life spans between the two sexes. It is a trend which is going to continue. If nothing else entered the picture, this alone would lead to a steadily increasing surplus of women.

Up to this present generation, we always had more than enough men to go around, with "seconds," as well, for young widows and divorcees. The biological factors noted had not yet worked to create an excess of females; and more important, we were still able to draw upon the heavy surplus of foreign-born males brought in by previous immigrations. Now the situation for American girls is something like playing "Going to Jerusalem," using men instead of chairs: With each turn of the years, additional men have been yanked away and more girls have been left to stand alone.

We now have almost exactly 100 males to every 100 females, although in 1930 there were 102.5 males to 100 females. But the figures are deceptive. First, they count as present all the men who went overseas, and do not take into consideration the war casualties. Again, the figures include the half million surplus of males under 21 which is destined to be wiped out with maturity. Last, but far from least, the figures include a relatively huge male surplus of 600,000 in the foreign-born groups, mostly over fifty, and few of them marriage prospects. Subtracting these, by 1940 our white population in the ages of 21 and over had a surplus of a half million females.

But matching the sexes purely by numbers and age for age involves another fallacy. Women generally marry men several years older, while men prefer women younger than themselves.

This principle has a sound biological basis. Girls mature several years earlier than boys, and a woman's reproductive life begins earlier and ends much sooner than a man's. Nature herself has dictated an age difference when matching the sexes; from a social standpoint it is also desirable. In most groups, we find the average difference in age between wife and husband to be about three years, and in some groups, especially among those who marry at later ages, from four to five years.

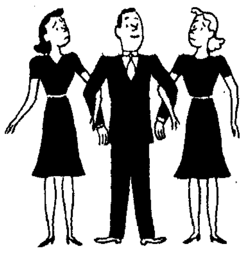
Mathematics versus Matrimony

Accordingly, in estimating marriage prospects for women, we must compare their numbers at any given age with the population of men in older brackets. This immediately reduces the proportion of available men, for the older the age group, the more members it has lost. Thus, by the 1940 census figures, matching women aged 18 to 45 with men aged 21 to 50, the estimated shortage of males would have reached to at least a million and a half. How much larger it is now, and how much larger it will be, only our war casualty lists will tell.

THE THREATS *Based on Experience in Europe*

POLYGAMY

IN PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE



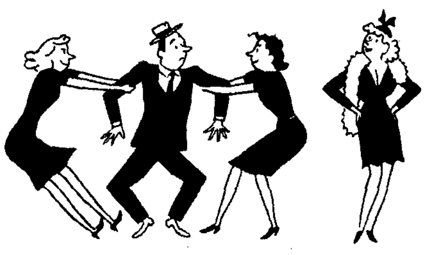
INCREASED ILLEGITIMACY

BREAKDOWN OF MORAL STANDARDS

COMPETITION FOR MARRIED MEN

MORE PROSTITUTION, CRIME, DELINQUENCY

INCREASE IN PSYCHIC AND EMOTIONAL DISORDERS



DROP IN BIRTHS

DECLINE IN OUR POPULATION

ECONOMIC UPSETS

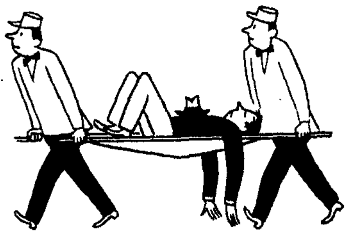
MORE WOMEN FORCED TO COMPETE FOR JOBS

HELP WANTED

POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS

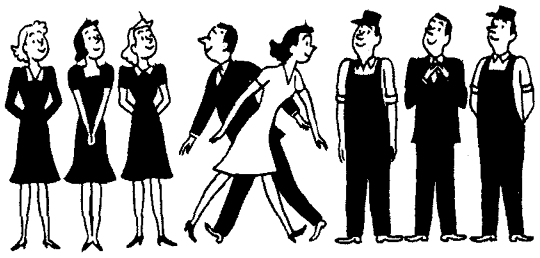
KEEP MORE MALES ALIVE

BY REDUCING DEATHS FROM ACCIDENTS, VIOLENCE, DISEASE, ETC.



REDUCE PROPORTION OF BACHELORS

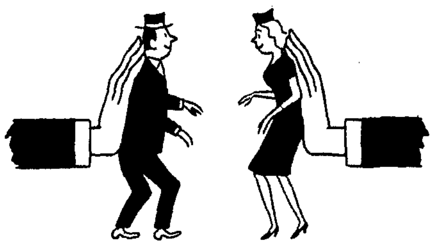
BY EQUALIZING DISTRIBUTION OF SEXES



ENABLING MORE MEN TO "STAY PUT"

JOB SECURITY

HELPING TO BRING COUPLES TOGETHER



AND IN THE FUTURE

INCREASING RATIO OF BOYS BORN BY BETTER PRENATAL CARE

ELIMINATING SPECIAL MALE HAZARDS

POSSIBLE ARTIFICAL CONTROL OF RATIO OF MALE-FEMALE BIRTHS

MATERNITY WARD

In addition, there are always sizable numbers of men who remain single through choice or individual circumstances. Prewar estimates were that 17 out of every 100 American men reaching majority would remain bachelors.

Totaling all of the factors, we can see a firm basis for the estimate by population experts that *even before the United States entered the war, about 15 per cent of our girls at the age of 18 seemed doomed to spinsterhood.*

Few factors hitherto have been more important in molding our American social attitudes than our comfortable surplus of marriageable men. If American girls have been more forward and independent than European girls, if they have not had to inveigle men with dowries, if they never had to put up with the type of male overlordship one finds in Europe, if they have never had to tolerate an extreme double standard of conduct which worked all in men's favor, it is largely because American girls were in a more commanding position than those of Europe.

What the precise effects of a changed sex ratio will be on the American social scene no one, obviously, can predict. But some of the possibilities can be foreseen.

A preview of what could happen here is afforded by a number of European countries which have long had a large surplus of women. Most startling to many will be the situation in Sweden, generally regarded as one of the most stable, enlightened and progressive countries of the world. Yet the "woman problem" seems to have been too much for Sweden in many ways.

Despite the fact that Sweden has lost no men through wars for many years, a man shortage developed, in part through the higher male mortality rate and in part through emigration—a lot of it to America. Added to this, Swedish men have been in the habit of marrying very late (at the age of 30, on the average) and a large proportion remain bachelors.

Here are some of the results, as reported in a recent book (Nation and Family) by Dr. Alva Myrdal, noted Swedish population expert:

Twenty-five per cent of all Swedish women are unmarried at the age of forty.

A large percentage of Swedish young women live openly with men before marrying, or without ever marrying.

The average age of Swedish women at marriage is 27.

The Swedish birthrate has dropped so alarmingly that it is now the lowest in the world—0.756, or 25 per cent short of what is needed to replace the population.

One in every seven or eight births is illegitimate, and the rate would be much higher if birth control were not widely practiced among young people.

The frank recognition that many women have no opportunity to marry, or must wait a long time before marriage, has led to both popular and governmental sanctioning of sex relationships outside of wedlock. At the same time, with the desperate need for population replacement, illegitimate births are in no sense frowned upon. On the contrary, unmarried mothers have exactly the same status and privileges under the law as married mothers.

"We take this attitude," one Swedish authority told me, "not only because in our plight we welcome every child born, but because we feel that a woman who is denied the opportunity of marrying should not suffer additionally by also being denied emotional fulfillment and the privilege of having children if she wishes them."

A Surplus of Women

We are not implying that the surplus of women is solely responsible for the situation in Sweden. The Swedish people have been traditionally tolerant of premarital sex relationships and of childbearing out of wedlock. Because of many fundamental differences between our two countries, it is improbable that anything approaching the Swedish situation could develop in the United States. But it is not improbable that we could get started on a similar trend. A large surplus of females, with no opportunity for marriage, seems inevitably to lead to more sexual license.

That is, so long as we do not accept another alternative—polygamy—which relieves woman-surplus problems in many parts of the world's population. If not legally sanctioned in Europe, it has at least been considered as a possibility. Following World War I, as a result of war casualties and other factors, the surplus of women was enormous. Matching the sexes by principal marriage ages, the excess of women in Lithuania was 42 per cent; in Poland, 38 per cent; in Russia, 32 per cent; in Great Britain, 23 per cent; in France, Germany and Italy, 21 to 22 per cent. "The situation was so bad," population experts tells us, "that in fairly responsible quarters there was serious discussion of giving polygamy legal status."

But actually it went beyond the discussion stage. A French woman scientist said recently:

"It is generally understood that about one in every ten marriages in France has been polygamous. Not legally so, of course. But men have illegal wives in addition to their legal ones, and often maintain two homes and two sets of children!"

Elsewhere in Europe, including England, increased numbers of women who could not get husbands of their own shared the husbands of other women. Many serious-minded women chose to bear children out of wedlock.

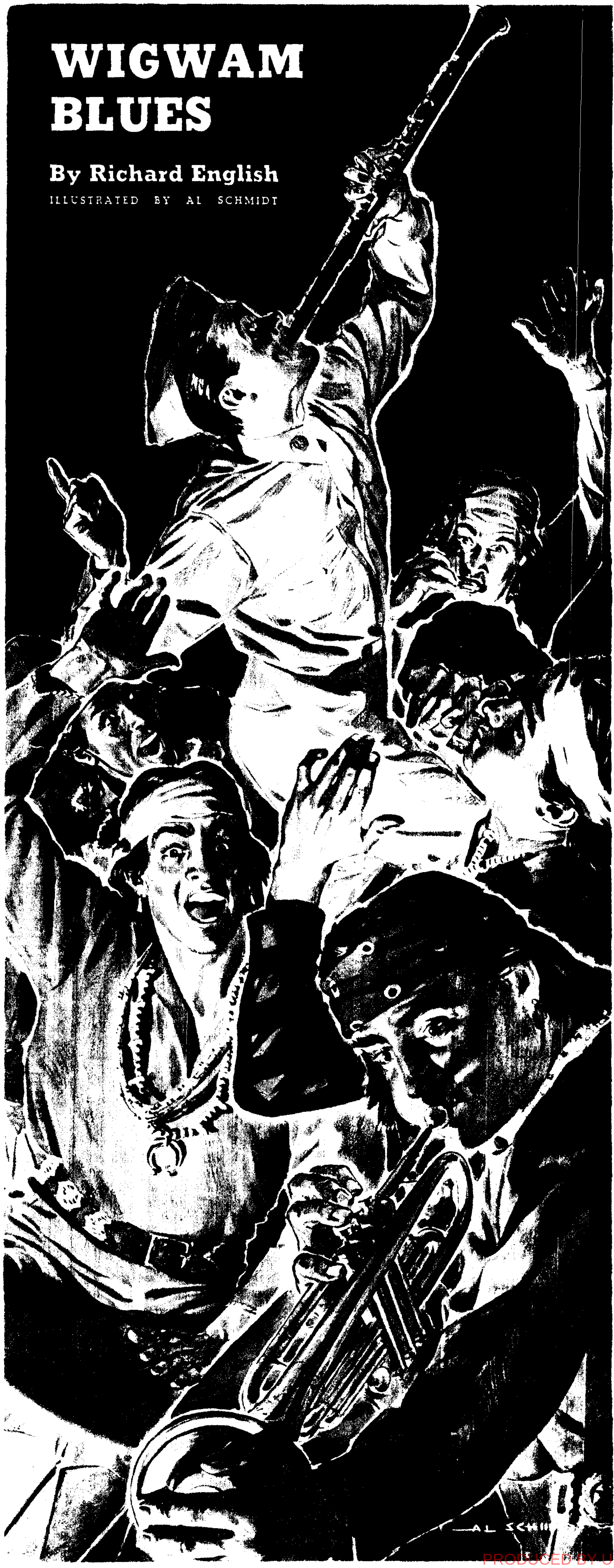
Polygamy is a mighty touchy subject. It should be kept firmly in mind that we are discussing it here and not advocating it. But it is well to stress that our system of one husband to one wife is based on the assumption, always true before, that we have enough men to make it work. For the biggest check to polygamy has come not through religion, morals or ethics, but through the simple arithmetic of a one-to-

(Continued on page 81)

WIGWAM BLUES

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



Ding-Dong sent the melody higher, seeking the note that wasn't there. The tom-toms came in stronger, with Charley Highmoon faking like crazy

Ding-Dong Williams' secret weapon was only a very hot clarinet, but it won a battle

BRIG. GENERAL BALDY HARDING appeared at reveille that morning with the gimlet-eyed gaze of one who was taking no chances. Camp Navajo lay on the edge of the Painted Desert, and the heat haze of the coming day hung over the purple buttes as he strode across the parade grounds. Farther down, the post band appeared, blasting into a reveille march. Soldiers poured from their tents as the band went by giving their all on Under the Double Eagle. Nearing the general, a small clarinet observed the star on Baldy Harding's fatigue cap and promptly broke ranks, giving the general a wild twelve bars all his own. Wonderful jam, right from the heart.

"What's going on here, Sergeant?" Baldy Harding roared, his mustache trembling before the violence of his voice. "If you can't discipline these men I'll get a bandmaster who can!"

Unnerved by the sudden serenade, the band had faltered to a halt.

"Sir, he's a new man," the sergeant said unhappily. Glowering at the offending clarinet, a small party whose reverent gaze still clung to the general's star, he barked, "Why did you break ranks, Williams?"

"One of us hadda," Ding-Dong Williams said, a little upset the way everyone was staring at him. "If we give a general a twelve-gun salute it's only fair we oughtta give him twelve bars of his own. He is a general, isn't he?"

Baldy Harding's face grew as red as the rising sun and twice as violent. He was about to impart the information that he was one general who would darn' well see to it he was addressed like a general, when he remembered Katie's warning. With an Assistant Secretary of War arriving on an inspection tour of infantry replacement centers within the week, his daughter had fondly reminded him he would do well to practice keeping his blood-and-thunder tactics under control.

"You handle him, Sergeant," he grated. "Just keep it within the book."

Glowering at the band, he went stamping off in the rising dust.

THE sergeant looked stormily upon Private Williams, who only a week ago had been widely known as the King of Swing. He was a little man with gentle brown eyes and the solemn demeanor of one who runs more toward soul than brains. For a hot man he looked very small and forlorn indeed.

"Thirty years I been leadin' Army bands," the sergeant snarled, "an' I know a Section Eight screwball when I see one. The first two days you're here the boys got you wanderin' all over camp lookin' for chevron polish. Now you gotta go serenading Old Baldy. What's wrong with you anyhow?"

"Nothing," said Ding-Dong Williams, "except that I'm not real stable. No hot man is."

"Lissen," said the sergeant, "you try this on for size. You're not a hot man now, see, jeep? You got no idea what I even think of hot men. You're playin' in an Army band and you're playin' the way I tell you, see? Five days you been playing in this band. Five days and every time you play a Sousa march it comes out different!"

Ding-Dong's eyes widened. "Can I help that?" he asked. "None of my family can read music. A real licorice stick's gotta send it away the way he feels it. We gotta give when it's mellow."

Outraged as he was at learning he had inherited a B-flat clarinet who made up his own music, the sergeant beamed. "Why, that's a pity," he said. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me you never studied music at all?"

Warmed by his kindly interest, Ding-Dong nodded. "I'm gut-bucket from 'way back," he said soberly. "Not being from long underwear, I'm a gate and gates swing wide. I get all my kicks on the barrel house side. A solid sender's gotta be hep."

"You're not kidding!" roared the sergeant, discarding his fine, false smile. "From now on, Williams, you learn to read music. Before I get through with you it comes out Sousa, hear?"

THERE could be no doubt, Ding-Dong thought bleakly, that the sergeant meant it. All too clearly he could see himself spending the duration studying music while all the other soldiers got to kill Nazis and Japs. Wandering through his morning's duties with the harassed gaze of a man lost in thought, he gradually realized steps would have to be taken. They probably hadn't guessed he was really cut out to be a scout. Nobody knew that he wanted to be strictly from Indians, real solid on tracking the enemy down and shooting them, bang, bang, bang, before they even knew his eagle eye had discovered them.

General Harding's ruddy baldness was bent over a staff table when Ding-Dong knocked on the commanding officer's door. With an eye to the coming brass hat, he had already dispatched a division into the desert, determined to stage a mock battle that would send the Assistant Secretary back to Washington talking to himself. Frowning on the map of the terrain, he had a hard time concealing his satisfaction at his strategy. Personally leading the Red forces he would knock out Colonel Baxter's White army in no time at all. Already stern and soldierly under the praise that would be forthcoming, he didn't look up until the timid knock was repeated.

"Come in," he cried before his aide could open the door. When he swung around it was to confront the idiot who had give him a clarinet salute that very morning. "Well?" he barked.

"I can't kill no Japs with a clarinet," Ding-Dong said bleakly. "Couldn't you maybe tell the bandmaster you needed me somewhere else, sir?"

For a private so courageously to beard Old Baldy in his lair made the aide's heart leap. But being a kindly young man anxious to avoid all unnecessary bloodshed, the lieutenant merely stammered, "I'll handle this man, sir!"

"Like the devil you will! Apparently I'll have to take the discipline of this camp into my own hands, Bates!" Turning on Ding-Dong with the gaze that had quelled regiments at twenty paces, he thundered, "Just where did you get the idea that I have nothing to do but worry over your affairs. When a soldier has a complaint he makes it to his company commander!"

"But that's not reasonable," Ding-Dong said, and wondered why the general suddenly grew so red. "If I was laying an egg on a date I wouldn't talk it over with just anybody. I'd see the owner." Growing more and more taken with the general's coloring, he continued, "You see I couldn't get into the Army until last week and I sorta wanta make up for lost time."

"And what kept you out until last week?"

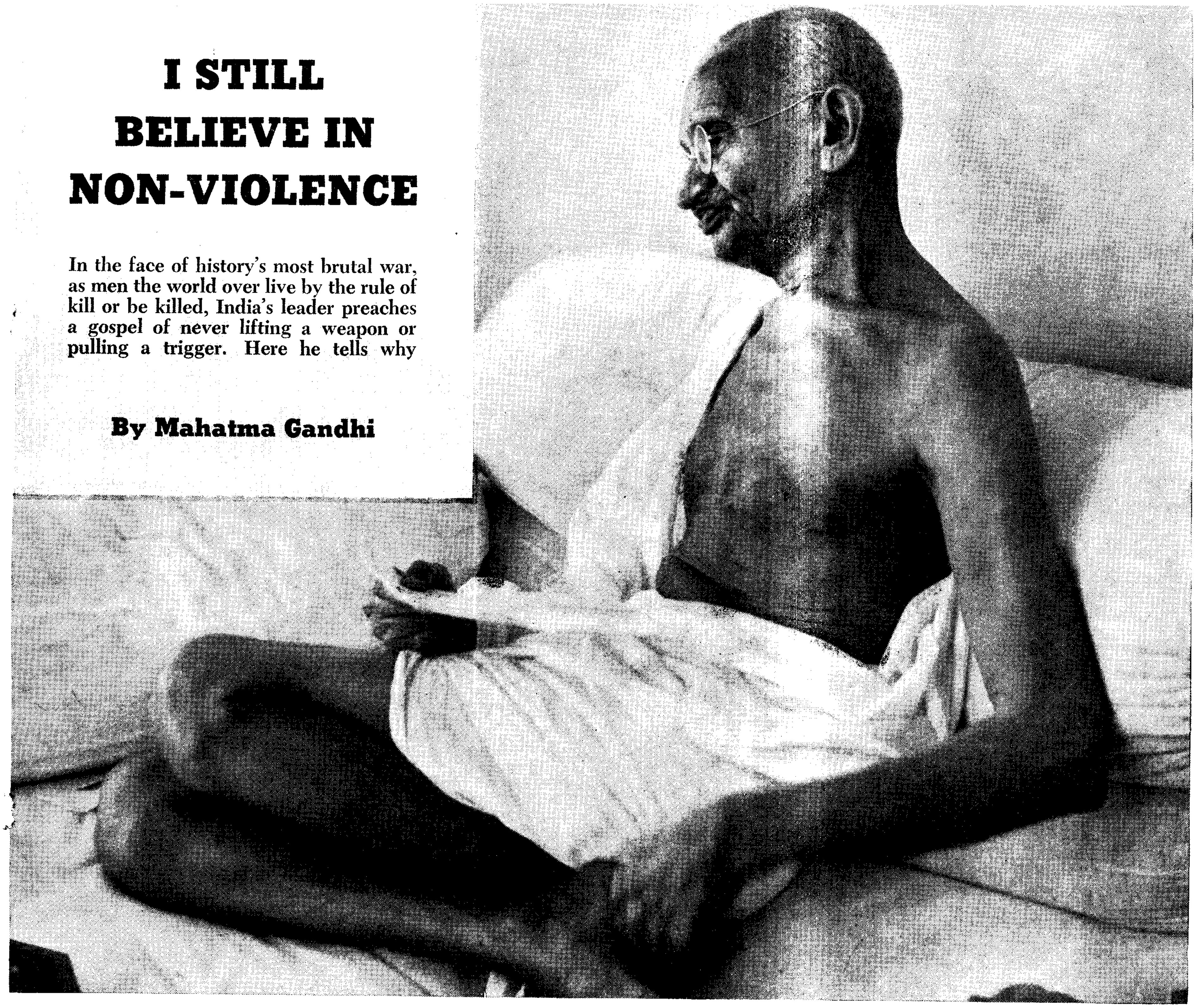
"They didn't think I was real bright," Ding-Dong admitted, "but I'm all right now, General. I'm just fine. On my last

(Continued on page 70)

I STILL BELIEVE IN NON-VIOLENCE

In the face of history's most brutal war, as men the world over live by the rule of kill or be killed, India's leader preaches a gospel of never lifting a weapon or pulling a trigger. Here he tells why

By Mahatma Gandhi



THE principle of non-violence means, in general terms, that men will deliberately shun all weapons of slaughter and the use of force of any kind whatsoever against their fellow men.

The most familiar comment on this principle is that we who believe in it are naïve fools without realistic knowledge of the world. The criticism is leveled particularly against me, since it is my name that is most commonly associated with non-violence.

It is said that if I were not such a simpleton, deliberately closing my eyes to conditions as they really are, I would know that non-violence can never hope to prevail over such powerful and brutal forces as those represented by Nazi Germany and Japan, which are the essence of unscrupulous armed might. Non-violence, it is said, may be all very well in theory, but in practice, it is too hopelessly idealistic to have any chance of success in this modern world of armored divisions, parachute troops, dive bombers.

Are we naïve fools? Is non-violence a sort of dreamy wishful thinking that has never had and can never have any real success against the heavy odds of modern armies and the unlimited application of force and frightfulness?

India's recent history gives the answer to this. We have won considerable victories. We have faced powerful armed forces and we have not been swept out of the way. We still exist; belief in non-violence still exists. Does not the fact that only a single victory has been won prove that non-violence, developed to greater perfection, could win greater victories against greater armed forces?

But let me describe the true follower of non-violence—the true non-violent soldier as I see him.

The chief requisite for a soldier in a violent army is physical fitness. He must have this in order to develop the ability to kill. Old people, raw youths and those suffering from disease are thus excluded.

But in the non-violent army, the chief requisite is the ability to die for your belief. This depends not on physical but on mental fitness. Therefore, this army can welcome to its ranks old men, women, youths, the blind, the sick and the lame. Thus it follows that the non-violent army has a much greater mass base; it consists not merely of a certain section of the population but of all sections.

The non-violent army has no use for weapons. It beats its swords into plowshares and its spears into pruning hooks. Whereas, the soldier of the violent army is trained in the use of violence by being taught how to shoot, the non-violent soldier has no time or need for this. All his training comes through nursing the sick, saving those in danger at risk of his own life, and cultivating the capacity for sacrifice of the highest type.

The non-violent soldier recognizes no such thing as an external enemy. He has nothing but compassion for those who consider themselves to be his enemies. He believes that no man is intentionally wicked, that there is no man who does not have the faculty to discriminate between right and wrong, and that if that faculty were to be fully developed, it would mature into non-violence. No men can remain enemies in the face of such a treatment and such a spirit. They must ultimately be absorbed by it and become part of it.

The non-violent soldier prays to God, therefore, to help the so-called enemy develop this sense of right and wrong, and to bless him. His prayer for himself is that he may ever grow in moral strength so that he may face death fearlessly.

Body and Mind Fitness

I said that the lame, the old, the very young, the sick and the blind are welcomed by the non-violent army. That is true. But if possible, the non-violent soldier must develop physical as well as mental health, for there are certain duties that can be performed only by those with a trained physique.

For the non-violent soldier must have the capacity to bear severe beatings, tortures, mutilations, starvation and worse, and accept these without fear and *without anger* against those who oppress him. He must have the ability to stand guard at a single spot night after night, day after day; he must not fall ill even if he has to undergo cold and heat and rain. He must have the strength to go to places of peril, to rush to scenes of fire, and the courage to pass through the very haunts of death. He must have the resourcefulness and capacity to plunge into seemingly impenetrable scenes of rioting, the will and the desire to go to the rescue of men trapped in burning houses, and the fearlessness to plunge into a flood to save people drowning there.

There have been those in India who had weapons but who threw them away after embracing non-violence and offered themselves freely and unafraid to bullets and raw steel.

This is the true non-violent soldier.

I have heard it said that the non-violent movement has had some acceptance in India only because the Indian people are cowards who have no weapons and therefore are incapable of defending themselves; that non-violence, therefore, suits them very well indeed.

On the evidence I have given, are the Indian people cowards? Would a coward have the courage to bare his breast to a rifle? Is there any army in the world that could prevail over such soldiers? Having no fear themselves, could Hitler, could Japan conquer them?

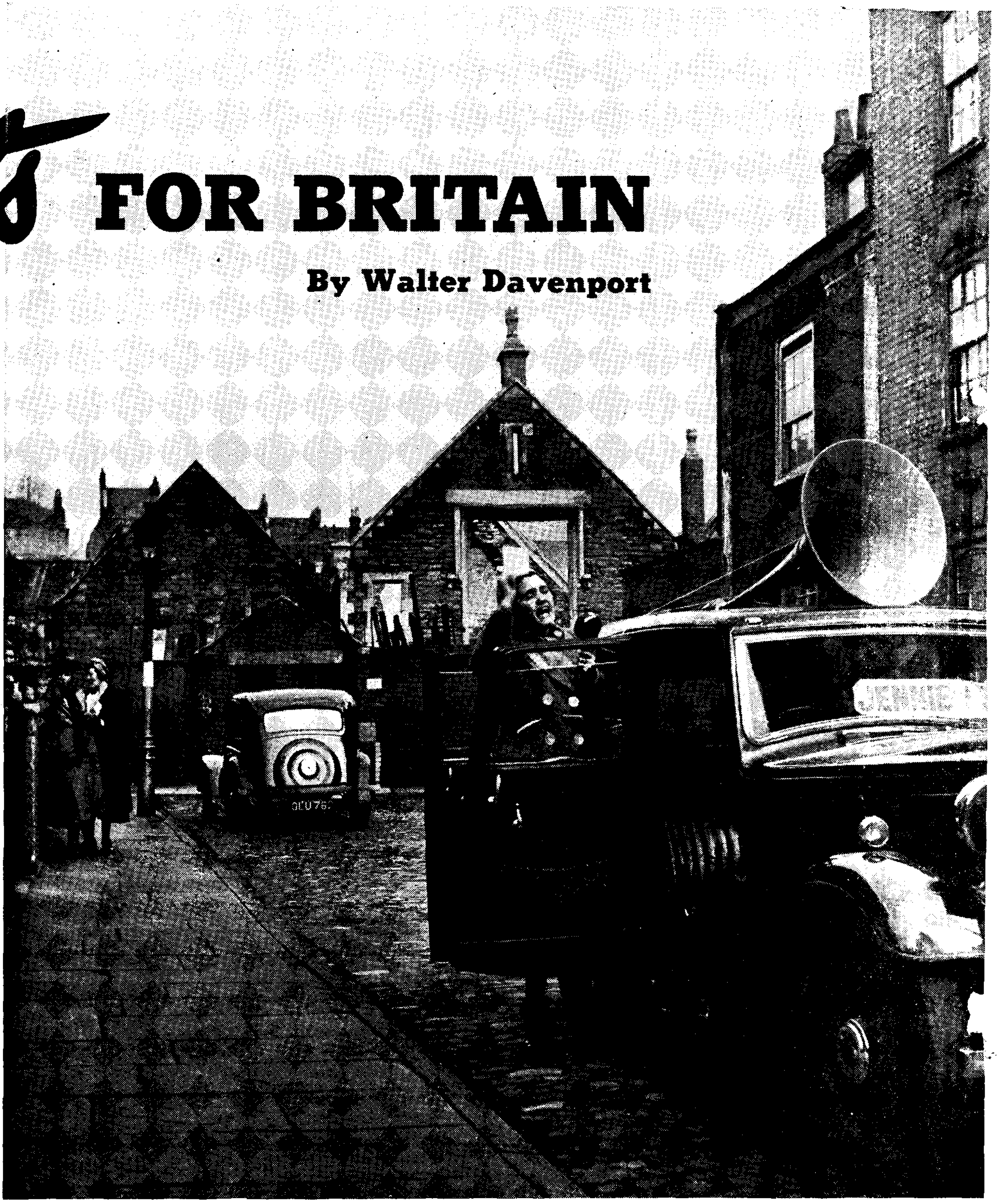
Judge if we are naïve fools; if there is no courage in our hearts! Judge if we who believe in non-violence have no practical conception of how to overcome the evils that exist in today's world! ★★★

Ballots FOR BRITAIN

By Walter Davenport

Collier's correspondent explores the mysteries of a British by-election and gets the low-down from the Supreme Chief Echo of the Voice of the Lord. It's all a little strange

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA



Jennie Lee, Socialist, whoops it up for a scant audience in battered Bristol's slums. Jennie asked voters to win the war with their hands, and win the peace with their minds. She lost

MAYBE it makes no difference that Mr. Walter Normanton Reed, president of the Society of Angelic Revelations and Supreme Chief Echo of the Voice of the Lord, was not elected to Britain's tired House of Commons. Such is the state of the British mind today and such is the popular belief that victory is just around the corner that it's likely that Mr. Reed's powerful voice would have been lost in the clamor of recovery plan and reconstruction project which now resounds through the stately reaches of Britain's Parliament.

Mr. Reed shakes his aged head. For such evils as his absence from Commons will certainly visit upon his people, Mr. Reed will not accept responsibility. With song and prayer issuing alternately from his thin old lips, he called upon Lady Viola Apsley, the government's candidate, and Miss Jennie Lee, Independent, to withdraw from the contest.

"Who is Lady Apsley?" demanded Mr. Reed of us. "She is the voice of the government. Who is Miss Lee? She is the voice of the people. Who am I? I am the Voice of the Lord. Who are the people? They are the creation of God. Who are the government? They are the creation of the people."

We pause a moment for story identification. This is not to be taken as a piece about Mr. Reed. The by-election which he lost to Lady Apsley is over and done with. Its importance to us in America is less than microscopic. All that we're trying to do is show you how the British pull off their elections, to tell you how softly they sing the song of democracy. Compared to ours, the British elections are garden-clubbish. And yet, every now and then, someone like Mr. Reed happens along to give them the lift which we love.

Due to the war and the difficulty that members of the Society of Angelic Revelations have in keeping on the rolls, Mr. Reed is now the only member of the organization. In fact, he was so busy one evening some time ago expelling the last of the membership that he clean forgot to get to the hall where he was to announce his candidacy for the House of Commons. This was not disastrous, however, because nobody else went either—absolutely nobody.

"Candidates Are Windbags"

"Which only proves," said Mr. Reed, "that my following are much more intelligent than the average. People who go to political meetings are either unable to think for themselves or have too much idle time on their hands. Candidates who address such gatherings are full of sound and fury, windbags."

Mr. Reed also explained that a matter of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling had stood in his way of standing for Commons, even if Lady Apsley and Miss Lee had retired in his favor. Under English law a candidate must post that sum of money (about six hundred and thirty dollars at current exchange) with the local authorities. If he does not poll more than one eighth of the votes cast, he forfeits the money to the local treasury. This is supposed to discourage the unfit from seeking office, but actually it does nothing of the kind. It merely excludes the patriot who can't scrape up the hundred and fifty pounds.

Anyway, it's an old British custom.

We left Mr. Reed with considerable reluctance because the longer we talked to him, the greater was our urge to sing Home, Sweet Home. We thought of how big Mr. Reed would go in, say, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia or southern California. A noble train of American office seekers trooped

Miss Lee's American-style campaign headquarters is full of liberals, World War I veterans, propaganda literature and war workers. But not full enough to swing the by-election

alter N. Reed, trumpet of Angelic Revelations, gives r correspondent an earful. A master spellbinder, he'd a wow in America. But he quit this race in disgust

dy Apsley, a gentle Conservative, speaks from her wheel air. She won the by-election without lifting her voice

e of Miss Lee's supporters heckles Lady Apsley at ery time. But sweetly—not as we do it over here

through our mind. We could see and hear the Honorable Gene Talmadge singing Beulah Land and passing out the fried fish and lemonade. Behind him came the Honorable Pappy O'Daniel passing the biscuits, crooning into his Sunday-morning microphone.

In England, there are no such things as primaries. If you want to stand for office and lack the endorsement of one of the parties, you merely announce yourself as an Independent, post your money and go to it. What we were observing in Bristol was a by-election. Lord Apsley, Conservative, sitting for Bristol Central, had died in the Near East. In its own good time, Parliament decreed that his seat and eight other vacancies should be filled.

Soon after the war began, the three major parties—Conservative (Tory), Liberal and Labor—agreed that thereafter, in by-elections, vacant seats should be filled by someone of the same political persuasion as the former occupant. Furthermore, all three parties would, as organizations, endorse the nominee and refrain, as opposition parties, from fighting for the seat.

Hewing to the Party Line

Moreover, any member of either the Labor or the Liberal parties taking the stump in behalf of any Independent running against Lady Apsley would forthwith be expelled from his party.

This wartime party agreement was entered into with the idea of relieving Mr. Churchill of political worries, so that he might devote all his energies to winning the war and dissipate none of them in campaigning for his policies. Furthermore, it was agreed that there should be no general Parliament elections such as Congress must face every two years in the States, until after the war. Indeed, there may be no general election after the war until Parliament so orders. It is possible that there won't be one for three years after the end of the war.

Mr. Churchill may, when hostilities cease, retire—an aging and weary but victorious man. But that would not thereby necessarily upset the intraparty agreement. All he has to do is ask the king for permission to retire, name his successor—say Mr. Eden—and leave that gentleman to the rough mercies of postwar shenanigans.

Down in Whitehall, Britain's politicians deplore the absence of such a convenient state of political affairs in America. They look apprehensively at the latest American congressional elections and the current political temper of the United States, and they quake lest the elections of 1944 seat a Republican majority in Congress, to say nothing of unseating Mr. Roosevelt.

Thus, in the making of the peace, Britain may not, they fear, have the co-operation that an overwhelmingly pro-Roosevelt Congress gave in war waging.

If only, they tell you, the Roosevelt Congress could have been frozen as Parliament is. Erroneously or otherwise, they believe that such a Congress would have held consistently to its almost blind obedience to Mr. Roosevelt's command.

But let's get back to the Bristol by-elections. They're important here in that they give Americans not only a hint of how gingerly Britain is sidling toward her postwar problems, but in that they reveal something of the current mental operations of the common people, the voters.

We attended two of Lady Apsley's meetings—one in the parish house of a church and the other in the gilded and gloomy parlor of a hotel. Thirty-six well-mannered people attended the former, and fifty undemonstrative ladies and gentlemen the latter.

To one who is more accustomed to the vigor and rigor of American political rowdydows, there was an uncomfortable feeling at each of these rallies that someone of great importance had died and that the body would be fetched in at any moment. Twice at each hoop-la, the too-self-contained audiences caught fire to the extent of patting their hands together gently and murmuring, "Hear, hear!" That done, they looked at one another sheepishly as though apologizing for uncalled exhibitionism and subsided into a doggedly genteel silence.

Lady Apsley's whole campaign was a monument of decorum. She offered but one issue—to win the war with Churchill. The slogan, such as it is, is our own, and when we offered it to one of her managers, a gentleman who is noted for developing the vapors when approached by journalists, he dropped his swagger stick and jaw simultaneously, and in utter astonishment replied, "Really! My dear fellow, think. Think of her ladyship!"

Another of her managers, somewhat less reserved than the first, drew us aside and whispered, "Only think. She will have to be wheeled onto the floor—sensational in itself. What? But the nasty problem is: Who shall propel the chair? Her chauffeur? Will it be possible that the House will permit a chauffeur to enter? You may well imagine the precedent this will set up. A rather salty bit to include in your dispatches. What?"

This aversion to publicity is not uncommon in England. In fact, we have just been informed by a newspaperman who was there at one stage of a scantily attended Conservative mass meeting, that a young woman laughed with considerable gusto. The candidate halted his speech, went ghastly pale, wordlessly left the platform, and went home. Not only that, he refused to see or speak to any one of his managers until assured by letter that, at future meetings steps would be taken to prevent any such "outbursts of levity."

Lady Apsley was a G. I. candidate—Government Issue. She was selected by the Conservative party in its London headquarters to stand for the job vacated by the death of her husband, and not by the Conservative electors of Bristol. In Britain, it is not required, as in America, that the candidate be a resident of the district that he or she aspires to represent.

Frequently, a candidate will be assigned to stand in a district after having been repudiated by the people of another district. This tends, of course, to fill the seats of Commons with party hacks, but in Britain, they'll tell you, too, that it develops statesmen rather than politicians, a national consciousness rather than a purely local allegiance. Also, they'll assure you that it discourages the control of Parliament members by local political machines or gangs.

While it is quite true that in England there are no local political bangaroos like Tammany Hall, the Kelly-Nash crowd, the old Pendergast racket in Kansas City, and the Boss Crump machine in Memphis, America has no such national political malarkey as Britain's Tory, Liberal and Labor parties; and if anyone tells you that the National Tory party organization isn't a ruthless political machine, he's just trying to kid you.

There was considerably more evidence of life about Miss Lee's campaigning. We followed her into one of Bristol's worker neighborhoods where she was holding what was, as we were assured, a street meeting. By way of announcing her presence, she touched off a phonograph in her car, and through a loud-speaker came the clangor of an ancient Sousa March.

Aroused by the din, the neighborhood began to shudder to life. Gingerly, curtains were pulled aside ever so little, and women and children peered out. Doors fell back an inch or so, and faces appeared in the meager openings. Presently, satisfied that nothing more direful than political oratory threatened, a few women emerged, folded their hands on their stomachs and, making sure that their numerous young were safely behind their skirts, proceeded to listen grimly, hard-faced, skeptical.

Miss Lee then gave out with ten minutes of exhortation which to any American audience would have sounded like one of Gene Debs' early tentative assaults upon the entrenched interests. Specifically, she was for the Beveridge Plan, higher pay for the Armed Forces, bigger pensions for the survivors, and, generally, return of the control of government to the people.

Projects for the Future

Back in London, you had to fight your way through conferences discussing everything from socialized medicine to better piggeries—all to come, somebody hoped, after the war. They're talking about huge public works projects and are reading Roosevelt, Ickes and Hopkins on the subject. They're boosting priority purchase certificates, a savings plan for postwar purchases of everything from electric gadgets to motorcars.

If the reconstruction planners have their way, fifty new towns may arise after it's over to decentralize congested populations. The government is talking about a vast "Come to Britain" drive to fetch tourists and incidentally two billion dollars to Britain. Airplane manufacturers are dreaming of ocean-flying ferries which will whisk one across the Atlantic at four hundred miles an hour. A small group is gloating because dyestuffs are scarce, thus making it harder and harder to turn out old-school ties.

Near by, the London County Council is doing its best to do away with England's great famous public schools—Eton and Harrow and their like—calling them "both socially and economically undesirable."

Sir James Grigg, Secretary for War, is catching a lot of public abuse for forbidding public discussion of the Beveridge Plan by British enlisted men. There is a great hue and cry for the breaking up of the huge estates of the landed gentry—for breaking them up into farms for food.

These are just a few symptoms of what is going on inside Britain.

Mr. Reed said, "Above it all will be heard the Voice of God. I shall now offer that service to the British Broadcasting Corporation." ★★★

"722"

BY SAM FARNSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

Lieutenant Green saw it first—a silver spot on the bleak slope. Diving close, both he and Sergeant Stone made out the scattered fragments

An airplane in flight is a song of motion—but someone has to get the plane in shape to fly and keep it in shape. This is a story of the groundlings who do the dirty work

IT WAS still dark when Sergeant Stone stepped out of the barracks and headed toward the flight line. Sergeant Stone zipped up his leather jacket against the brisk wind which whipped around the corner of the low, unpainted wooden building. As he turned the corner, the full blast off the wide open desert floor hit him hard. The leather jacket was Sergeant Stone's only piece of flying equipment. Blue fatigue denims whipped against his stocky legs, and a cocky, upturned-brim cap flattened out against his bullet head. Sergeant Stone was a mechanic, a crew chief on one of the hundred or so advanced training planes which loomed in shadowy rows on the ramp a hundred yards away.

"Bad morning to preflight," muttered Sergeant Stone—but then, what morning was not? Sooner or later ninety-nine other dark figures would buck the wind, heading from every direction toward the line, and all with probably the same thought.

Sergeant Stone walked between the rows of single-engined planes to his own. Methodically he untied the rope under the left wing and tossed it toward the baggage compartment; crawled under the tail, untied the tail-wheel rope, and so on around to the right wing. Then stooping under the engine, he started unsnapping the fasteners of the tarpaulin which shrouded the nose of the ship.

His fingers were stiff and reluctant, but he did not stop to warm them. After the tarp was unfastened he leaped onto the low wing on the windward side of the ship and with a practiced flip let the wind carry the heavy canvas off the nose and onto the ground on the other side.

In the east there was still no sign of dawn. Black, scudding clouds swept low, opening here and there for a dozen stars to twinkle momentarily.

Stone folded the tarpaulin. He tucked it into the baggage compartment and pulled out the crank with almost the same movement, gathering up the ropes he had tossed to the ground and tucking them in beside the engine cover. Now other men were on the line. Here and there other ships sputtered, coughed, then bellowed into life. Stone could see the deep blue flames shooting out of the exhaust stacks of three ships on his left.

"Good thing the guy in front of me isn't out yet," said Stone.

The man working fifty feet behind Stone speeded up, seeing that Stone's plane was stripped and his propeller would soon be shoving a freezing blast back his way.

STONE stuck the crank in its socket high on the cowl of his plane, then slid back the canopy and crawled into the cockpit to make everything ready. The cockpit seemed sheltered and warm after working in the cold desert wind outside. Now, dreading the moment when he would have to crawl out in the cold again to spin that crank, he dawdled a bit with the job that kept him inside.

A little red light flicked on. Stone pulled the red shield off the light and got enough yellow glow to see his way to the controls he was after. He could have done everything in the dark, but there was no necessity for that. He had to turn on the battery switch anyway, and turning that on lighted the red fuel-warning light. He twirled the rheostat which brought up the tiny cockpit lights gradually, like the slow brightening of footlights in a theater.

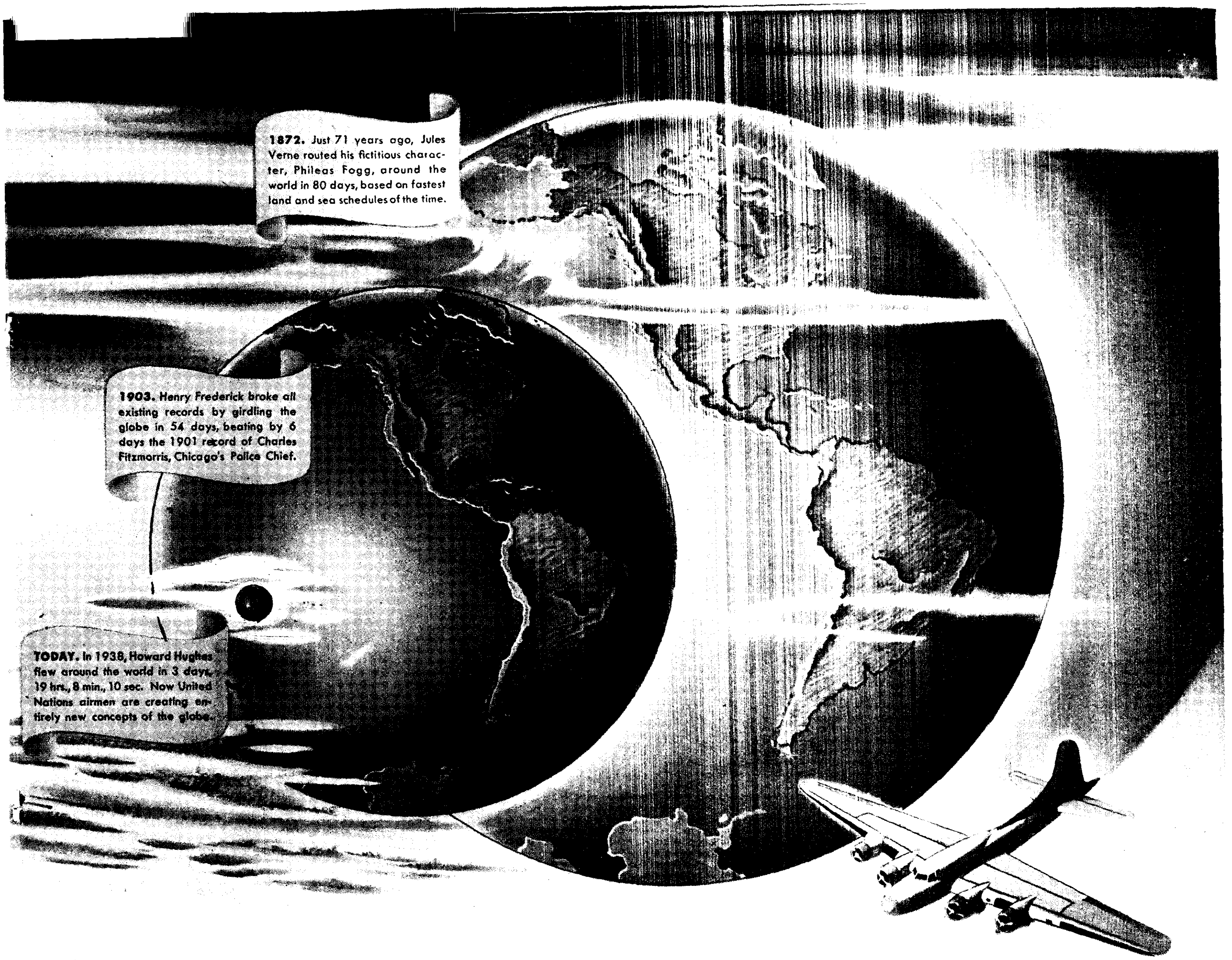
He unlocked the controls and swung them through their range of operation, feeling subconsciously to see that there was no binding in their movements. After a couple of flips on the wobble pump the tiny red fuel light flickered out—safe pressure—and the needle on the fuel-pressure gauge rose slowly. He plunged the primer back and forth with his right hand until the surge of pressure assured him that raw gas was being forced into the cylinders. Then he reached up and turned the magneto switch over to BOTH. There were three positions for that switch, L for left magneto, R for right, and BOTH.

She was ready to start—Stone hoped.

Bucking himself for the biting wind outside, Stone crawled out onto the wing and grabbed the crank with both hands; the inertia starter whined faintly at first, then rose with each surge of muscle against the crank until it began to scream. It took a lot out of Stone to swing that heavy starter up to engaging speed; when he jerked out the crank and hopped back into the cockpit he was breathing heavily, and cursing softly. Again he started working the wobble pump to build up fuel pressure . . . faster this time, for the starter was slowing down by the second. Two more shots with the primer and he put his right foot on the pedal marked ENGAGE.

Now he held his breath for an instant. There was a cough, then rumbling fire, and the engine started to take staccato hold. Stone's left hand flashed back and forth on the wobble pump. He crossed over his right to give the throttle a sharp push; then draw it back again to idling

(Continued on page 47)



1872. Just 71 years ago, Jules Verne routed his fictitious character, Phileas Fogg, around the world in 80 days, based on fastest land and sea schedules of the time.

1903. Henry Frederick broke all existing records by girdling the globe in 54 days, beating by 6 days the 1901 record of Charles Fitzmorris, Chicago's Police Chief.

TODAY. In 1938, Howard Hughes flew around the world in 3 days, 19 hrs., 8 min., 10 sec. Now United Nations airmen are creating entirely new concepts of the globe.

The true meaning of Ten Thousand Planes a Month

- Ten thousand planes a month suggest the size of the global war we fight.

They are a measure of the distances we have to go, of the start the enemy got, and of the kind of job that is being done by everyone connected with American aviation.

But Americans must not let the sight and sound of these tens of thousands of *fighting* planes obscure a fundamental truth. This war is being fought *with* the airplane, *about* the airplane,—about air transportation,—about Freedom of the Air.

When the horse was the important way to get places, wars were fought on horses, to control roads.

When ships were the world's most important carriers, wars were fought chiefly with battleships, to ensure Freedom of the Seas.

In this war, the air is the crucial battlefield. The high purpose is Freedom of the Air.

The aviation industry has geared itself to win this Freedom. Plane-makers, engine-builders, parts-makers; the basic suppliers of raw materials like ourselves; each and all of us are working together as perhaps no great industry ever worked before. All are determined to give the United Nations the supremacy which will clear the air quickly.

Beyond this immediate war necessity, the vision of the industry is to provide global transportation over the free and universal highways of the air. Great liners will soar over geographic barriers that are no more, so that all men may enjoy the bounty of all the world, and the free fellowship of all its peoples.

This is our destiny. It strengthens our wills. It speeds our hands. It gives meaning to present sacrifice.

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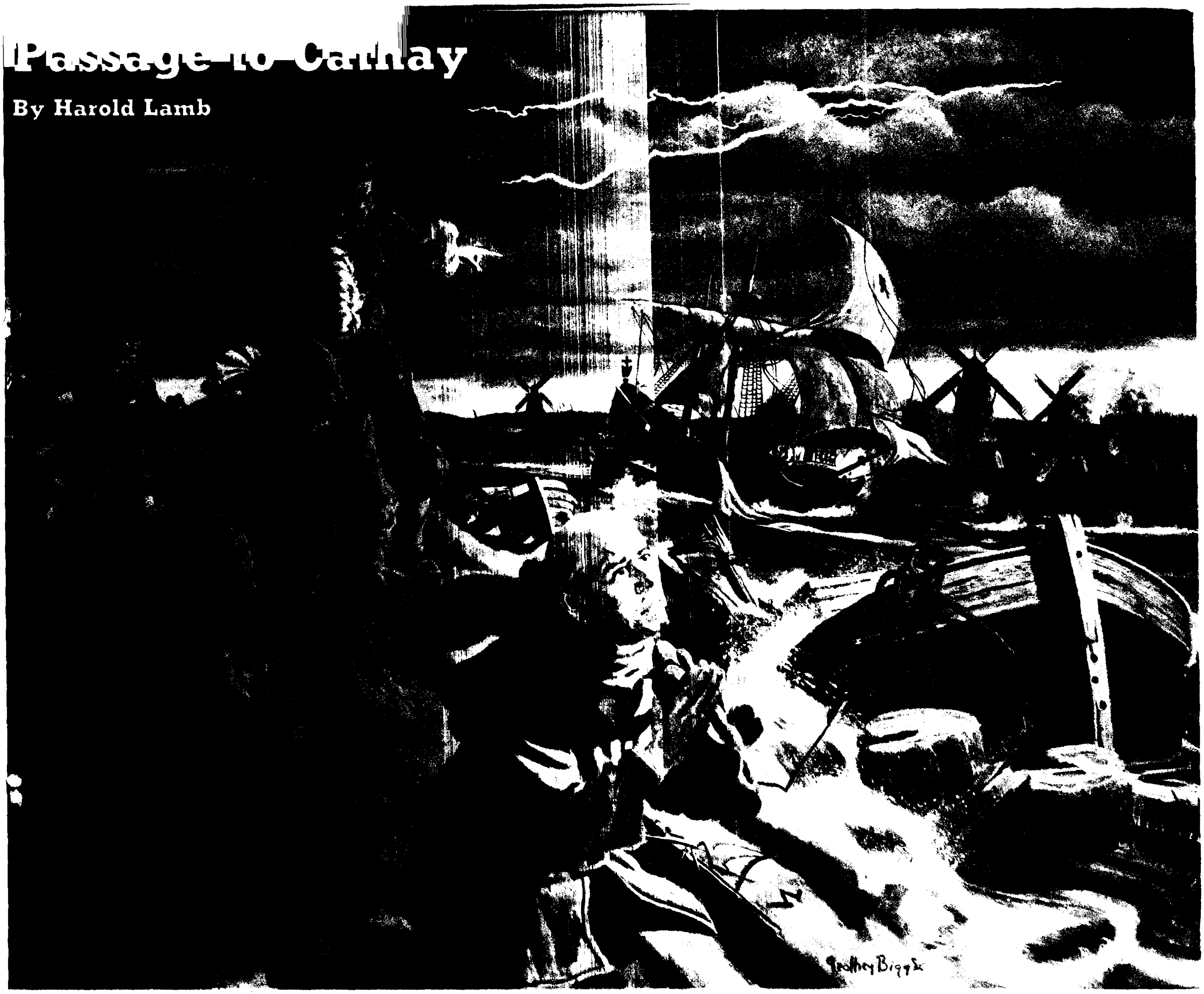
Passage to Cathay

By Harold Lamb



This ship, steering over the land, was firing at the Spaniards clustered on higher ground. "It is Nick van Straaten's bark," Ludowyk said

From the gleaming pages of the past comes this story which proves that you never could—never can—beat the Dutch

HE IS out there now, in his black ship. They say he will not die, but he will sail that ship of his against wind and tide until doomsday comes.

You have heard his name? Nick van Straaten. You have heard that he is out there, swearing his strange oaths and striving to round that far-off cape of land—striving forever? And you do not believe?

Well, by now the Germans also have made a legend of him. They say that Nick van Straaten must sail the seas for seven years, at which time he may come again to the land, to find, if he can, a woman who will love him. Aye, they have begun to call him *der fliegende Holländer*, the Flying Dutchman.

All this happens to be true, as I well know. Since I was with him in the time of trouble, I can tell you the truth of the happening, and you can believe it or not, as you choose. It is all one to me, my masters.

A day of white clouds and dark shadows it was, when I watched van Straaten come ashore. No wind stirred the swell along the sea dyke. I was then twelve years of age, playing with my pocket sundial, on top of the stones and beams of the dyke, with one eye on old Ludowyk's dogcart, while Ludowyk sold the fishing nets he had made.

That was late in the year 1569 of grace—aye, four years before the trouble.

I could hear Ludowyk and the meesters jawing about how many groats to be paid for each net; and I longed to be off on a ship that would venture forth into the unknown seas of the world, to the far gold coasts and spiceries.

I sniffed the salt of the sea depths. The wind arms of the mills turned only slowly, sighing, in that light air. I saw only one ship come in that day, from the north to anchor off the dyke. It was a bark, gray with weather and salt. And it had no sails. That is, they were tattered and ripped, lashed to the yards. One man from the bark got into a skiff and rowed himself up to the dyke where I lay.

"A good day, *yonker,*" his voice boomed at me. "Where is there a cart going to Leyden town?"

"God keep you, my master," I piped up. "Here." And I pointed out our cart, with the dog sleeping in front of it. When he climbed up the dyke top and saw it, he laughed. Noticing how I was working at the sundial I had made, he sat down and pulled out a pocket compass with a needle that pointed to the north. By it, he set my dial true.

A LONG, stooped man, this mariner was, fair as a Viking with his red beard. He stood as if leaning into the wind, his hands swollen by fisting ropes, his shoulders bent by hauling at tiller shafts. His clothing hung from him stiff as armor plate, only mended with cord. Curiously he gazed at the fishing craft and the flat land beyond.

"What port are you from, mynheer?" I asked.

"No port," he shook his head idly. "From the seas."

Now I thought that this gentle, lonely master was one of the fellowship of navigants, coming in from the waters that do lie beyond the knowledge of us townsfolk, and I forgot all about the sundial. "Have you been upon the Sea of Darkness?"

"Old vrouws' tales!" he snorted. "Do not listen to them, boy." Then he saw the disappointment in my face, and tugged at his beard. "Why, boy, I have seen fish that fly through the air off Madagascar—aye, and spouts of water drawn up to the sky."

While I was drinking in this marvel, old Ludowyk came up, counting the coins in his hand. When he saw the man from the sea he hastened his steps. "Come away, boy!" he took me by the hand.

"A good day, Ludowyk," said van Straaten.

"A bad day, when you show your face again." Ludowyk seemed to be angry. "I hear say how you have come back with an empty ship."

The stranger rubbed his big hands together. "Why, no, I have some fox and

(Continued on page 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

FENN-PIX

Captain Lawson, here with his wife, Ellen, and daughter, Ann, today shows little sign of his terrible facial injuries after an excellent job of reparative surgery

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

By Captain Ted W. Lawson

Around the world to home, to honors and promotion, and the end of the great adventure that America will never forget

Conclusion

YOU think it was worth while?" one of the boys asked me before we went to sleep that early morning of June 4th.

I thought it over for a while, trying to see the whole thing objectively. When I finally said that I did, I meant it. We'll probably never know just how much damage we caused. The important thing, I figured, was that our people got a lift out of it. It made them sure that we could go to work on the Japs no matter how far away they were.

I hadn't thought much about our people, before that night. A fellow doesn't volunteer for something like the Japan raid, bomb the place, try to get away and, in my case, lose a leg and say, "This is for the dear people." You just don't say or openly feel those things. You think about yourself most of the time: whether you'll have guts enough to go through with the thing, and whether you'll get away with it. It's only later when you add up things and get the sum that you think of the people. And the cause. And then you hope you've done both of them some good.

We took off from Kweilin's little airport at 5 o'clock on the morning of June 4th and when we were in the air a little more than an hour the AVG man we left behind radioed us that the Japs were bombing the field.

That was the closest call of all . . . and the end of a month's fear of capture.

We reached Kunming by 9:30 A.M. and got a nice reception. Some Flying Tigers were there with their shark-nosed P-40s. Great guys with plenty of dough. Two of them—Hasty and Olsen—had been classmates of mine at Kelly and Randolph. We had a nice reunion by the side of the DC-3 while Doc was dressing my stump, and waiting for an ambulance. They told me how they paired up to fight the Japanese planes, and how some Jap fliers either didn't take parachutes up with them or refused to use them. They had seen many of them just jump out of the attacked planes. They also showed me what I thought was a string of P-40s on one edge of the field. They were papier-mâché, the boys told me. The Chinese had made them for the Tigers, and the Japs wasted a lot of bombs and bullets on them.

After Doc had finished with me I went up to the near-by hostel and found that Hasty had sent me a bottle of good Scotch. Davey, Carleton, McElroy and Dr. C—— stayed at the field. When Davey came into my room later I asked him where Dr. C—— was. I had a drink for Dr. C——.

"He got orders at the field to proceed right to Chungking," Davey said.

I never saw or heard from Dr. C—— again. I never got to say goodby; never had a chance to thank him. He was the most loyal man I ever met. There wasn't anything he wouldn't or didn't do for us during those weeks at L—— and on the road. He waited on us night and day, never complaining. He never got or wanted a penny.

Later on, in a letter to the War Department, after it asked us to supply a list of Chinese who had helped us, I tried hard to express my gratitude and respect for Dr. C——. But when I wrote the letter there were no right words to put down.

At Kweilin it was decided that we wouldn't go on to Chungking. McClure and I, at Doc's recommendation, were to be flown to Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, D. C., for treatment, after a checkup at New Delhi. McClure's shoulders were still giving him a lot of trouble. They had set wrong. Doc didn't have to tell me that I needed a further amputation.

Going into the Homestretch

I was in enough pain now to welcome passing out from lack of oxygen when we climbed to 19,000 feet to clear a hump of the Himalayas the next day, June 5th. We came down at one of our big new bases in India.

Bob Gray was there. After the raid he had been assigned to transport work, along with Dick Joyce, another raid pilot who had come through great. They were given three P-40s to use when the Japs would come over to bomb their transports. They weren't getting much rest.

That day I saw Gray for the last time.

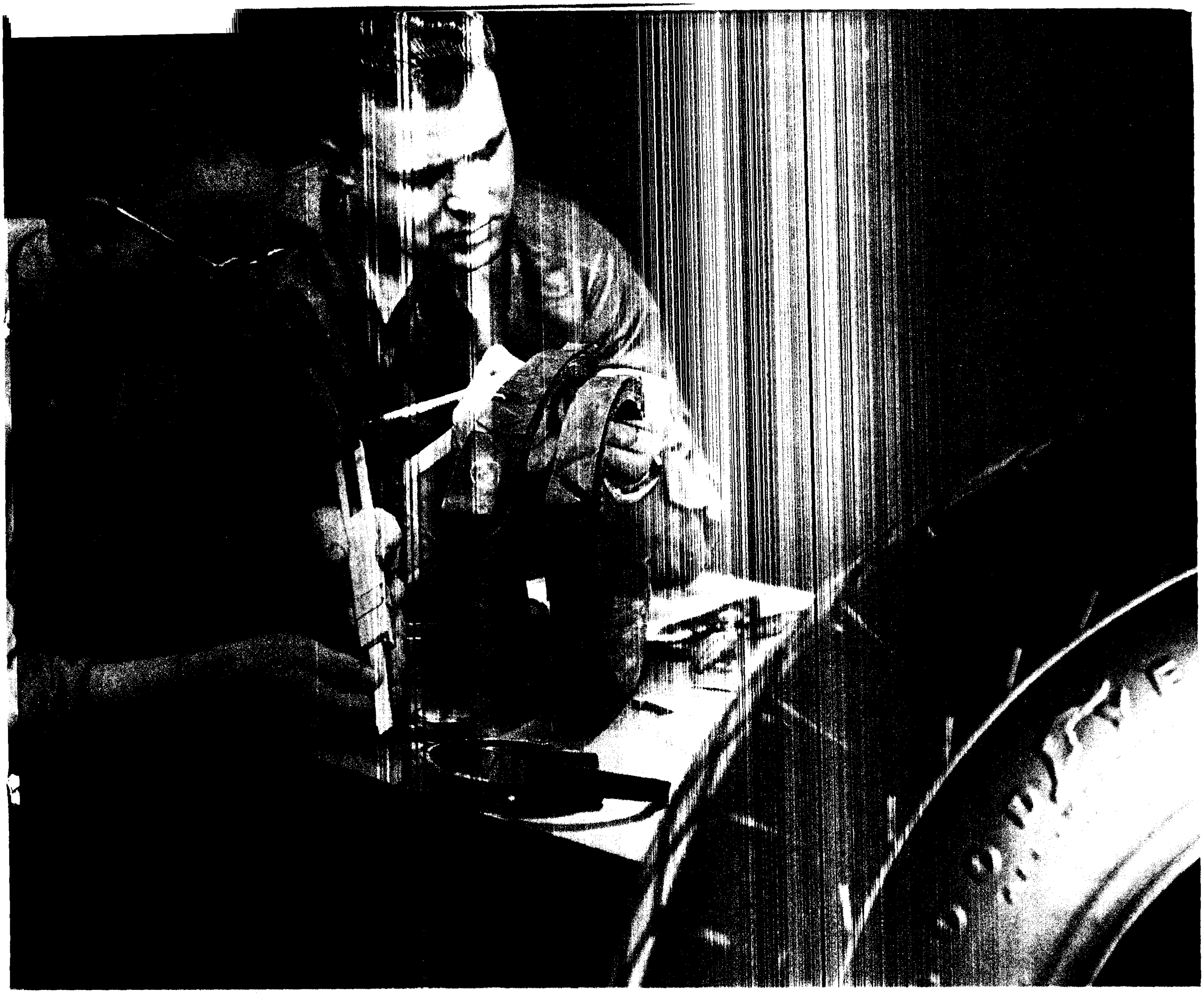
We flew on to another huge new field, refueled with the temperature at 128, and had our first ice water. It felt like a blessing in my mouth. Before dark on the same June 5th we came down in New Delhi, after flying over great white temples, and put up at Hotel Imperial. I found out that we'd go on soon, without treatment there.

The hotel was almost unbearably civilized. It hurt to look at the mounds of fine food, the frilly curtains, the deep rugs and furniture, after all our privations. I slept in a huge bedroom with two of General Stilwell's medical officers. They had just walked out of Burma with the general. They had malaria and dysentery and were treating each other.

I was thinking a lot about my family now, as we went into the homestretch. So on the next morning, June 6th, I went down the street on the crutches to a place named the Ivory Palace. We had been paid in Kunming—and found that we had gotten only a buck a day subsistence from the time we left the Coast until we took off, instead of the $6 we had figured on. It's a regulation, but we had forgotten and on the Hornet had played poker against the Navy as if we were rich. But I still wanted to buy some little things to take home.

I had trouble getting around in the shop but I finally got up to a counter and

(Continued on page 50)



They put race-horse legs on the army mule

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

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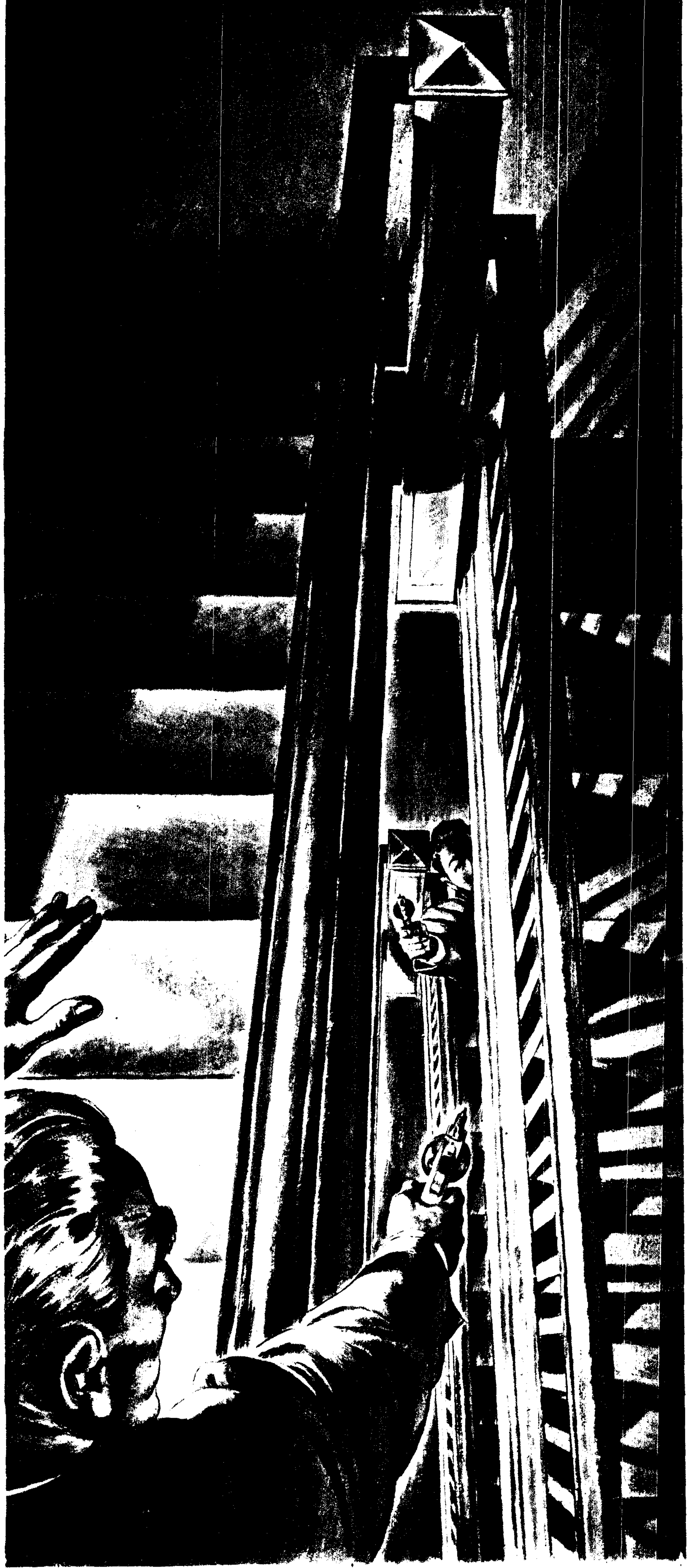
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Sound of Revelry

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



It was a long way to the ground floor. Martin was descending fast. Every once in a while he popped at me and I let fly at him

The Story Thus Far:

QUITE by chance, two dancing teachers—Steve Harrison (who tells the story) and Judy Morgan, with whom he is in love—see two persons—a man and a woman—a few minutes after Jonathan Tate, a wealthy New Yorker, has been murdered in his luxurious apartment.

There is one other witness: a girl named Babs Willard. A few hours after Tate's death, she, too, is murdered! . . . Judy had known Tate, given him dancing lessons, but his will astounds her. He leaves her everything he owns, including the "Torrid Zone," a night club.

At the Torrid Zone, Steve and Judy actually see and meet the blond woman who was seemingly involved in Tate's death. But Judy astounds Steve by claiming that she has never before seen her. Nor do the detectives assigned to the case—Lieutenant Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and George Ballard—show any interest in the blonde! . . . The woman's name is Claire Livingston and, later, she introduces Steve to her fellow suspect—Bob Norden.

Among the Torrid Zone's patrons with whom Judy always chats are Gregg Martin; his father, Arthur Gordon Martin; and a woman who calls herself Mabel Grant. Mabel is murdered; and, because the police say nothing about the crime, Ollie Grant—a man with whom she has been living—is mystified, frightened, when she fails to show up. Confiding in Steve, he says that Mabel had been the wife of Jonathan Tate; and that, following a Mexican divorce, she had come to New York, planning through Arthur Gordon Martin to extort money from her ex-husband.

Alone, in a third-floor room at the Torrid Zone, Steve finds a cleverly hidden key—a locker key marked 57STMC with the number 129 below. Suspecting that the key had belonged to Tate, he decides to find the locker it will open. *And find it he does*—in a place known as the 57th Street Men's Club.

Using the key, when no one is around, Steve opens the locker. In it he finds more than half a million dollars, in bills! A short time later, Ollie Grant—who is frantic—tells Steve that he feels sure Arthur Gordon Martin knows what has happened to Mabel; he says that he is going to call on Martin at his apartment on Central Park West and have a showdown.

When Grant goes to Martin's place, Steve follows him, waits in the street outside. He waits for what seems to be hours. Then, fearing that Grant and Martin may have had a fight and that Grant may be hurt, he goes to the apartment. The door, of wood, is heavy. Steve notes the number: 18-A. He rings the bell.

Conclusion

ARTHUR GORDON MARTIN opened the door. Himself, in person—not a moving picture. He had on a handsome blue smoking jacket with black satin lapels. He looked dignified, benevolent and surprised. I said, "Good evening, Mr. Martin," and he said, ‘Good evening."

"I just dropped in. . . ."

He frowned. "Isn't this a trifle unusual?" he asked.

I agreed that it was. I said that I'd just happened to be passing by and thought it would be pleasant to say hello.

His expression was different. He didn't look like the kindly gent who had been chaperoning his son, while Gregg made his play for Judy. I asked him to invite me in, but he didn't. He said, "It's late, Mr. Harrison . . ." and he said it in a way which told me I wasn't going to get an invitation.

I said, "I'm only staying a few minutes," and shoved past him and walked into the apartment. I went down a long foyer and into a living room.

It was a beautiful room: not too large, and furnished with exquisite taste. I heard the front door close, and knew that Mr. Martin had followed me in. His voice—smooth as honey—said, "Since you're here, Mr. Harrison—won't you have a seat?"

That was a false note. I had acted like a boor. He should have been angry. But he wasn't. Or if he was, he didn't show it.

I said, "Did I interrupt something?"

"No."

"You're all alone?"

"Yes." His eyes were unwavering. His manner was suave. It shouldn't have been suave.

"You've been alone all evening?"

"Of course."

"No visitors, eh?"

"None. But why are you interested?"

"Because I understood somebody was coming to see you. I thought somebody was here now."

"No," he said gently, "there isn't anybody here."

He was lying by the clock, and I knew it. Ollie had been in this place since twelve minutes after ten o'clock. He hadn't gone out. He was still here.

I said, "I'd like to see your whole apartment, Mr. Martin. It's very beautiful."

He wasn't smiling any more, but his voice remained silky: "Not tonight, Mr. Harrison."

"Tonight. I think it would be a swell idea."

I got up and started across the room toward a door. He came after me, and for the first time his voice sounded angry. And dangerous. He said, "You're acting strangely. Are you drunk?"

"No. I'm not drunk."

"Then I shall have to ask you to leave—immediately."

"Sorry." I put my hand on the knob of the door. "I couldn't sleep without seeing your whole apartment."

I opened the door and stood looking into a bedroom. It was the bedroom of a man of good taste and great wealth. The furniture was heavy, handsome and plain. It was a perfect bedroom, except for one thing.

There was something on the floor.

The something was Ollie Grant. I didn't have to look twice to know that he was dead.

The voice of Arthur Gordon Martin came from in back of me. It didn't sound angry any more. Just smooth and quiet and confident.

He said, "I hope you're satisfied, Mr. Harrison."

I turned around.

I was looking straight down the barrel of an ugly little automatic. Mr. Martin was holding it. His hand was steady.

"You asked for this, Mr. Harrison," he said politely. "And you're going to get it."

ARTHUR GORDON MARTIN looked like he meant business, and the gun looked the same way. He was cold, deadly mad. He had killed Ollie Grant, I had stumbled into his playhouse, and now there was nothing for him to do but kill me, too. It was as simple as that.

I talked brave. Not because I was, but because the play at the moment seemed to be to stall for time; for every precious second of time. I said, "So there *was* somebody else here." It wasn't very witty, but it broke a tense silence with words instead of with a pistol shot.

He didn't say anything.

"Why did you kill him?" I asked. "He wasn't doing any harm."

Martin still wasn't in a talkative mood. He moved a step closer to me, and the hand which held the automatic was just as steady as it had been at first. There was some satisfaction in knowing that when his finger did tighten on the trigger, I wouldn't even hear the noise.

I said, "I didn't think you were that kind of a man."

That didn't register, either. Martin had a job to do, and he was getting ready to do it. But he did speak. I suppose he figured he might learn something, and the final result would be the same, anyway. He said, "Why did you come here?"

(Continued on page 65)

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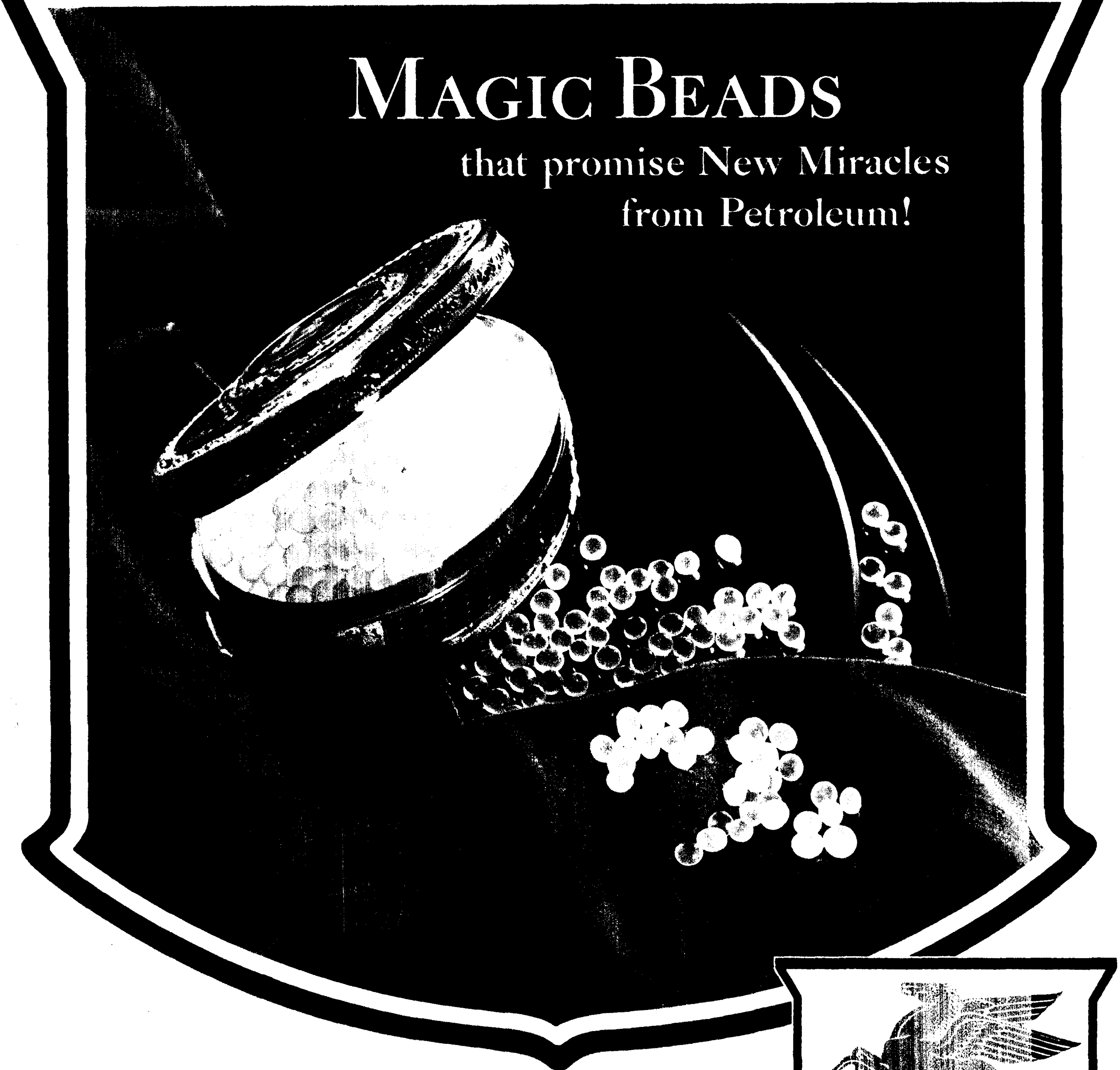
that promise New Miracles from Petroleum!



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OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPH

EVERYTHING IS JAKE

BY JERRY D. LEWIS

The U. S. Army had a stroke of luck back in 1905, when small-town politics made a soldier instead of an engineer out of young Jake Devers. Meet the new Commander of the European Theater of Operations

IT WAS one of those unreasonably cold mornings you sometimes get in North Carolina and, at Fort Bragg, thousands of infantry troops were lined up for review by their new commanding officer. They were wearing summer sun-tan uniforms: pants, shirt and cap. No jacket: Onto the reviewing stand stepped the new C.O., dapper in his well-tailored blouse. He took one look at the shivering men and left the platform. When he came back from his car he too was in shirt sleeves, and as the harsh wind whistled over the parade ground Brigadier General Jacob L. Devers stood and watched his troops march past.

One of the reporters said: "If any other general had done that it would have been open to suspicion. It looks like a gesture toward the men. But not when Jakie does it. He's not that kind of guy."

Jacob Loucks Devers is not that kind of guy. You can depend on that. There is always one certain check of any celebrity's hat size. Ask the newspapermen, who can spot a phony quicker than Morgenthau can spot a counterfeit. The gentlemen of the press don't always tell all they know, but they never miss knowing whether their subject is real or tawdry. For the greater part of his career, this lean Pennsylvania Dutchman has been in constant contact with the "ink-stained wretches," and a personally taken Gallup poll was unanimous: In their book, and in their language, Jakie Devers is a right guy.

With all his poise and dignity and hatred for publicity, he still has more friends among the newspapermen than almost anyone else in the Army. At the Kentucky Derby this year he ran into Bill Corum, the New York sports columnist, who said:

"General, I hardly know how to address you now that you've become such a big shot."

Devers smiled and said: "Bill, why not call me Jakie? You always have."

That's the kind of a man President Roosevelt, through Secretary of War Stimson, picked as Commander of the European Theater of Operations. You may assume that they picked, in addition to a nice fellow, a fine tactician and a superb soldier. Secretary Stimson said, when he named Devers:

"I consider General Devers especially fitted to succeed General Andrews as Commander of the European Theater. His capacity for organization and administration was thoroughly established while he was head of the Armored Force. He is, in addition, thoroughly conversant with present and future plans."

It is, therefore, an interesting fact that as a young man Devers not only had no great love for the Army, but had no more idea of becoming a soldier when he graduated from high school than did that kid down the block a few years ago.

He was born to a Dutch mother and an Irish father, who ran the local jewelry store in York, Pennsylvania. The important date was September 8, 1887. Young Jakie grew up to be the leader of his "gang," which was certainly a hint of things to come. When the gang got into trouble, like breaking the butcher shop window, Jakie was the one who had to arrange to have them pay for it in installments of a quarter a week. When he went to York high school, he was one of the worst speakers the freshman class ever listened to, but before he was graduated he was the president of the debating society. He was also the president of his class, and captain of the basketball team, besides being a regular on the baseball and football teams. In short, Jakie Devers was a high-school personality.

The Makings of an Engineer

Came the time to go to college, and Jakie's father decided he wanted his son to be an engineer. Engineers are big men in Pennsylvania, where there are mines and oil wells and lots of good jobs for young men to whom a keystone means something more than second base. Where else, then, could Jakie go but Lehigh University, in near-by Bethlehem, Pa.? A fine engineering school, and not too far from home. In the fall of 1905, therefore, young Devers matriculated at Lehigh.

Back in York, though, political bickering was taking place that was to change Jakie's, and America's, fortunes. The senior Devers was one of the Democratic bigwigs of the town, although, to be truthful, that was tantamount to being an important Republican today in Georgia.

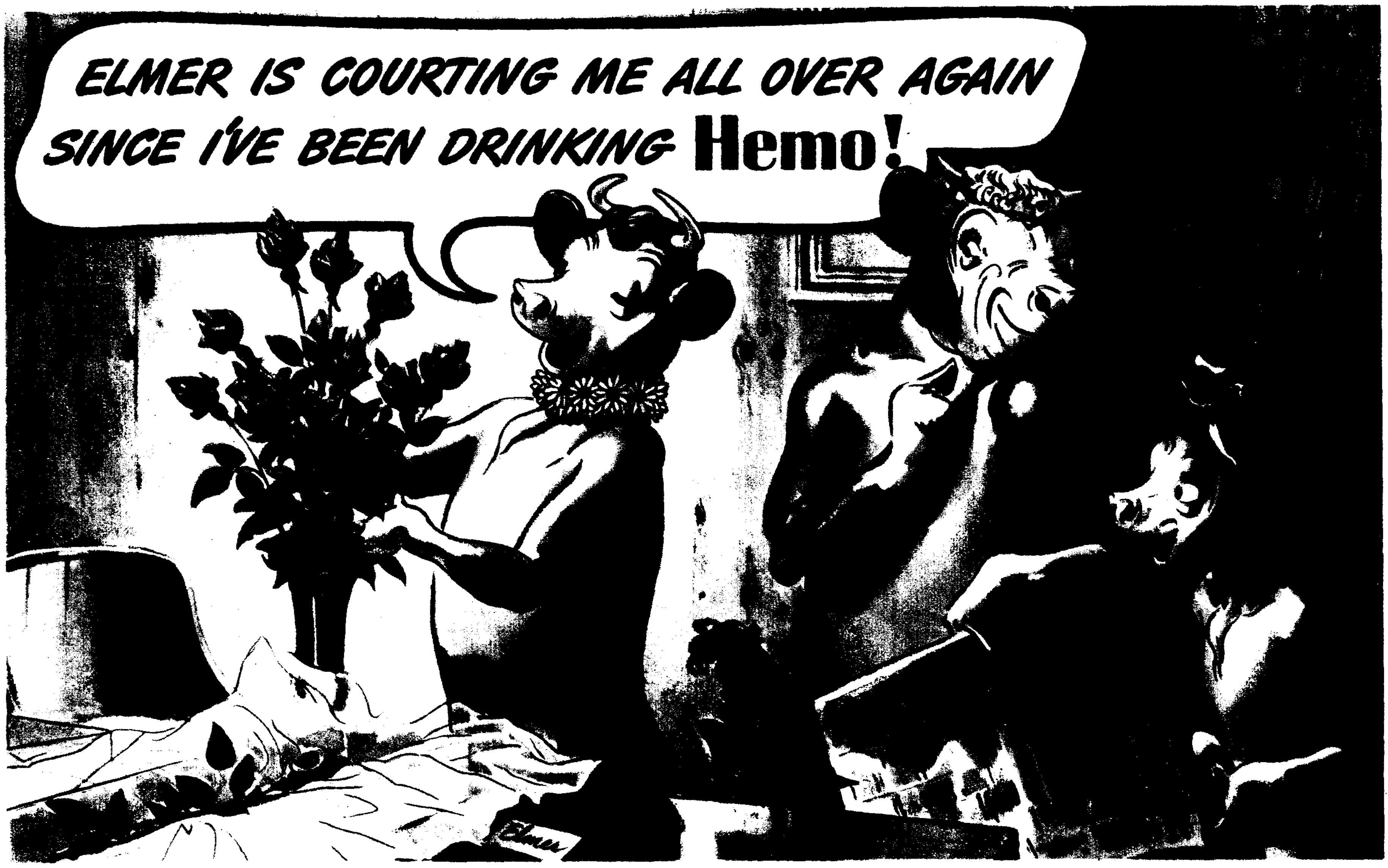
A congressman—Republican of course—named Lafaen represented York, and he hadn't yet made his recommendation for West Point. Two of the prominent Republican families were battling with Lafaen, each trying to get its son to the Point. In a fit of anger, Lafaen said:

"I'm not going to be pushed around on this, and just to prove it to both of you, I'm going to name a Democrat's son!"

Jacob L. Devers was the Democrat's son named, and so, after a week at Lehigh, Jakie packed and took the Lackawanna to West Point. One day, when someone writes a history book telling on what small hinges the doors of destiny open and shut, the story of the accidental general may lead all the rest.

Jakie took one look at West Point and almost turned around and went back to Lehigh. "I was a big shot in York," he says today, when he thinks about it, "but actually, I was just a scared, small-town kid. I was awkward, and I had no poise, but the Army soon knocked all that out of me. I'll never stop being grateful for all the things the Army has done for me." And, it might be added, the Army ought never to stop being grateful for all the things Jakie has done for it.

At the Point, Devers was a good student,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Borden's Hemo

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"Aw, cut it out, Elsie!" protested Elmer. "HEMO had nothing to do with those roses! I sent 'em because—shucks!—because—"

"I *hope* because you love me," prompted Elsie.

"Sure! Sure! That's it!" mumbled Elmer. "I mean—I mean it's because you're so peppy and full of life!"

"And why do you suppose I'm feeling so well?" countered Elsie. "Because I'm getting all the vitamins and minerals I need every day!"

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Elmer slyly, "that all the women in America could have your pep if they drank their HEMO every day?"

"I wouldn't go *that* far," laughed Elsie. "But it might be a wonderful help . . . You know, Government nutrition authorities tell us that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals. And JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives you half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, Niacin—"

"If you're going through the alphabet—you missed C!" said Elmer.

"Why, dear, we *purposely* omitted Vitamin C," replied Elsie. "Folks get it readily if they drink fruit and tomato juices. Now to get back—"

"To roses?" asked Elmer.

"No, you sentimental old dear," answered Elsie. "To HEMO. It's the

most delicious kind of drink for *only 2½¢ a serving!* A full-pound jar—24 drinks—costs just 59¢ at the grocery or drug store! . . . And folks can have HEMO made up in any flavor they prefer at fountains!"

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being especially brilliant in mathematics. On the sports front at the academy, he was captain of the varsity basketball team, a regular on the lacrosse team, and one of the greatest shortstops any college baseball team ever had. At West Point, when they talk about great shortstops, they argue whether Devers or another fellow who preceded him was the best they ever had. The other fellow is named MacArthur, Douglas MacArthur.

Devers was graduated in 1909, and sent to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, where he was just another second lieutenant. In 1912, he returned to West Point as an instructor in mathematics, and three years later was transferred to Hawaii. In 1917, he was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, headquarters for artillerymen. Time after time, he filed application for combat duty, for we had already entered the war, but he was refused because he was such a brilliant instructor.

Soldier Without Battle

He almost wept to friends that his career was being ruined. "I'm a soldier," he said, "and they won't let me get near a battlefield." Finally, in 1918, his pleas were answered. He was made a temporary colonel, and placed in charge of the 60th Field Artillery. At last he was headed for the front. Before he sailed from New York, though, a conference had taken place in a railroad car in Compiègne, and the next to the last war was over.

Now Devers was certain that his military career was ruined. He wailed: "I've been left at the post!" But he sailed for France, anyway, and served there for about six months. He enrolled at the French field artillery school, in Treves. After graduation, he returned to Fort Sill, where he was put in charge of our field artillery school. There, he improved methods of firing so that targets that formerly took thirty shots to locate were now being smashed in six shots. The system is still in use.

From Sill, he returned to West Point as an instructor of mathematics again, and in his spare time he coached the basketball and baseball teams. Then, he was made director of athletics, and also the director of West Point's $5,000,000 expansion fund. As director of athletics, Devers met the top sports writers in the country, and when he smoothed out the differences between West Point and Annapolis, and brought back the Army-Navy football game in 1931, he became a sports-page celebrity.

He remained at the Point until 1939, when, as a colonel, he was moved to Panama to strengthen the defenses of the Canal. He did such a splendid job there that the next year, when the President was about to make a deal with Great Britain—50 overage destroyers for land bases—he named Devers senior member of the Army and Navy Board to select which bases we wanted. How good a job he did in that spot is attested by the fact that he "jumped" 474 other colonels and got the first of his present crop of three stars.

He cut red tape so quickly and so thoroughly that shortly thereafter he was named commander at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, with instructions to start a $40,000,000 construction program. When he arrived at Bragg, there were 5,000 troops stationed there. When he left, about a year later, it was the biggest post in the world, with over 65,000 men under arms!

His supervision of the West Point building program stood him in good stead at Bragg; 2,500 buildings were constructed without one day of work stoppage. When Washington's red tape threatened to strangle him, he gave orders and went ahead with his show. In one case, buildings were completed and occupied three days before authorization came to build them!

In addition to his duties as post commander, Devers was still enough of a soldier to build and command the crack Ninth Infantry Division.

While at Bragg, what he did to some of the regulations made "book soldiers" gasp. Pith helmets are nonregulation, for instance, everywhere but in the tropics, and Army Regulations covering "dress of a soldier" would sooner permit you to appear in ranks wearing a checkered sarong than one of those helmets.

Devers got them for his M.P.'s, over the almost dead bodies of the very proper Quartermaster Corps, when he saw that the boys got no protection from the sun from their regulation caps. When some of the barracks were finished before all the heating equipment was available, Devers had the post's locomotives furnish steam heat.

Perhaps his greatest touch of diplomacy came late in 1940. North Carolina looked upon the crowd at Bragg as almost another Northern invasion, and that feeling continued until a Confederate veteran living a few miles from the post died. Devers, the Yankee general from Pennsylvania, took charge, and gave the old gentleman a full military funeral. That almost ended the Civil War in that section of Carolina.

In July, 1941, General Adna R. Chaffee, father of America's Armored Force, lay dying in a Boston hospital. A new commanding general had to be picked, and there weren't many applicants for the job.

For one thing, the political fight inside the Armored Force made the pre-Roosevelt Democratic Conventions look like pink tea parties. Made up originally of cavalry, infantry and artillery units, each corps vied for the responsible positions. If, for instance, an infantryman was named to an important job, the cavalry and artillery officers all but pouted. Into that difficult spot, the War Department dumped Jakie Devers.

By his obvious, inherent honesty, by his directness of method, by his sometimes seemingly ruthless treatment of inefficient officers, he straightened out what threatened to be either a mess or a national scandal. His first big job, after the political situation had been cleared up, was to make a decision on which would rest the fate of the Armored Force. If he guessed wrong, America would have second-rate Panzer divisions.

Epoch-Making Decision

The government was then on the verge of placing huge orders for tanks. Once ordered, the tanks would roll off the assembly lines regardless of whether or not the decision had been wise. Devers studied the subject intently, and came by his ratio of so many light tanks, so many mediums, and so many heavy tanks out of every hundred. He guessed, it can now be told, that the greatest proportion would have to be medium tanks, and that he was right is proved by the utter failure of the German Mark VIs (heavies), upon which Rommel placed so much faith in North Africa. The actual percentages Devers decided on are, of course, a secret.

Another vital decision he made was to use a preponderance of artillery on self-propelled mounts. That was over a year ago, and, once again, his quick, sure judgment put America in front of the parade, for today, on every battle front, the accent is on self-propelled artillery. You can check that with a man named von Arnim, if you have any doubts.

One factor, probably the largest part of the secret of his meteoric rise, is the fact that he is a great executive. A staff colonel, asked to evaluate Devers' ability, said:

"There isn't a division anywhere in the Army that the old man (a commanding general is always 'the old man') couldn't take over and make you notice the improvement within a week. His effect on the men in the ranks would be noticeable immediately. He makes those kids think every one of them is his personal pal, and the effect is something to watch."

One of the reasons he's a great executive is that he carries the nucleus of a great staff with him at all times. When he was transferred to London, he took with him from Fort Knox a censored number of staff officers. Only one, Colonel Tristram Tupper, has been publicly announced, but you can bet there were many more.

When Devers came to the Armored Force on August 1, 1941, it consisted of 4 divisions, all of them undermanned and underequipped. When he left, the Armored Force had 15 divisions, an unprecedented number of unattached battalions, and a victory over Rommel.

A Man of Reserve

From his Dutch mother, Devers (the name is pronounced to rhyme with "severs") inherited both a dogged determination and a marked reticence that he overcomes only with difficulty. He is a man whom people like and trust instinctively, but never get to know intimately. His best friend, a colonel who served with him at Fort Knox, once said:

"I wish I knew what he thinks of me."

Another colonel, in almost daily contact with Devers, in answer to a routine question asked at dinner one night, admitted that he didn't know how many children Devers had. He has one—and when the Deverses' only child married an artillery captain, she naturally wanted him transferred to the Armored Force, which Devers commanded. Before acceding, Devers personally checked with almost every officer his new son-in-law had worked under.

General Devers is a moderate drinker and a moderate smoker. He will go to a dinner party and take a drink—but only *a* drink. He may go for days without smoking a cigarette. Then, if he feels the need for relaxing, he'll chain-smoke a pack. And then he probably won't smoke again for a week. Anyone who smokes knows that a man who can do that could open a second front by himself.

Unlike most "old Army" men, General Devers doesn't spice his language with peppery Anglo-Saxonisms. He is a Connie Mack when it comes to strong language, his closest approach to profanity being "Gol dang it!" That bit of testimony comes from his golfing partner, which gives it an unassailable stamp of authority.

Devers plays golf for exercise and not for sport. He plays nine holes every night after work, and he finishes the round in less than an hour, which is practically running.

Physical fitness is one of the few subjects about which he is immoderate. "War," he says, "is a business of endurance, and the Army that can outlast its opponent will be the one to ride off the battlefield with the victory." Today, at fifty-five, he is in better shape than most of the officers in the field, including those twenty years his junior.

When the President and Secretary Stimson were looking for the man to succeed the late General Frank M. Andrews, after the tragic crash in Iceland early in May, they had to find a man who was not only well versed in the lore of ground warfare, but also one who knew the value of airpower. In General Devers they picked one of the most air-minded of generals.

"This," said Devers recently, "is no time to refuse to look at the matter realistically. Airplanes are the eyes of the tanks and artillery. One of the tank's greatest virtues—its speed—is lost if it doesn't know exactly where it's going. Without close support of the air arm, the tank becomes a groping mass of ineffective strength."

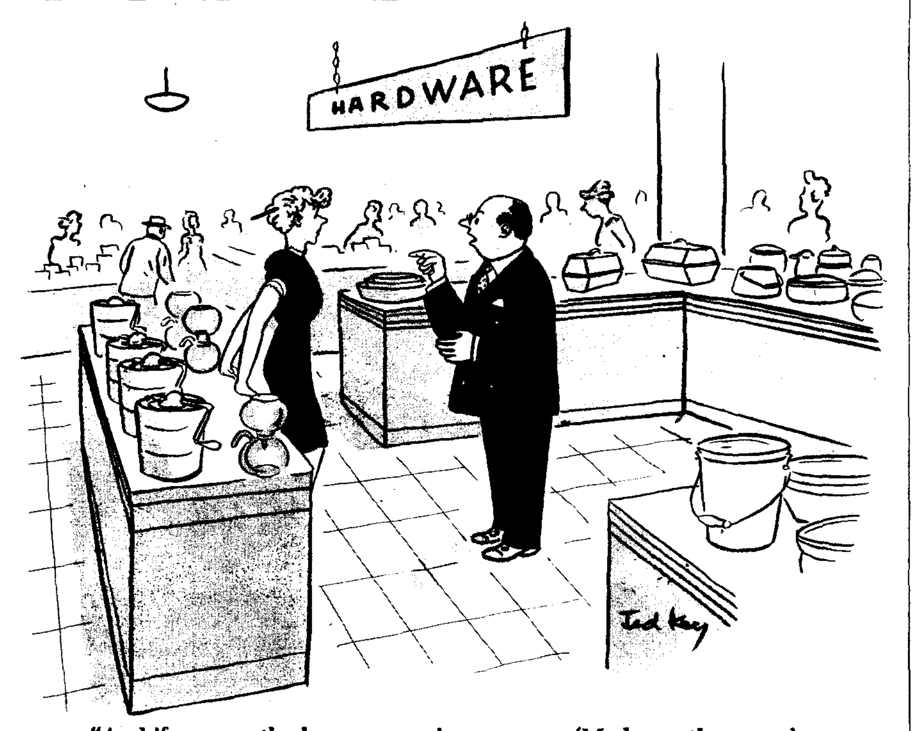
He put out directives when he was at Knox that his tank men were to fly as often as possible, so that they could appreciate the problems of the aviators, and he invited all Air Forces men stationed near Armored Force posts to ride in the tanks, so they might understand the peculiar difficulties of the tank driver.

In directing his tankers to fly, he was only telling them to do something he does as often as possible. On inspection trips in 1942, Devers flew some 55,000 miles in this country.

He went to Africa to visit his number-one general in the Armored Force, Lt. General George Patton. The day after Devers was named to his new post, General Eisenhower announced that General Patton, his job all but finished, had been relieved of his command. General Patton's present whereabouts, as this is written, are a military secret, but don't make too much of a bet that he isn't by Jakie's side, for, unless past performances are very deceiving, you have not heard the last of the team of Devers and Patton.

They're going places—and Adolf knows what places we mean.

THE END



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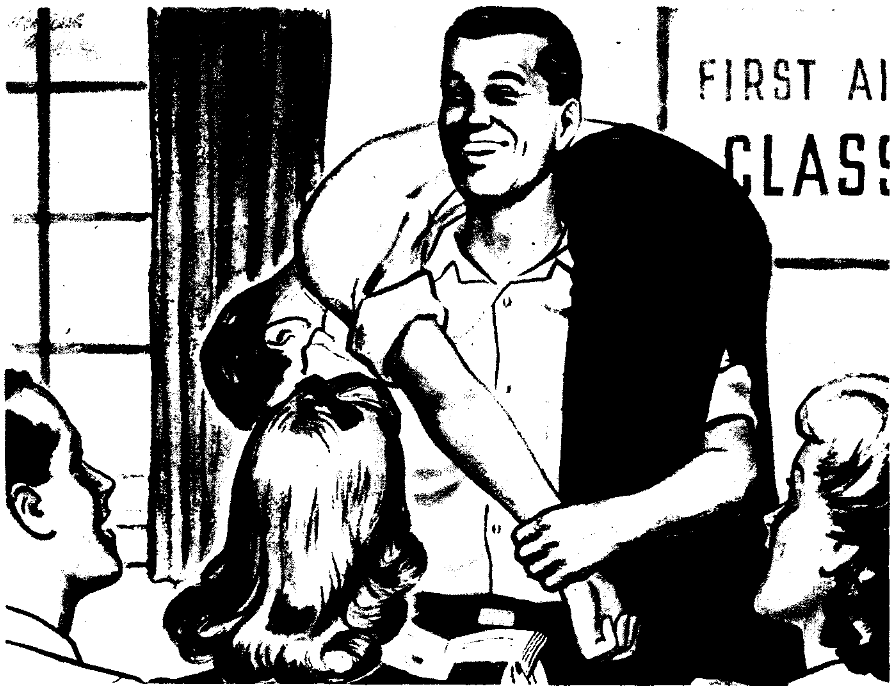
9 A. M. . . . and watch Joe glow!



GLOW-FUL JOE. Taken first thing in the morning, Sal Hepatica acts gently and quickly . . . usually acts *within an hour.* AND . . . Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping counteract excess gastric acidity. These are some of the reasons why 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline laxative. Try it when you next need a laxative.

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NEW APPROACHES TO LASTING PEACE

BY HERBERT HOOVER AND HUGH GIBSON

When peace comes, do we want another "league"? Or are world institutions just for impractical dreamers? Here are the things they have done—and could do, if given a chance

Conclusion

IN PREVIOUS articles we have suggested certain steps in the making of peace. They ultimately lead up to the creation of some sort of "world institution" to preserve peace.

The steps we have suggested are:

(a) That there be an agreement among the United Nations prior to the end of the war, constituting a few of the leading nations the "Trustees of Peace."

(b) That, instead of an armistice, we have a "conditional peace" immediately upon victory, which shall embrace certain simple urgent measures to start political and economic recovery on its way at once.

(c) That, instead of a general peace conference, we have a transitional period from war to peace, during which the settlement of long-view problems should be decentralized into regional councils for Europe, Asia, and the Western Hemisphere, or into special commissions, where matters affect more than one region. We proposed that these settlements should be governed by a determination to eliminate or reduce the causes of war.

(d) That the regional councils should take care of current controversies, and, if they fail to settle them, refer them to the Trustees.

(e) That the Trustee nations preserve order in the world during the transition period.

(f) That among the long-view questions should be placed the creation of a "world institution" to preserve peace which shall succeed the Trusteeship.

We propose in this article to make some suggestions upon the "world institution."

Suggestions of new approach to this problem which we offer are put forward in the hope that they will stimulate thought. There can be no commitment in a world the form of which is not yet clear.

It is easy mentally to dismiss the difficult problems of peace by saying we will first create a "world institution" and it will do the rest.

We are convinced that world experience clearly shows the utter futility of believing we can pass the buck in this way. That is simply dodging responsibilities in difficult problems which we do not have the courage to face. It ignores the whole bitter experience of the world and the task that lies before us.

We believe strongly that no final form or commitment to the over-all "world institution" could be competently formulated until after victory is won when the shape of the world will be far more clear. And we believe strongly that, even after victory, time must be taken for formulation of plans for such an institution. The "world institution" should be the last phase of peacemaking, not the first.

Such an institution should be launched under conditions which favor its survival. We shall be throwing it to the wolves if we set it up to grapple with the unallayed forces in operation at the end of the war. There could be no greater disservice to a "world institution" than to entrust it immediately after firing ceases with the task of maintaining order. To hand it such responsibilities in the immediate maelstrom would be to repeat again one of the greatest of handicaps under which the League labored through being thrown into the violent aftermaths of postwar and required to deal with the mess. This experience should have amply proved that any newly created general organization is ill-fitted for such emergency service.

Unless the political, economic, military, and other settlements are first so formulated as to allay or silence the destructive forces of ideologies and economics, of imperialism, militarism, extreme nationalism, fear, hate, and revenge, there can be no lasting peace no matter what "world institution" we create.

Furthermore, delay is needed until the heat of war and nationalism has cooled—until the enemy states have gained in good will and stability—until the dynamic forces which create war have been settled and more tranquillity of mind is possible.

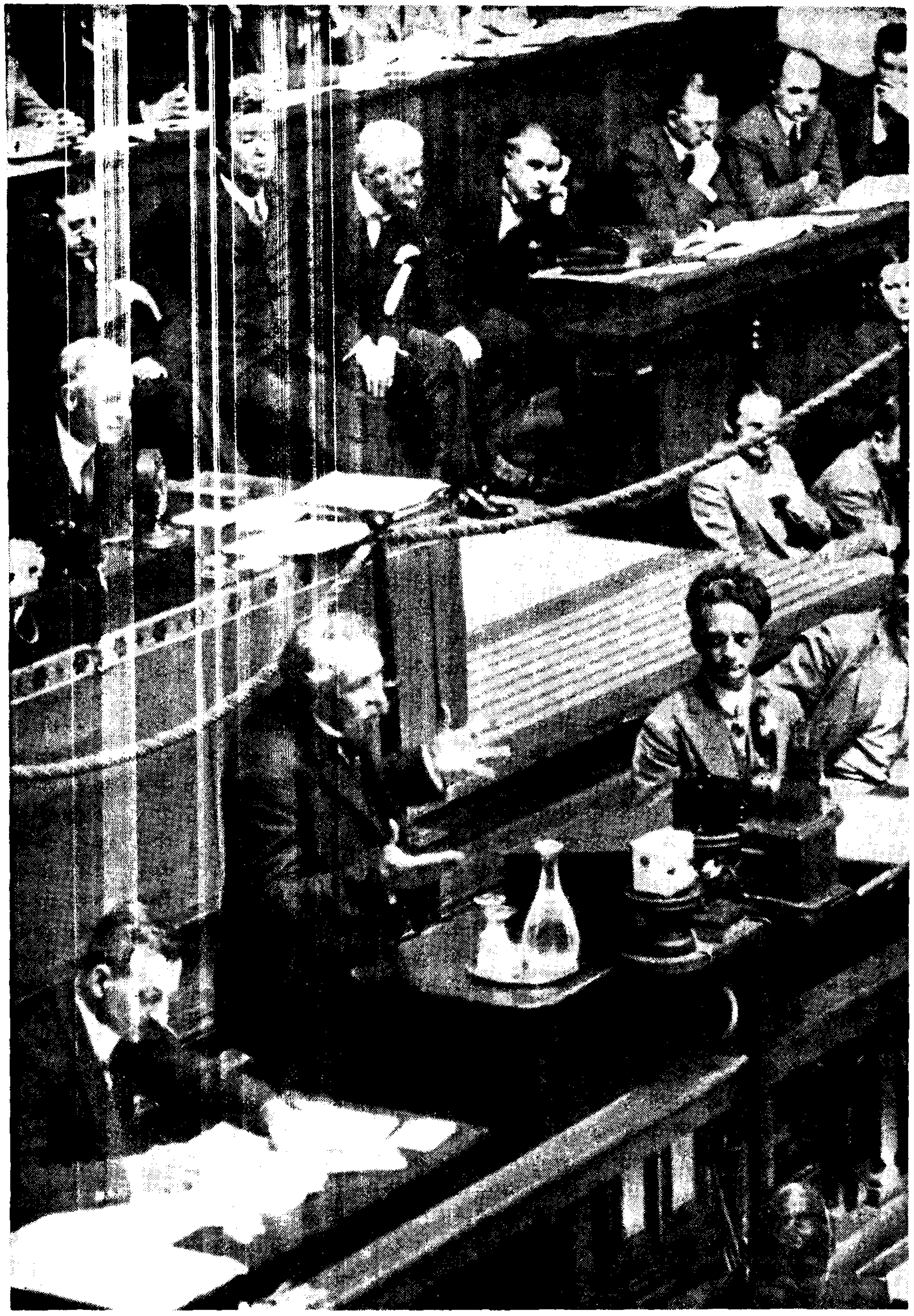
It Must Be a People's Peace

It is essential, if such a "world institution" is to have permanence, that it be rooted in acceptance of United Nations peoples themselves. If this is a people's war, it must be a people's peace. And there can be no people's peace unless the people have time for public debate and understanding after a concrete proposal is advanced. We must remember that it was six years from the victory of Yorktown to the Constitution of the United States. And the permanence of that instrument is evidence that this six years of discussion and thought was not wasted time.

There is every reason why discussion of all possible plans should take place now. Ideas must be developed and hammered on the anvil of debate. Americans discussed the form of a constitution for the United States long before the victory at Yorktown.

Experience has much to contribute to our thinking upon this question of a "world institution." We should be foolish as a people, if we did not take into account the efforts of the past, their strength and their weaknesses.

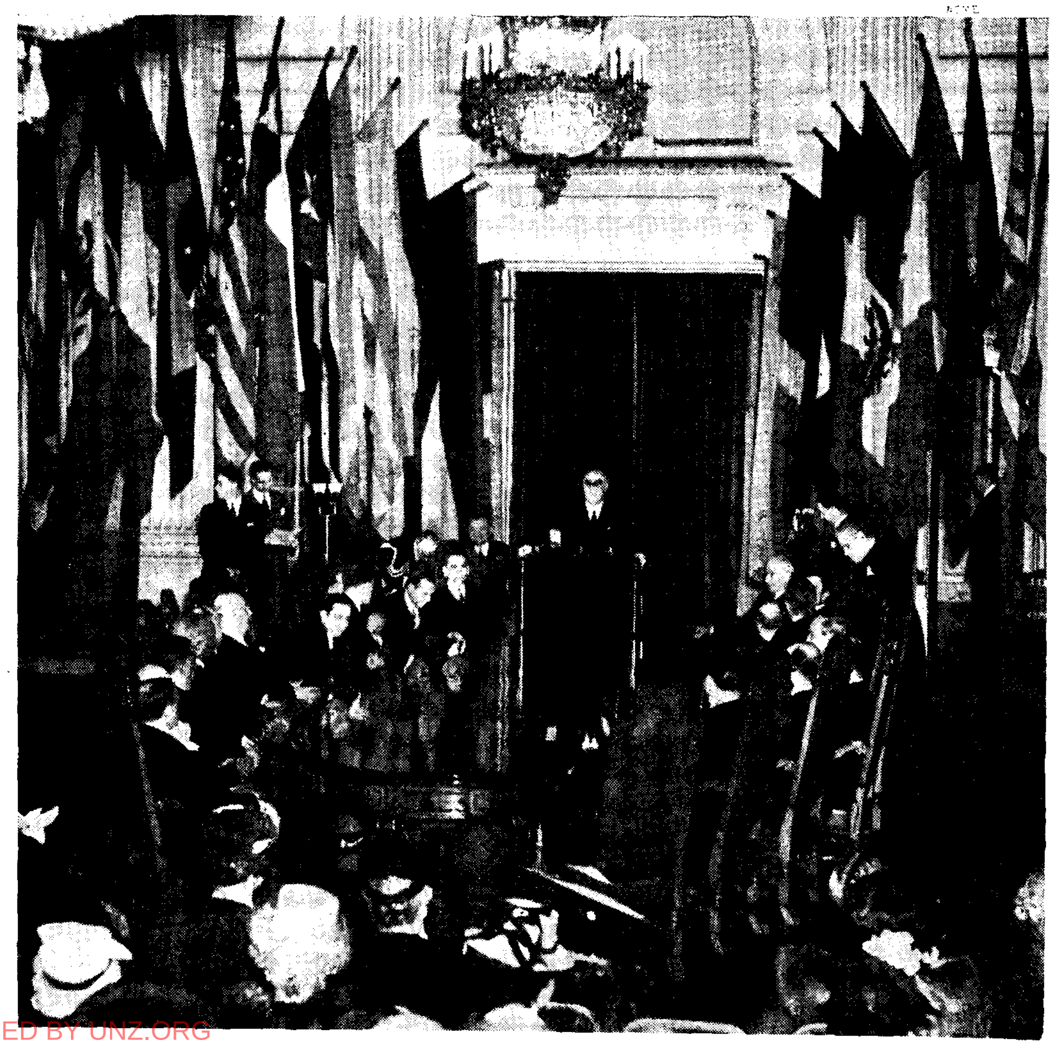
The world has seen two major attempts to create a "world institution" to preserve peace. The first followed the Congress of



PRESS ASSOCIATION

As Briand, the French premier, preaches his peace plans to the League Assembly at Geneva, the Japanese representative (upper left) keeps his thoughts to himself

ACME



President Roosevelt addresses the Pan-American Union, cited as an "effective international council," wielding great influence and prestige in its part of the world

MEN WHO USED TO GO TO THE
MOUNTAINS AND HAVE
MONTH-LONG VACATIONS
MAY THEN HAVE PAID BIG
MONEY FOR WHISKEY. NOW
MANY SUCH MEN BUY
M & M INSTEAD. FOR
MATTINGLY AND MOORE, THOUGH
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Vienna in 1815, which ended the world wars of the Napoleonic period. This effort embraced only Europe but that was most of the international world at that time.

The second, the League of Nations in 1919, a century later, attempted to reach over the whole globe.

The Congress of Vienna evolved the Holy Alliance. This was a sort of statement of aims and ideals of justice and peace. It was soon transformed into the Quadruple Alliance of the four major powers in Europe. This institution was based on a determination to keep peace by force and to put down evil thoughts of growing liberalism. It kept the peace for some time and from it emerged the "Concert of Europe." This was a practical, not a formal, organization. The "Concert" came into action whenever a crisis arose. Then the major powers communicated or conferred. It tided over many crises and limited the spread of local wars into wider general conflagrations. But it failed against the dynamic forces making for the explosion of 1914.

The major lesson from the "Concert" was the getting of nations together "in council" to solve crises. It proved it can be done.

In these efforts to maintain peace we cannot overlook the Pan-American Union, which was evolved in 1910 from preceding Pan-American conferences. This has constituted an effective "council" of the Western Hemisphere. It has no "powers" but much influence and such prestige that the Western Hemisphere has been able to maintain general peace throughout its life.

The Lessons of Failure

The League of Nations was the greatest experiment in history by definite organization to keep peace in the world. It was a magnificent attempt.

It is important that we examine this experiment critically as a guide to the future. In making this analysis of the League's failures and successes, it is not our purpose to indulge in a controversy about the League but to discover such lessons as are to be found in avoidance of another failure.

The writers of these articles supported America's entry into the League in the hope that the experiment could be worked out, although they did so with many misgivings expressed to leaders during the drafting of the Covenant.

The successes of the League lay in the erection of a most capable secretariat and the development of a large number of measures of world co-operation. World co-operative action was proved effective in the labor field, child welfare, white and black slavery, double taxation, drug traffic, public health, the settlement of transportation and transit and other questions.

The League, through the organization of arbitration, conciliation, and judicial processes, succeeded in the settlement of many controversies by these pacific means and well proved that an organized instrument set up for this purpose can undertake and bring to successful conclusions many such controversies which otherwise might lead to war.

But the League was born of liberalism and founded upon liberal ideas; it could not survive the revolt from liberalism in Europe. That revolt found its roots in the failure of the treaty (as distinguished from the League Covenant) to allay the dynamic causes of war.

Moreover, it was not set up in times of piping peace when hatreds had died down. It was hurriedly created during the aftermaths of war with all their animosities and divisions. No adequate chance was given for public debate and change before commitments were made and it was not, therefore, rooted in the support of the people.

The first lesson from the League is that time must be taken to formulate such an institution, and taken in an atmosphere removed from the emotions of war.

The second lesson to be had from the experience of the League was that its structure was too elaborate, too detailed and contradictory as to its duties. By this structure of the Covenant, it generated a whole system of interpretations and confusions. Discussion of cases before the League often became hair-splitting debates over the meaning of the text of the Covenant. Nations even withdrew from the League over such differences and from jealousies in representation upon it.

The foundation for such a body should be a simple statement as to its broad purpose to preserve peace. It should include the terms of the Kellogg Pact by which nations renounced the use of war as an instrument of national policy. It should be authorized to take cognizance of controversies and seek to bring about the pacific settlement of them.

The third lesson was in the failure to provide for the revision of onerous treaties. The League became an agency for maintaining the *status quo*. In planning for the future, we should be on our guard against too ready assumption that we can build an edifice of nations, each nation as unchanging as the stones of a material building. Throughout all history, nations change in their strength, their influence, their sympathies and their interest. There can be no rigid pattern now or later. Peace cannot be preserved by putting nations into strait jackets. And any attempt to maintain the *status quo* in a changing world is a direct invitation to war. Change is the first law of life, and the need for change is made clear by growing pressure. If we fail to provide peaceful and orderly methods of change, war becomes the inevitable solvent.

The fourth lesson from League experience was the fact that it was based on two conflicting philosophies. The first was that it was to settle controversies by pacific methods such as conciliation, arbitration, negotiation, and judicial procedure. The second was that in case of failure of pacific methods it was to organize and apply economic and military force to any recalcitrant.

The penalty for failure to agree was to be shot.

The consequence was that often enough the nations avoided or prevented controversies from coming before the League in fear of the force applications. Moreover, the League was not able to secure unanimity of action in the application of force because nations involved in such controversies had friends and affiliates in the League membership.

How Prestige Was Lost

It quickly developed that aggressive powers would be supported by blocs of followers from among the other member nations on grounds that had nothing to do with the controversy, or at least that some nations, while acquiescing in the adoption of League measures, would, nullify them by refraining from action.

While the League had notable success in pacific methods from which the growth and development of precedent and experience gave it strength, yet the minute it failed to apply force when faced with the necessity for doing so, it lost such prestige and strength as to weaken it in the field of pacific settlement. And when it tried to apply force and failed, it was stultified in the eyes of its own members so that its moral force was almost destroyed.

The whole experience points to the need of thought upon separation of these two functions.

It might well be considered that there should be one agency solely to apply pacific means to controversies and to have no powers of force. Upon the failure of pacific settlement to stop aggression, there might be a second agency to step in and apply the force.

A fifth lesson from League experience relates to the character of force measures. The League setup provided for two such methods. The first, the "economic sanctions," to be a blockade by which other nations broke off trade and financial relations with the aggressor nation. Thereby unemployment and suffering were to be imposed upon the aggressor's people until their government mended its ways. This idea has been revived under the term "quarantine" and seems to haunt many thinkers. The word itself adds stigma to injury.

Practice has proved there are two illusions in these ideas. The first is that "quarantine" or economic sanctions are something "short of war." Their effect on the people of the aggressor nation is the same as war, except for the absence of shooting. Small nations might submit, but the large nations have hitherto replied to sanctions or threat of sanctions by counterthreats to go to war against the imposing nations, or have even actually gone to war. It is not the fear of small nations that leads to world wars; it is the large ones who are able to fight.

The Aggressors Have Friends

Another of the illusions is that all nations can be brought to support economic sanctions, blockade, boycott, or quarantine. Every aggressor nation has friends who may deplore its conduct, but they will not take part in such actions against it. The employment and livelihood of some nations are greatly dependent upon the aggressor nation. They also are sufferers and will refuse to go along. This combination of friendship, economic interest, threat and probability of war defeated the application of sanctions to Japan for her aggression on China in 1932, and Italy for her aggression on Ethiopia in 1935.

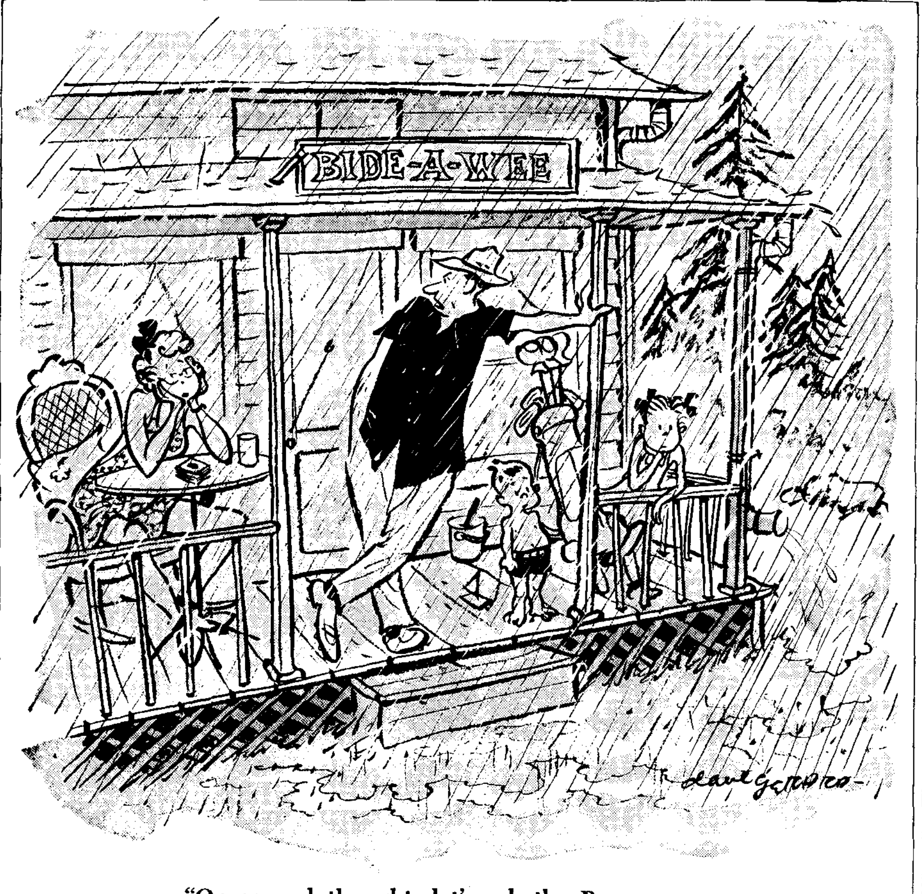
It can be concluded that quarantine, blockade or economic sanctions applied to great nations mean war and that any other belief is fooling. The world should build up no hopes that such action will be "short of war." The only effective sanction in this case of aggression is military action.

The sixth lesson of League experience was from the participation of the member nations, in all questions, and thus the injection of members into the consideration of regional or even local problems which did not directly concern them. For instance, some 25 members were from the Western Hemisphere and Asia, and they were not concerned in the secondary problems of Europe. This system of world-wide representation resulted in the inability of the League to formulate major policies for peace in any one of the three great regions of the world. Most serious of all, it failed to formulate peace policies for Europe where it was most needed. As a matter of fact, the nations of Europe, to a very large extent, avoided the use of the League. That is evident in the fact that during the effective life of the League, there were 19 important diplomatic conferences covering European questions, in which the League had no part; 36 military alliances and nonaggression pacts which ignored the League were signed by member states; and 20 violent acts took place between nations where the League did not, or was not allowed to, take any action.

It is certain that very much better results can be obtained from a "world institution" under which the primary responsibility is divided regionally than from a world-wide organization which is charged with responsibilty for the detailed problems of the whole earth. Experience indicates that the first step in the prevention of war is the development of regional policies and responsibilities.

Such a method would relieve the "world institution" of all except major world crises. It would, in our view, infinitely better serve to keep the peace. The view that there should be three major areas of Europe, Asia and the Western Hemisphere was advanced by the writers of these articles on May 1, 1942. Confirmation of these ideas has recently come from Mr. Churchill, who, on March 21, 1943, said:

"One can imagine that under a world institution embodying or representing the United Nations, and some day all nations,



"On second thought, let's ask the Beemers up for the week end. It would serve them right!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

WHAT'S HE SAY?
HE SAYS THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY NEW IN DENTIFRICE
LISTERINE
TOOTH POWDER
DOUBLE SIZE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS MO.
NET WEIGHT 4.2 OUNCES

War-Economy Container
10% More Powder
No Higher Price

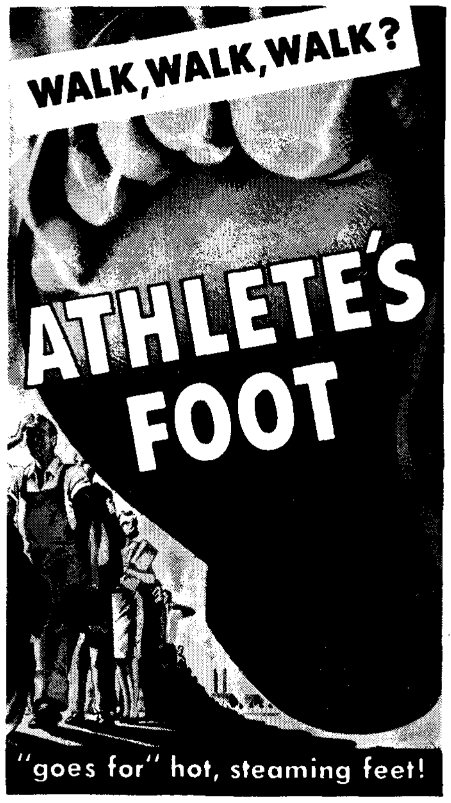
It's powder — without that "powdery" feel! Richer, fluffier, more full-bodied . . . a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush with it, yet gives you powder's mo

NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION helps br

liance of enamel. Get the big red, white and blue

any drug counter. There's a taste-thrill in that **NE**

Also br.
Sunburn,


WALK, WALK, WALK?
ATHLETE'S FOOT
"goes for" hot, steaming feet!

It's the *extra* perspiration that comes with hot summer weather that invites an attack of agonizing Athlete's Foot which might very well lay you up! When it cracks the skin between your toes, the Athlete's Foot fungi, which have been feeding on the dead skin and stale perspiration products, root in the raw flesh, spread unchecked. Pain tells you Athlete's Foot has struck!

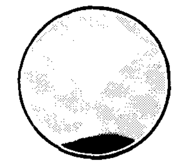
Look for cracks—drench them TONIGHT

Even the tiniest cracks between your toes are danger signals! When cracks appear, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning, every day!

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi on *contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Proof that Athlete's Foot Fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow, causing you so much pain and misery.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

For free sample . . . address W. F. Young, Inc., 201K Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

ngs ***QUICK RELIEF*** to Sore Muscles, ired, Burning Feet.

there should come into being a Council of Europe and a Council of Asia.

". . . It is upon the creation of the Council of Europe and the settlement of Europe that the first practical task will be centered. Now this is a stupendous business. In Europe lie most of the causes which have led to these two world wars. . . .

". . . We must try to make the Council of Europe, or whatever it may be called, into a really effective league with all the strongest forces concerned woven into its texture, with a high court to adjust disputes and with forces, armed forces, national or international or both, held ready to enforce these decisions and prevent renewed aggression and the preparation of future wars."

There is some comment that can be made upon some of the plans for the over-all "world institution" now being currently proposed or revived. There have been a multitude of such plans. They have all been proposed time and again over the centuries. It is an advantage to have them all weighed again in public discussion. And they should be weighed in the light of experience already gained.

There are those who propose a restoration of the League of Nations. Realism compels any student searching for light from experience, to the conclusion that if the League is to be revived it must be greatly amended before it could hope for any better success and it would need a far better soil if it is to thrive.

In all plans for world action there arise two practical problems of major importance. These are the method of representation of the nations concerned, and the degree of sovereignty which nations are to cede to the "world institution."

There are several plans of representation. They comprise proposals of equal representation for each independent nation, or are based upon strength or population with or without modifications, or some combination of the two. The latter was the case in the League of Nations where the Assembly represented each nation equally and the council was originally planned as mainly of the large nations, each having a veto power over the whole mechanism. It was an unadmitted acknowledgment of the responsibilities of the great nations.

There are today 57 independent nations, or there would be if their sovereignty were restored. If we include the British Dominions and the Philippines, there would be about 7 more, or 64. They are located as follows: 11 in Asia, 25 in Europe, 4 in Africa, 2 in Australasia, 11 in South America, 11 in North America, or a total of 22 in the Western Hemisphere.

A Problem in Majorities

There are about 2,230,000,000 people in the world, of whom about 1,200,000,000 are in Asia and the Indies, 500,000,000 in Europe, 170,000,000 in Africa, about 10,000,000 in Australasia, 90,000,000 in South America, 170,000,000 in North America, or about 260,000,000 in the Western Hemisphere.

The complication of the problem of representation is indicated by the fact that on a straight population basis Asia and the Indies would have a majority of the representatives. Peoples of advanced Western civilization are less than 30% of the human race. The Western Hemisphere would have about 10% of the voice. The United States would be about 6%. On an equal representation 43 nations would have 70% of the members although they have less than 10% of the world population. And 4 nations alone would have a majority.

The proposed methods of selecting representatives in the "world institution" fall into two groups of thought: One that representatives be appointed by the governments; the other that they be elected directly by the people. Plans for election at once run upon two rocks. Less than 20% of the world's population have free electoral systems based even theoretically upon an honest secret ballot. And some of these are not so good. As populations are not equal in literacy, culture or power, suggestions are made of basing the electorate on these factors. Aside from the lack of electoral systems, any attempt to differentiate between countries on grounds of superiority or inferiority in literacy, culture or the like would arouse jealousies and disputes at once. A rough guess is that application of such standards would give Europe and North America overwhelming power.

In any event, no general electoral system is likely to be adopted over the world during this century.

Therefore a difficulty in such plans is that representatives from countries without real electoral systems would of necessity be appointed by their governments, while those from electoral countries would come direct from the people and not under direction of their foreign offices. The foreign offices would tend to become somewhat atrophied.

All these ideas were the subject of endless discussion in 1919. Our belief is that when the discussion is finished again, the method of representation will approximate that of the League with the possible change that, if founded upon regional organization, the representatives to the over-all "world institution" might be chosen by the regional councils and comprise mostly the larger victorious nations.

The degree of sovereignty to be delegated to this "world institution" is the most difficult of all questions. The various plans run all the way from an organization devoted to development of peace policies, settling controversies and stopping aggression, to those of the supergovernment type where world parliaments would have legislative, executive, military and judicial powers.

The supergovernment ideas are also embraced in proposed world unions, or federations, under which some or all the present national governments become provinces. All supergovernment types seem to include control of international trade transportation and communication. That would enable such a body to control indirectly the internal economic life of every nation.

We are devoting a great deal of our energy these days to discussing the merits of various schemes of world governments, with their parliaments, courts and armies. We can eliminate a large part of this by recognizing the hard fact that no general supergovernment can be set up unless all the great powers are ready to accept such surrender of sovereignty as is required to create the new authority.

As we have already said, it seems extremely unlikely that Britain or Russia or France would surrender such degree of sovereignty, even if the American people were willing to do so.

The Elements of Agreement

In the light of this it is perhaps premature to assume that we alone are out of step in a world eager for the adoption of a world government. We might do well to turn our thoughts to solutions where we can hope for general agreement.

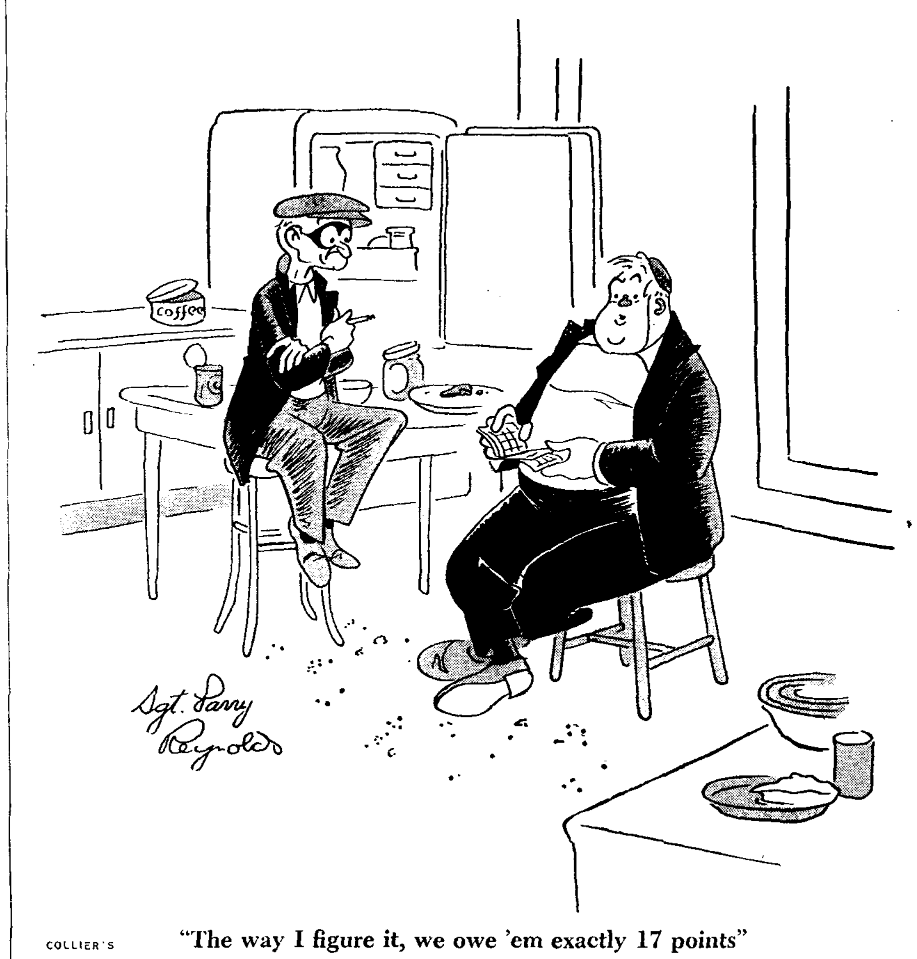
And as we said in the beginning, when considering the authorities of such a body, emphasis needs to be made in thinking upon the words "co-operation," "joint action," "united action," "partnership," rather than "supergovernment."

In any event, we should not forget our own struggles toward safety and freedom. It was eleven years from the Declaration of Independence to the Constitution. Many ideas rose and died before we reached that solution.

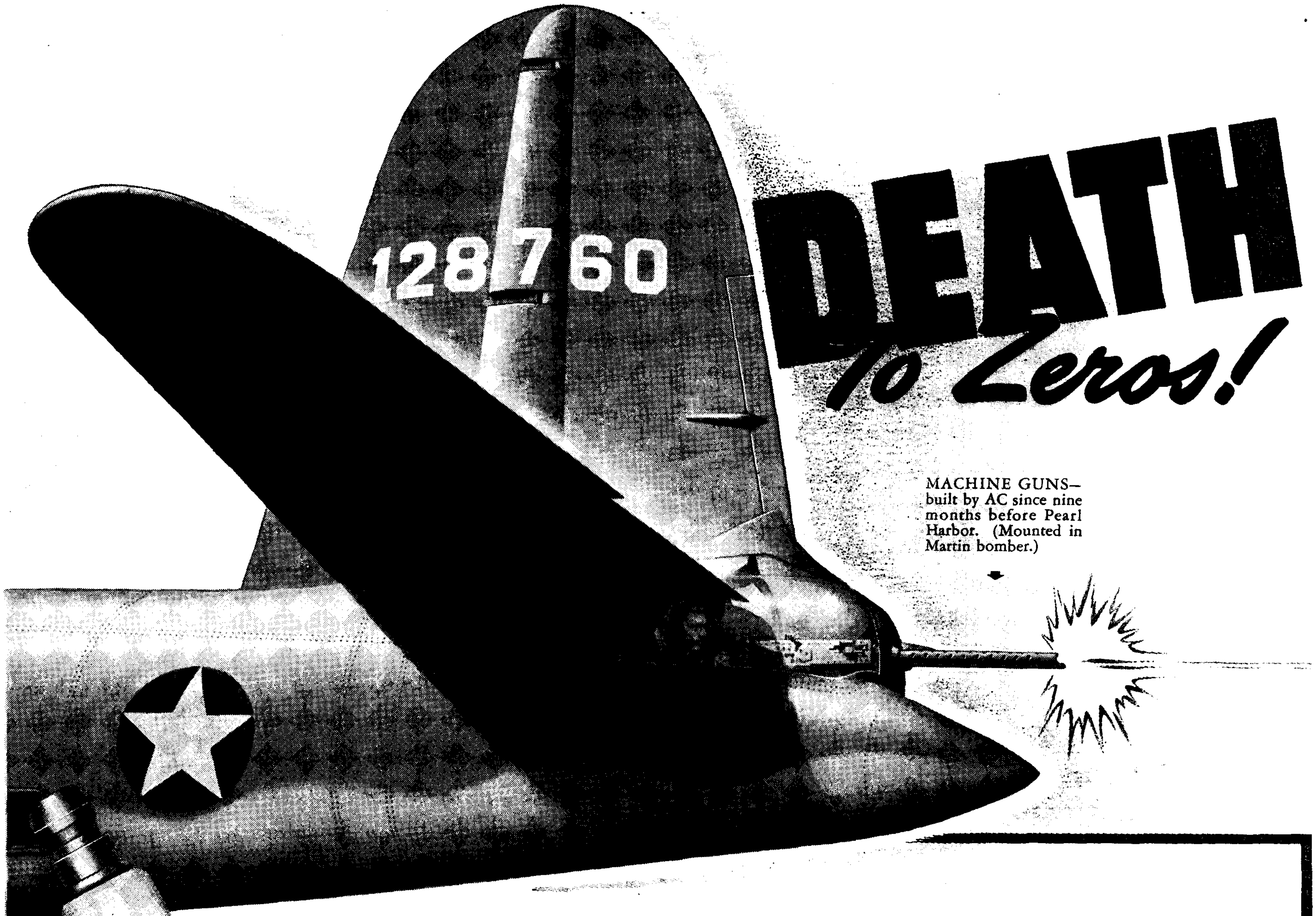
We have an opportunity to build a lasting peace. The rocks for its foundation must be blasted from the quarry of experience, must be shaped with the chisel of hard realism, but the design for the temple of peace must come from the idealism of men. We can well take a few years to build it, stone upon stone, for if we build well and successfully, we shall have brought salvation to all mankind.

THE END

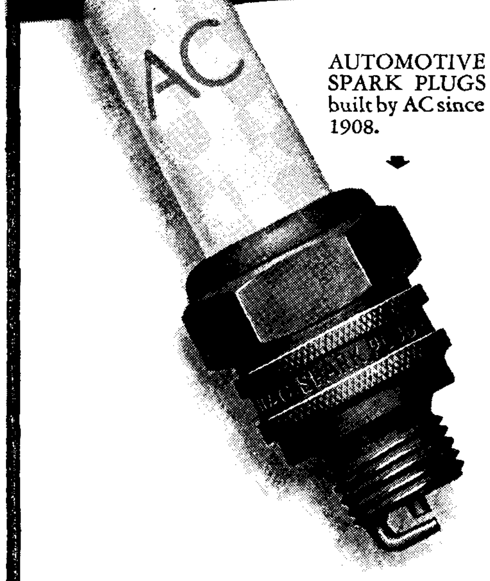
BUTCH by **SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"The way I figure it, we owe 'em exactly 17 points"



MACHINE GUNS—built by AC since nine months before Pearl Harbor. (Mounted in Martin bomber.)



AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUGS built by AC since 1908.

YOU REMEMBER, "Suzy-Q"—famous Flying Fortress that destroyed every Zero attacking from the rear. She was one of the first with .50 caliber tail "stingers"—like those AC has been building, continuously, *since nine months before Pearl Harbor.*

Aerial gunners know that the shattering blast of those machine guns must be "on tap" all the time. So, those guns are cleaned, oiled, and adjusted after every trip aloft. Marvels of precision workmanship, and as reliable as that workmanship can make them, the guns, nevertheless, need service to keep them in fighting trim.

Expert Care for Your Spark Plugs

The same thing is true of the AC Spark Plugs which fire the engine of your car, truck, or tractor. Symbols of quality and performance to millions of motorists, these plugs need cleaning and adjusting every few months.

This service is easy to get. Every mechanic—everywhere—renders valuable conservation service. This is being augmented, now, by trained AC service men who are carrying to all service organizations the latest methods of diagnosis and repair of AC products. (The panel below indicates what this service is, and why you need it.) We urge you to follow the simple suggestions—for the conservation of your vehicle, and to save gasoline, oil, and tires.

When replacement is needed, select AC—and be sure of complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

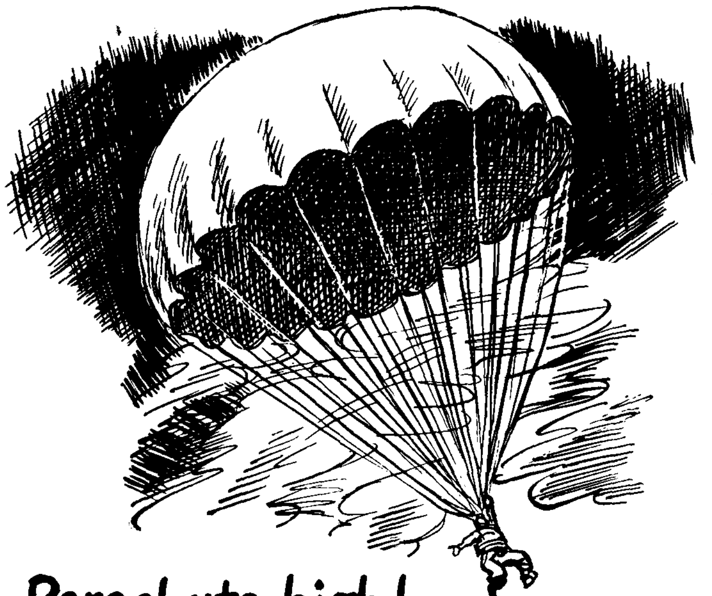
OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, which causes increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

Famous Highs by C. A. Voight

Butterfly high!

WORLD'S **BIGGEST** BUTTERFLY IS THE FEMALE PAPILIO GOLIATH WITH A WING EXPANSE OF 8 INCHES! DO YOU KNOW THE BIGGEST TREAT IN BOURBONS? IT'S TODAY'S **SUPER-SMOOTH**, SUPER-SATISFYING **TEN HIGH**!



Parachute high!

A **RUSSIAN AVIATOR** PLUNGED 38,713 FEET TO SET A HIGH MARK FOR PARACHUTE JUMPING. BUT YOU CAN SET A RECORD FOR BOURBON **ENJOYMENT** JUST BY STEPPING UP TO TEN HIGH, THE FAMOUS WHISKEY WITH "**NO ROUGH EDGES**"!

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Sailor, Come Home

Continued from page 13

He spoke as if he had already formed the words and was reciting them: "I couldn't say it in writing, and I guess I wanted to put it off as long as I could. But this is what I want you to know—why I came home. You don't have to keep the promise we made. I wouldn't want you to stick to it now."

She held her hands together in her lap, her elbows on the arms of the straight-backed chair, and looked at him, feeling a smile on her lips. "Father said you'd probably say that. Now that you've said it let's skip the rest."

"You're going to make it easy for me, Margaret?"

"Yes, easy and very simple. When you left, you promised to marry me. I'm going to hold you to that promise. That's easy, isn't it?"

But even as she spoke, she felt the solid cold of his decision like a wall between them.

He shook his head. "You've said your piece—now let's get this thing done. I came back home to tell you that it's all off—we're through."

She did not believe his words, but she felt their significance. She said, evenly now, "I get it, Jack. You'll say that, and many other things, to release me from what you call a bad bargain. But if I prove to you that it isn't a bad bargain for me—that ever since you wrote me what happened, I've wanted only one thing, and that's to get you back home. You are only thinking of what I might feel. Well, I don't feel it, Jack. I haven't changed."

He was looking at her intently, as if he wanted to believe her—but his words came from the wall he had built.

"You don't know what you are talking about," he said. "I'm going away in a couple of days. There's a job I can get in Boston."

"Then I'll go with you."

He drummed his fingers on the fat arm of the chair. "You're saying all this because you are what you are—a swell guy, Margaret. But I don't want that." His voice went hard and rasping: "Maybe I'll have to give it to you straight. I've changed. I don't want you. That's all, Margaret."

BEFORE she could answer, his hands shot out and gripped the chair and he hoisted himself to a standing position. He swung the crutches under his shoulders and moved across the room into the hall. At the door he turned and said, "It's tough, I know. But there's no need in kidding. We've always believed in being straight with each other."

He fumbled at the door, and a crutch fell. She picked it up instantly and opened the door for him. She walked across the porch near him, and helped steady him as he stepped down to the driveway. When he got into the car he turned to her.

"Thanks," he said. The rough edge of his voice scraped across her nerves. "You're very helpful."

He turned the panel switch and kept his face from her. The whole scene was unbelievable to her—she had the powerless feeling of a helpless onlooker in a bad dream. He pushed the starter and then he turned to her, slowly, reluctantly, and their eyes held. And she saw then, under this surface hardness, the same disbelief, the same dazed incredulity in his face that she felt in her own. It was as if they were hurting each other, deliberately, without reason.

He shoved in the gear. But now, seeing this look in his eyes, knowing what he was feeling and why he was doing this, she felt suddenly strong and a stubbornness grew in her. She watched the car move down the hill to Maple and down Maple to Walnut and disappear behind the row of two-story buildings in the town's center.

Dr. Adams stopped Margaret as she was leaving the house early the next morning and in that deliberate way of his worked on his pipe as she stood there on the steps of the porch, waiting for him to speak. She knew then that it was hard for him to say what he had to say.

"I dislike gossip," he began, his voice low and heavy with the ordeal. "But a doctor hears more than anyone else in town and sometimes he recognizes the truth. Jack Kirk was seen with Flossy Reed last night."

"Flossy?"

"I thought that would hit your pride."

"My pride? Do you imagine I'm thinking of my pride?"

MINUTES later, as she walked downtown, she knew she had been right. She knew Jack Kirk. He was a small-town boy and he knew that the quick fire of gossip would reach her and burn her soon. It was like a message from him saying, "Forget me. You see, I'm no good—and this proves it."

"Forget him," her father had said. "Don't you see? He wants it that way."

He wanted it that way for her sake, not for his! He was thinking of her, not of himself. If she could only make him see that she wanted him now more than ever, that she would work for him, fight for him. And another thing—she would show the town how to pay its debt to Jack Kirk.

She walked to Water Street, passed Lunk's saloon, crossed Church Alley and turned in at the gate of the Applebee shipyard. She showed her identification card to Merrill Colcord and walked into Joe Applebee's private office. She gave the crimp-eyed old seafaring man a good reason for wanting the day off. He winked when he said, "Maybe I can guess the real reason you want shore leave. It's kind of good to have the sailor home, isn't it, Margaret?" She felt an unreasonable irritation at his fatuous assumption that she was just any lovesick girl with a sweetheart on furlough. She had work to do.

She went first to Will Libby's store. Two men were leaning over the glass cigar counter, reading the newspaper. Neither looked up when she came in. She passed them and walked quickly to the small office in the rear of the store. She spoke quietly to Will Libby, handing him her written list of groceries. The soft-spoken man hunched his big body around on the high stool and looked steadily at the girl he had seen grow from childhood.

"Go on," he said. "What else is on your mind?"

She gave him a lifting smile and her hand went out to the bulging sleeve of his arm. "You know all the troubles in this town, Will—and the people who have the troubles. Mine isn't great—yet. And I won't let it be."

She looked at him with the eyes of a woman who knew a man's direct way of talking. "Now that young Will is in the Army, have you chosen anyone to be spare-time coach for the high-school ball teams?"

The slow man looked up and his face clouded. "I see," he said. "Well, Margaret, it will be harder now—not because of Jack's accident—but the things that are in the air. Jack was in Lunk's last night—and he drank too much. They say Jack's changed."

"You believe what you hear, Will?"

"I believe the war is changing things and if a man's been hurt as Jack has, he's got to change."

"It's not true, Will. You believe me this time instead of gossip."

The look in the big man's eyes gave her strength for the things she had to do that day. She felt his goodness, his understanding, follow her as she walked through the store.

Neither man reading the paper at the counter looked up as she passed, and yet both had seen her and both knew her well.

She walked up the dark stairs to Frank Hatheway's law office in the Hamlen Building. The stocky, gray-haired man looked at her over his glasses. He put down the letter he had been reading. On the wall behind him were a dozen or more pinned-up snapshots of the men who accompanied the tough little lawyer on his fishing trips back country. In six of the pictures Margaret saw Jack Kirk, taller, broader than any of the other men.

"Glad you came," Hatheway said. "What's the matter with Jack, anyway? Idea of his saying he don't care for fishing any more."

Margaret said, "He used to write me from some South Pacific naval base that he dreamed every night of being upcountry on some stream . . ." She walked behind the desk and looked closely at the pictures. Then she said, without turning, "You know, Mr. Hatheway, I heard yesterday that the ice was out from Mopang Lake. You can get there by canoe without a single carry this time of year. Tell Jack you're going there instead of the long trip to the Big Eddy."

Hatheway grinned and smoothed out the letter on the desk. "You've got a man's head, Margaret. When you see him, tell him I've got some news for him."

"I won't be seeing him," Margaret said. "This news didn't come from me."

Hatheway regarded her with admiration. "It's a good fight, Margaret. I'm backing you."

He walked to the door with her and she left him standing there at the head of the stairs as she hurried down toward the oblong of light from Walnut.

She took the short cut across Colson's meadow to Thompson's mill. As she walked along the path she could hear the roar of the river in spring flood and from time to time the heavy boom of the logs rushing down the spillway. When Jack Kirk had finished building the cottage across the river a year and a half ago, he had brought her there one evening and they had cooked on the old box stove he had bought from the Hamlen camp upriver.

They had decided then, that when he came back, they would live there. She could see the roof now over the low alders along the bank, and as she drew nearer she saw the old suspension footbridge which had been used by the loggers before the river road was put through at the other side. It swayed now in the wind following the course of the river.

When the path turned downstream, she was nearer the cottage and she could see the blank stare of the boarded-up windows. The wind suddenly seemed cold and she hurried on down the path to the mill.

MR. THOMPSON, wiry and peppery, scuttled out of his office to meet her, pleased at seeing a good-looking girl in a place seldom visited by a woman.

"There!" he said. "What brings Doc Adams' beautiful daughter here?" His little dark eyes traveled across her body and never quite reached hers. She felt tall standing there near him.

"It's about Jack," she said.

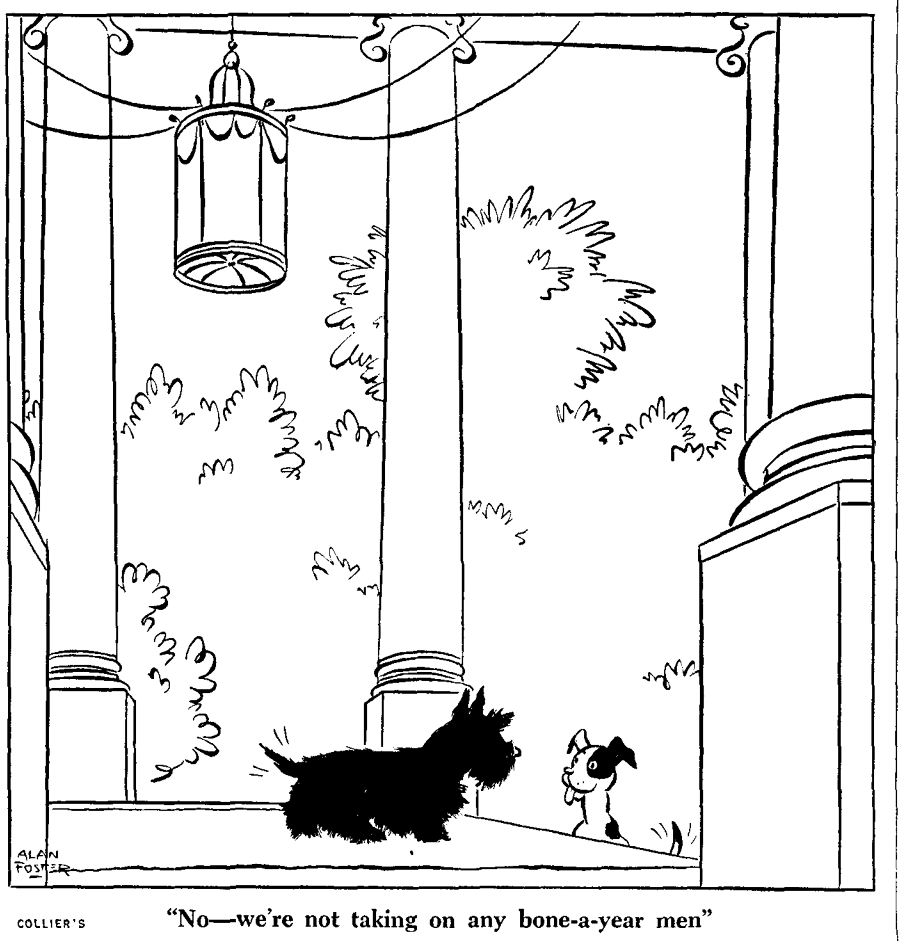
His eyes now shifted and held the alertness of the businessman. "Jack came in last night to look around. I asked him if he wanted his old job back—and I meant it, too—I could use him. But he said he didn't."

"Try again," Margaret said. "Don't call it his old job—he couldn't work on the river any more. Don't tell him you could use him—say you've got to have him."

Thompson smiled and she saw the other side of this man, the kindly side Leona Thompson must know. He put his small stubby hands on the rail between them. "I get it," he said. "It may work." He looked at her curiously and she had the feeling he was sorry for her. A moment of anger grew, but she tightened against it and said, quietly, "Thank you, Mr. Thompson."

She turned and went out. She walked

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S

"No—we're not taking on any bone-a-year men"

On Battlefield and Highway
WHEREVER WHEELS TURN
Delco-Remy
OR PROPELLERS SPIN
ARMY E NAVY

Delco-Remy
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT
AND DELCO BATTERIES
DIVISION OF
General Motors

Automotive
★ Aircraft ★
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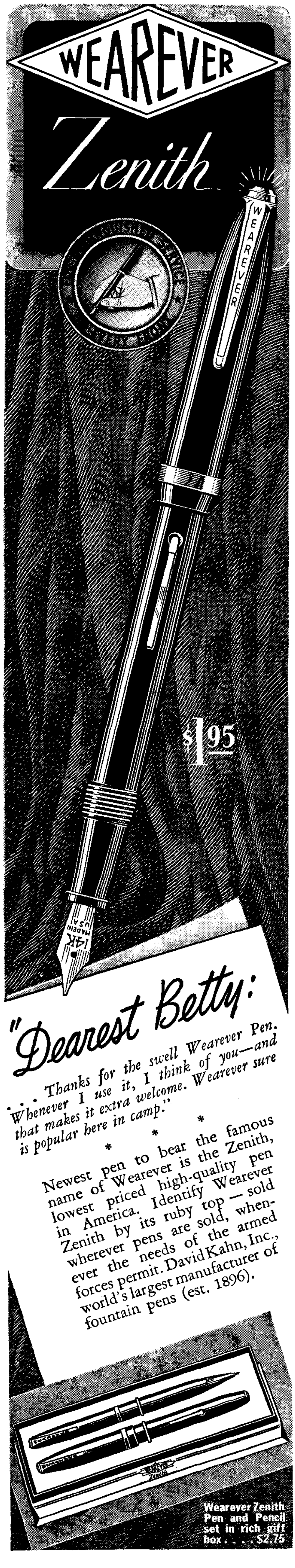
★ Marine ★

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



WEAREVER

Zenith

$1.95

"Dearest Betty:

. . . Thanks for the swell Wearever Pen. Whenever I use it, I think of you—and that makes it extra welcome. Wearever sure is popular here in camp."

* * *

Newest pen to bear the famous name of Wearever is the Zenith, lowest priced high-quality pen in America. Identify Wearever Zenith by its ruby top — sold wherever pens are sold, whenever the needs of the armed forces permit. David Kahn, Inc., world's largest manufacturer of fountain pens (est. 1896).

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in rich gift box $2.75

out to the Kirks' house on Clay. Jack's car wasn't there. She knocked at the door.

Eve Kirk was a slender, white-haired woman, with a girlishness which would never leave her. She accepted this call from Margaret Adams without surprise or wonder. "Come in, dear. Jack's downstreet. He'll be back after a bit." She walked ahead, her little shoulders swaying easily, and turned two chairs face to face near the window of the darkened room.

"Eve," Margaret said, before she sat down. "Has Jack told you he was going to Boston?"

Mrs. Kirk looked up, her blue eyes calm and understanding. "Yes, he mentioned it. He's restless, I guess."

"I know," Margaret agreed quickly, grasping at the harmless word. She walked to the tall stove in front of the bricked-off fireplace and put her hands out toward it. "But it isn't for that reason—and you know it and I know it. He's going because he thinks that will make it easier for me."

"Things will never be easy between you and Jack," Mrs. Kirk said, mildly. "You're not easygoing people."

"Nothing will ever come between us—nothing."

MRS. KIRK put aside the sewing basket and looked up thoughtfully at Margaret Adams and felt the fierce intensity of her words. "I suppose," she said, "you don't believe what they're saying in town any more than I do?"

Margaret said, "It's reached you?"

"Many things reach me. I take little stock in what's said. Nothing will come between you and Jack—no accident, no woman, no misunderstanding. But there is something else now. Jack's pride. When a man's been hurt as he has, something happens to him. Either he is bitter and defeated, or his pride grows so big and—and overweening, that it takes the place of what he's lost."

"He needs our help," Margaret said. "He's got to see that all of us—you and I and this town and his place in town—are the same as they were before he went away."

Mrs. Kirk was shaking her head slowly, seriously. "I'd be a little bit careful about helping him, Margaret. I think, maybe, that's what he is afraid of."

She took the sewing basket from the table and put it back on her lap. Then she said, pulling thread off a spool, "You remember, Margaret, I told you about that loan I have to meet at the bank? Well, last night I made a clean breast of it to Jack. I didn't know where the money was coming from, I told him. After all, he's a man, and my son, and it seemed to me he would just have to take over the responsibility."

Margaret was shocked. "You told him that, on top of his other troubles?"

"Sometimes," Mrs. Kirk said, "when a man's got one shoulder all weighed down with troubles, it seems as if the only way to give him back his balance is to burden the other one."

"I never knew you could be hard, Eve."

Mrs. Kirk looked up and smiled. "You call it hard? I wonder. There'll be men coming back now, day after day all over this country—some worse off than Jack. They will come back to their wives and mothers and girls—and some will be bitter and some will be afraid. But most of them will want to fight for the right to be whole men—with the burden and responsibility of whole men. And we women must give them that chance—that position, which is their right."

Margaret said, "Jack and I have shared equally, always. He doesn't think of me as helpless; I'd be less the woman he knew, if I changed."

Mrs. Kirk shrugged her little shoulders. "Maybe you're right, Margaret. But I always think that when a man changes, his girl must change, too."

Jack Kirk's car was parked on Walnut near Will Libby's store. When she saw the battered rear fenders, Margaret felt a sudden pull on her heart. It was early morning and the mist had not yet left the river. Applebee workers hurried by, some saying good morning to her.

She drew nearer the car and saw Jack Kirk sitting there looking at a folded piece of paper. She walked to him and put her hand on the cold steel of the door.

He turned, startled by her suddenness. A light came and went in his eyes. Then his mouth hardened.

He said, "These things should end quickly. I'm going tomorrow." He tapped the paper he was holding. "Will Libby tells me the school board selected me to coach the high." He looked at her steadily. "You've been busy, Margaret."

"What do you mean?"

"I've run across your work here and there. Even Frank Hatheway sprang the dope on Mopang. There's no trout there, and you know it. But—it's an easy trip for me."

She felt her hand tighten on the car door. She said, stubbornly, "I had little to say. They were the ones who wanted you—but they didn't know how to approach you—that's all."

"So you told them."

"I helped them to see what they already felt."

He leaned toward her. "Don't think I'm not grateful. I am. But if I give you gratitude, I can't give you anything else. I'm sorry, Margaret, but that's how it is."

He was looking at her now, taking her into his mind to hold there forever. He was fighting against a strong tide. And he was winning. His face turned away.

She stood there, tall and calm, and heard the voices of the people passing by on the sidewalk behind her—the long shrill whistle from the shipyard and her mind kept saying, "It's all over—it's finished. You've lost and you don't know why."

Jack Kirk suddenly said, looking straight ahead, his voice in a mechanical monotone, "Some day we will look back on this as our best decision."

She turned away from him then and found herself being hurried along in the crowd toward the whistle of the shipyard.

SHE didn't go home that afternoon to face the kind sympathy of her father, his sober, mild philosophy. Instead, she avoided the homebound shift of workers and cut across Colson's field toward the river and the cottage. She had held in mind during the day the moments she could have there alone to rebuild her world.

And as she followed the path through the gray, wind-torn evening, she remembered what Jack had said to her just before he enlisted: "Look, Margaret, I'm not much for this daydreaming stuff, but sometimes just go over to the cottage and walk around as if we were living there. Maybe I'm nuts, but wherever I am, it will make me feel good to think of you there."

THE wind was stronger on the straight stretch of the river and she lowered her head as she moved against it toward the footbridge. She climbed the steep steps, swung through the V of the double cables and out onto the narrow board-width walk. The dark cedar-stained water hurried by beneath her in deep, slick waves. She remembered crossing on a log with Jack below a jam upriver and hearing his calm voice say, "Keep your eyes up—don't look down," and she had shouted back, "What're you afraid of, Logger?" It had pleased him.

She looked ahead of her now and began edging out. The uneven gusts of wind worked on the bridge, swaying it in short, hard jerks. She used the cables as handrails. She had no fear and, for the moment, the cold wind beating down on her exhilarated her. This was the kind of stunt Jack Kirk would admire.

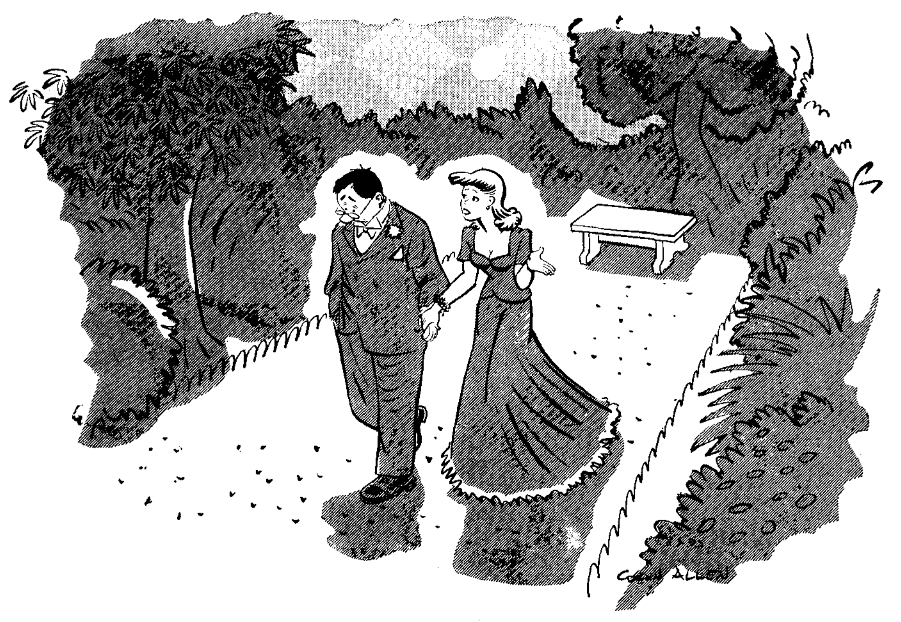
About halfway across, where the sag in the cables made them too low for use as rails, she realized that she would either have to crawl on her hands and knees or else take advantage of a lull in the wind and make a quick dash to the security of the rising cables beyond. She stood there, smiling at herself—and decided on the dash.

Six or seven steps out, a quiver ran the length of the bridge and caught her. She lost her balance, turned upstream and jumped free of the bridge's swing, congratulating herself that she had sense enough not to try to make a fancy dive into that water.

She began swimming at once, using a strong, fast racing crawl and headed for a clump of alders well above the cottage, figuring that the current would carry her to the low bank immediately in front of the house.

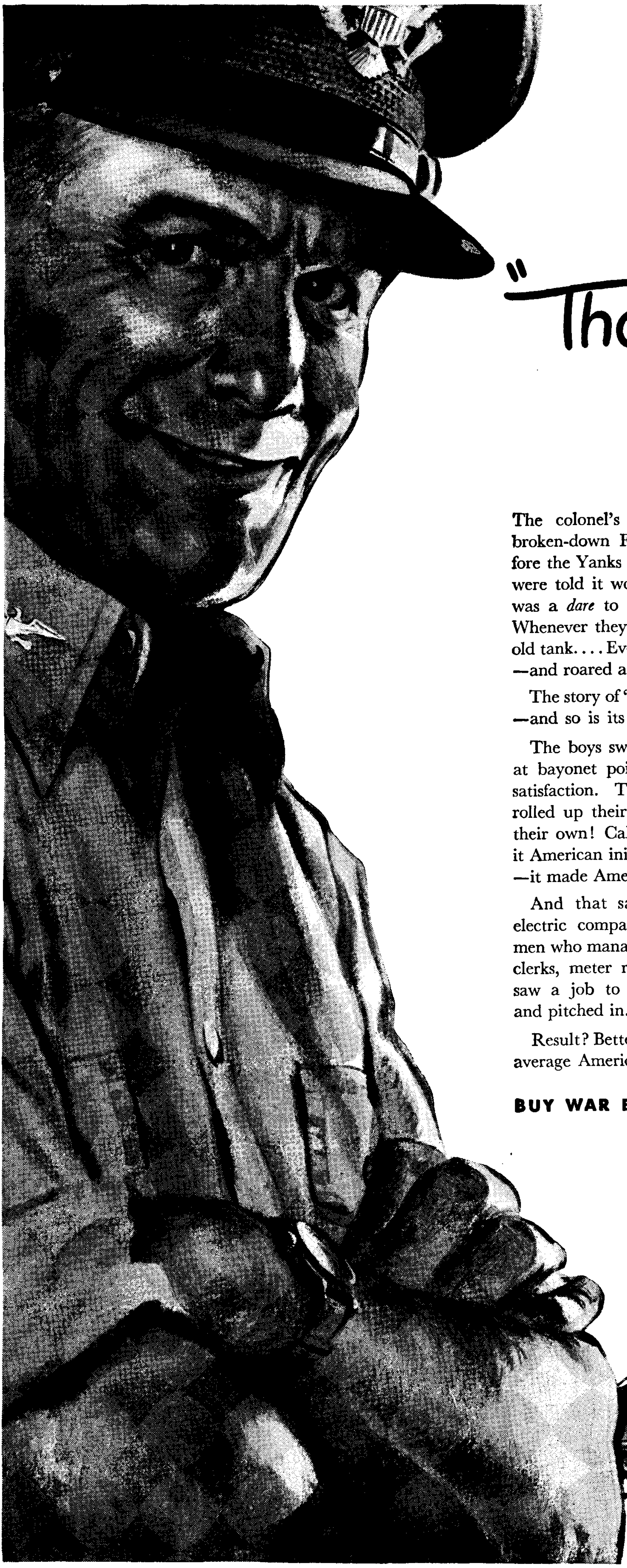
But a moment later she saw that she was not on a diagonal line to the alders, that the current was holding her on a straight course downriver. For the first time she felt anxiety. She knew that two or three hundred yards below, the gate of the storage pond was closed and that the river ran free and swiftly over the high spillway just above the mill.

She felt the drag of her clothes and



"I hope that we'll still be the best of friends, but why should I give up a swell essential job to work for Gifford's Silk Undergarment's Company, Mr. Gifford?"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN



"Those doggoned kids!

Give 'em a screw-driver and a pair of pliers and they'll make anything run!"★

The colonel's "kids" had come upon a broken-down French tank, abandoned before the Yanks reached North Africa. They were told it would never run again. That was a *dare* to boys who loved machinery. Whenever they could, they worked on the old tank.... Eventually, it grunted—lurched—and roared across the field!

The story of "those doggoned kids" is true—and so is its peculiarly American moral.

The boys sweated those extra hours, not at bayonet point, but freely—for fun and satisfaction. They saw a job to do, they rolled up their sleeves, they pitched in on their own! Call that "free enterprise," call it American initiative. Whatever you call it—it made America grow!

And that same spirit built America's electric companies. Many of the business men who manage them today were linemen, clerks, meter readers. Ordinary folks who saw a job to do, rolled up their sleeves and pitched in.

Result? Better service at lower prices! The average American family gets *twice as much electricity for its money* as it did about 15 years ago. And, at the same time—

These companies under experienced business management are supplying over 80 per cent of America's wealth of electric power! Power for war production. Far more power than in all the Axis countries combined!

Yes, some folks wanted to make things run—and run smoothly! They *had* the initiative. They *acquired* the know-how. They were allowed to work in freedom! . . . *Know-how, freedom*—those are the tools in the hands of initiative! They're the "screw-driver" and the "pliers"! . . . With those two simple tools, Americans can make anything run! *Americans are doing it!*

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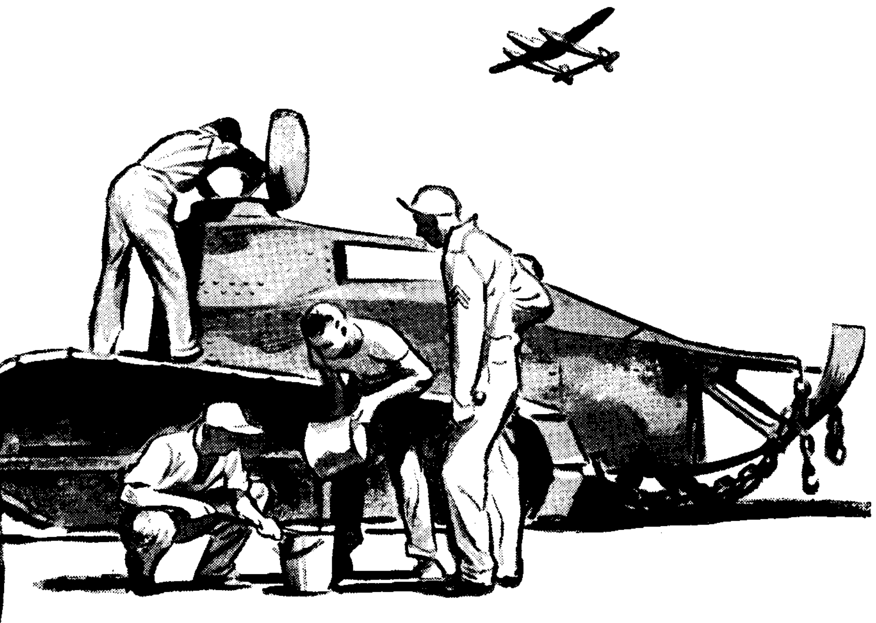
ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN *BUSINESS* MANAGEMENT

*Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.

BUY WAR BONDS AND HELP "THOSE KIDS" MAKE THE AXIS RUN!



★Quoted from an AP despatch from Tunisia

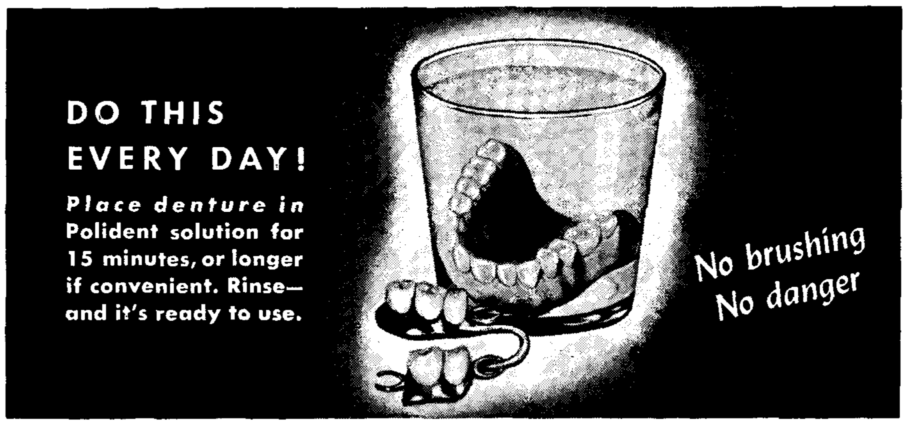
"I was really afraid to open my mouth"

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

RISK *DOUBLE DANGER* BY BRUSHING DENTAL PLATES OR BRIDGES WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

Brushing your plates with makeshift cleaners, such as tooth paste, tooth powder and soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These scratches cause odorous stains, film, and food particles *to collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges of course your plate loosens.

BEWARE OF DENTURE BREATH and LOOSENED PLATES!


DO THIS EVERY DAY!
Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.
No brushing
No danger

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE CLEAN IN POLIDENT

The safe, modern way to clean dental plates, partial plates and all removable bridges is to *soak* them clean in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing can reach—leaves your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.

"Now, I almost forget I have a plate"

WHAT A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT—DOUBLY SAFE!

Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate. Polident used daily, maintains the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢.; 7 oz. size—60¢.

FREE—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Send post card to Hudson Products, Inc. Dept. C-6, 8 High St., Jersey City, N. J.

POLIDENT *The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

BUY WAR BONDS

stopped long enough to shed the skirt and the suede jacket. She lost distance by doing that, but she was freer now and her strokes brought her nearer the bank, but not out of the pull of the center current. She was still above the cottage.

Then she saw that a shutter had been removed from the small window in the front room and that smoke swirled above the chimney, dipping low in the wind. And at the same moment she heard a man shout and knew it was Jack Kirk. But the roar of the spillway below drowned his words. For one harsh second she wondered if her mind had tricked her. Why should Jack be there?

Involuntarily she called out and was ashamed of her weakness. Her strokes became wild, and she kept turning her head in order to see the bank.

Jack's car suddenly appeared on the road which ran along the river. She saw his face, white, tense as he drove by her downstream. When she dared look back a few moments later, she saw the car stopped at the water's edge on the old wagon-road fording. In the back eddy along the bank she saw Jack swimming upstream toward her.

He swung out into the main current just as she drifted opposite him; he caught her arm. "Hold my shoulder," he shouted. "Keep swimming."

Fatigue began to numb her.

"Don't quit," Jack cried.

They were nearer the bank now and still above the car. Then she saw the hump in the water as the current lifted in a smooth hill over the sunken roadbed of the fording and she felt Jack brace himself for the contact. A rock, only a foot or so below the surface, came at them and he reached for it, clung to it, then lost his hold. But the brief anchorage had killed the full speed of their downstream rush. In the narrow margin of reduced current behind the rock, Kirk finally stopped them.

Her knees buckled as she tried to stand and Kirk's arm tightened around her. She saw the car only a few feet away and then the heavy weakness possessed her.

THE blanket against her chin was rough and there was a strong smell of wood smoke. She was conscious that she was warm now and the shivering had passed. She saw Jack sitting at the foot of the bunk smoking a cigarette. He was looking at the fire. She could hear the dripping of the water from his wool shirt hanging on the back of a chair.

She sat up and he turned quickly.

"You all right?"

She said, "I feel like a fool."

"I wish you'd tell me something," he said, slowly. "What were you doing out there?"

"I wanted to see the cottage, and I fell off the bridge."

He looked around at her, his eyes smiling, as if he were looking at a child who had just confessed to a foolish prank.

"You ought to have known better, crossing that thing in a wind like this." He flipped the cigarette into the fire. "I came over here this afternoon to look around for the last time—I mean, to see if things were okay before I went away. Thompson said he'd buy the cottage from me. He can use it as living quarters for some of the mill hands. There's reason enough for me to sell it."

Margaret sat there on the bunk without moving. She saw him looking around the warm, firelit room—at the desk and the bench he had built, the gun rack over the mantelpiece, the shelf for the radio.

Then he turned to her. He looked at her for a second and said, suddenly, with concern, "Why, Margaret—you're shivering!" He drew the blanket, like a shawl, over her shoulders.

"Now, take it easy," he said. "I'll stir up the fire and get more wood. You've got to keep warm."

She heard a new quality in his voice, proprietary, protective—almost indulgent. And as she sat there, she became aware of a sureness in him that had not been there since he had come home.

He said, thoughtfully, "You came damn' near getting yourself killed, Margaret. If I hadn't been here—and a good swimmer—God, I hate to think of it."

She saw him studying her, taking her in with his eyes. But this time he wasn't fighting against a strong tide, and he was looking at her not so much to hold a picture for memory, but for the fullness of the moment.

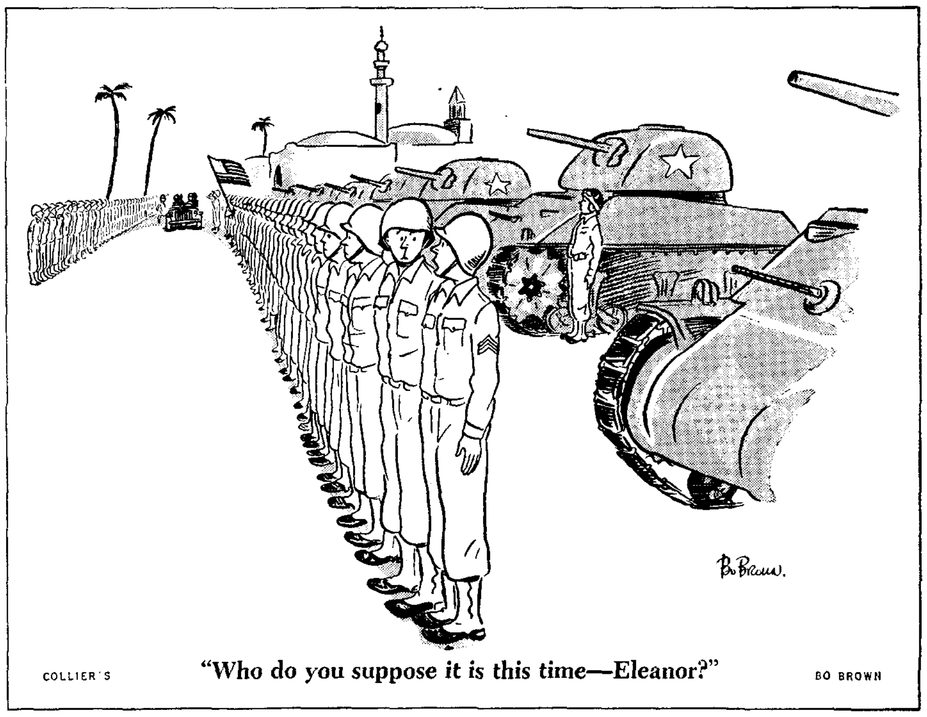
He said, "I'm not going away. There are things here I've got to do—there are people here who need me."

She said nothing—she hardly dared breathe. She felt her heart beating in her throat. She waited, seeing his thoughts, his plans reviewed in his mind. "We can swing it," he said. "Just as we had planned to, Margaret. Yes, I can do it."

Eve Kirk's words came to her: "When a man changes, his girl must change, too." For the first time Margaret Adams saw the direction of that necessary change. It wasn't going to be so hard, now. Her life before had been his—it could still be his—the way he wanted it.

She saw him lean toward her and all the time of waiting for this moment vanished. There were no reservations in his eyes now. This man, holding her close to his strength, his lips so familiar and yet so new, had never gone away.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Who do you suppose it is this time—Eleanor?" BO BROWN

Passage to Cathay

Continued from page 23

miniver skins, and whale ivory," he said.

"*Pfut!* And is that the treasure of Cathay?"

Whereupon Ludowyk hauled me away, walking fast. "The Devil," he muttered, "looks after his own."

When I asked how that happened, he grumbled. Nick van Straaten had tried to winter in the north, beyond Norway, beyond the North Cape, in the floes of the ice sea. Half his crew had deserted at the ward house of the cape, and others had sickened and died. But van Straaten had lived through the winter. "*Ya*—he hath no fear of God. To go into the ice floes with his ship. Nay, he seeks what may never be, and will not turn back. Let it be a lesson to you, boy."

For Nick, he said, had been no older than I when he left the clam digging to gain his living on the Lofoten fishing banks. All his years he had spent out there, until he was master of a lugger, with which he plied up and down to Boulogne, until he had been able to buy that bark of his. So far, good. But with that bark he had gone to seek a way to Cathay, at the world's end. To Cathay, with its silk, and pearls, and lacquer and elephants' tusks.

HE THOUGHT that up beyond the North Cape there was a way by water to Cathay, in spite of the ice. And he sought there for this northeast passage, on the top of the world.

"*Pfut!*" said Ludowyk, "now he is poorer than a herring fisher. He lacks guilders to outfit his boat."

It was better, old Ludowyk said, not to think of the fantasies of the deep seas. Here in Leyden we grew fruit and made good cordage and cloth as our fathers had done—getting a good price at the Amsterdam market. We were better off than any seafarer. "A penny earned is a penny got."

Truly, it seemed to be as he had said. For I saw Nick van Straaten thereafter sitting at the tavern tables to drink, and hanging around the canal to speak with the cloth merchants, who turned a deaf ear to him.

That evening, in front of the Pieterskerk after candlelighting I heard him roaring at our good burgomaster, Adrian van der Werf, as if he were *opzee*—drunk.

"When will you lift up your eyes, my master? The Spaniards hold fast the new world. Aye, they have seized upon the firm and continent land of America. Already Balboa hath sighted the ocean that lies beyond."

Patiently the burgomaster listened, leaning on his staff. He was a rich and kindly sir, and very wise. "But they have not yet found a sea passage to the northwest," he said.

"By the three dead men of Cologne," shouted Nick, "how will we find open water unless we seek for it?"

"In the ice sea?" Van der Werf tapped his staff on the cobbles. "No human hands, shipmaster, can build a ship that will break through ice floes."

Nick's big hands twisted in his belt and his face grew red. "There *is* no sea unnavigable, and no land uninhabitable!"

It was then that a lady in a dark shawl coming from the doors of the church stopped by them, looking curiously at the circle of men. I did not know her face.

"Be that as it may, shipmaster," said Van der Werf, "these merchants of Leyden have no will to risk their goods in a venture to Cathay."

And Karol Bockman said that the markets of Amsterdam and Haarlem were good enough for him, God be praised. Some of them laughed, although not the burgomaster. Nick stared around at them, and swung away, biting at his beard.

He almost blundered into the lady with the shawl, because she stepped in front of him, holding up her train. She loosened the rope of pearls clasped around her throat, and held them out to the voyager.

"I would like well," she said in a clear voice, "to find a way to Cathay. Take these and seek it."

Van Straaten chewed his red beard, amazed, as were we all. Those matched pearls would outfit his ship and buy him a lading. "Faith," he blundered, "you do not know the risk—"

Her dark eyes seemed to look through him, and she smiled. So small she was, her hair jet against her white shawl, she seemed to be a slender image in the shadow of the church. "This is little indeed, my master, to risk for the treasure of the world. Besides, I have no need of them now."

The pearls would have slipped through her fingers into his, but he reached down swiftly and kissed her hand. "My lady, no."

Slipping her arm into his, she drew him away from the merchants. I heard someone name her, Lady Margaret, and someone else said that she was of Spain. But no one knew much of her.

A little way behind, I followed them—he striding along beside her, his head sunk in thought. Her voice chimed like the smallest bell of the carillon in the tower. Aye, a silver bell. At her door he bowed, and stood, cap in hand, until she had gone in. Then he drew a deep breath and looked up at the first stars, as if at something beckoning to him.

"By the three dead men," he swore, "she is a brave woman."

Then I saw that he had the string of pearls in his fist.

"Luck, *yonker!*" He laughed. "In spite of the Devil himself, this time I shall find the way through the ice."

Lady Margaret, Ludowyk said, was a lonely, praying woman, who had been a duchess and had lost her husband in the Netherlands war.

In truth, the Lady Margaret kept to herself, with her silent maid. When I watched her in the *kerk*, I noticed that she wore no rings, or indeed any precious stones after she had given away the pearls. Once I did see a fine-looking officer knocking at her door, and by his cloak and the Venetian lace at his throat, I judged him to be no Hollander. He had a thin, dark head, and when he walked with her to church that evening he kept the center of the path as if by right, making us townspeople step aside. Yet he didn't seem to be aware of us.

AFTER the prayers he held her back at the doors until they two were alone, except for me. His voice, swift and whispery, sounded angry.

"Nay," she drew away from him, "here, we speak Dutch."

The officer swore to himself. "*Excelencia,*" he cried, "you cannot remain in this pesthouse."

"I have left a pesthouse for this."

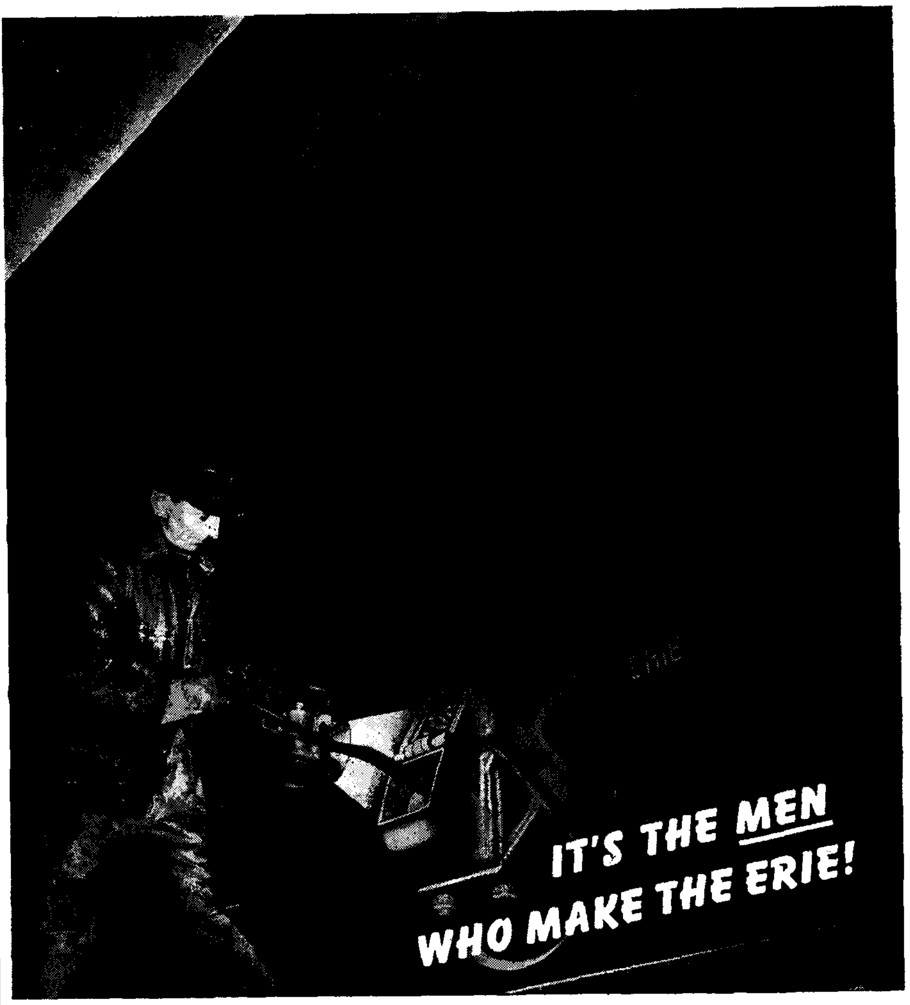
"But—why?"

"Is not the man who loved me dead in Flanders? Is not my house empty except for authority?" She gathered her cape about her. "In Toledo I had to look into the eyes of men who might soon be dead. And I was afraid."

He tried to see into her face, in the dim light. "Afraid? In Spain? I do not understand." He moved his shoulders as if shaking off a load. "When you are tired of this prank, send word to me. And I will get you out of here if I have to beg a *tercio* from the duke to do it."

"No." She held out her hand to him. "*Adios.*"

She watched him walk away across the



The Ace Detective Who Never Made an Arrest

YOU'RE standing right in the middle of a great, sprawling, through freight yard at night.

A thousand cars are on the move all around you. And that man there with the lantern . . . he's seeing to it that those thousand cars *keep* moving.

We call him an inspector, but actually he's a detective — a *trouble* detective. It's his job to discover defects in equipment which, if allowed to pass unnoticed, might result in delays or damage to *your* property.

Erie has a staff of these inspectors in every yard. When a train is coming in they station themselves at the side of the track and observe the condition of wheels and other parts as the cars go by. After the train stops a more rigid inspection is made.

You may never see these men. You may never have known they were there. But night and day, summer and winter, they're always on guard protecting lives and property and making possible faster delivery of war materials and essential civilian goods.

ERIE

23,578 FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY

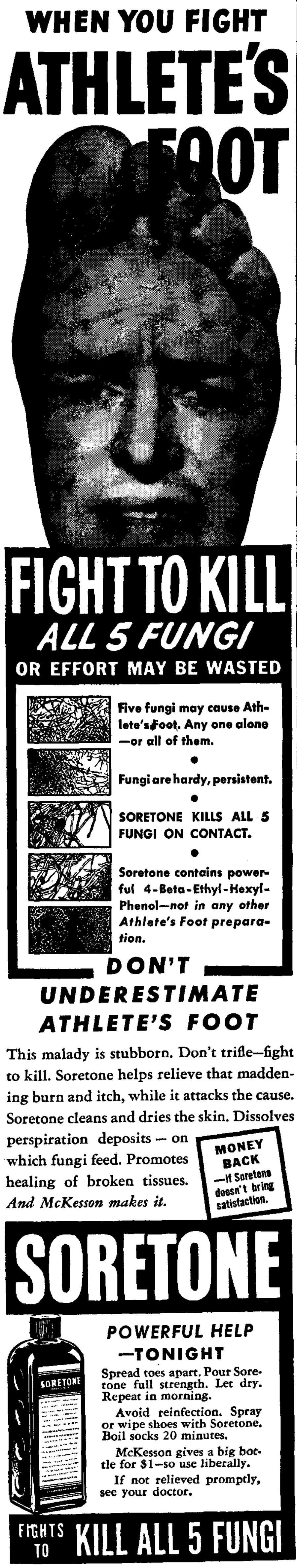
1,408,964 FREIGHT CARS DAILY

25 MILLION

25,000,000 NET TONS DAILY

AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

THE RAILROAD OF HELPFUL SERVICE



WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S
FOOT

FIGHT TO KILL
ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone —or all of them.

Fungi are hardy, persistent.

SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.

Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—*not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.*

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits — on which fungi feed. Promotes healing of broken tissues. *And McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

POWERFUL HELP —TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally.

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

cobblestones. Then she beckoned to me. I thought that she was like Mynheer van Straaten, who went away to look for Cathay. Only he was not afraid. I thought she was beautiful as an angel in a painting. "You look for something," I said, "like Mynheer van Straaten."

"Perhaps I do." She smiled, pleased. "I had a writing from him."

He had been gone then a year. The Spanish lady showed me the writing on a half sheet of stained paper, where she kept it in a box by her window:

"To the Most Gracious Lady Margaret, dwelling in the painted house by the Canal, Leyden: Greeting. Know that by reason of the setting of the ice we must winter on the shore of that sea called the ice sea, beyond the seventieth degree of latitude, in all good hope of finding clear water to the northeast the next summer. Nicholas van Straaten, shipmaster."

It had come, she said, from a fishing craft of Norway. No other letter arrived.

After three more years had passed, Ludowyk shook his head, saying that van Straaten and his men would be frozen to death in that pagan limbo long since.

But before then the trouble had come to Leyden.

Old Ludowyk spat when he heard about the new tax. "One per centum on houses, two per centum on boats and nets, ten per centum on the price of herrings sold. Devil fly away with such thieves!"

As one man the burghers of Leyden refused to pay this new tax of Philip of Spain, whose army was advancing along the Meuse.

Then came a cavalcade of Spanish officers to talk with Adrian van der Werf, in the Pieterskerk square. They said that Hollanders would become rebels if they failed to obey an order of the throne. After that, Spanish flags were hauled down in the city, and the burghers gathered in the streets to talk of what they would do, if war came.

I saw men digging out on the earth ramparts, and cannon were brought in on barges from the ships. The tavern lights showed late at night, for men waited about to talk, after the day's work was done. The ramparts of Leyden, they agreed, could not be stormed—so wide was the water moat; and we had plenty of gold in the treasury at the statehouse.

Then we found that the road to Haarlem was cut off. Our goods could not go to the market there. Haarlem was besieged, and so our goods piled up in the warehouses.

THE day that Haarlem surrendered, we heard the big bells tolling in the statehouse tower. And Ludowyk said that no one could go by road or canal to the sea, because of the Spanish soldiers.

Hot with excitement, I ran to the door of Lady Margaret's house. The maid spoke sharply to me about taking off my shoes; then she led me out to the garden where the Spanish lady sat by the flower beds, listening to the tolling.

"My lady," I cried, "I will take you out of the walls in Ludowyk's cart."

"But why, *yonker?*" she asked.

"Because tomorrow, surely, the siege will begin. Aren't you going?"

"No," she said gently, "I would like to stay here, if I can."

Some of the burghers believed that the Spanish woman must be a spy, to stay shut up among us. Ludowyk said that spies do not go about dressed for all the world to see, and she had been a duchess somewhere or other, so she must have a whim.

That was a March day, when the first tulip shoots were showing. The next day we saw men in steel morions out on the road, and the bridges were drawn up. Then we could make out tents among the outlying farms and cannon appearing along the lines of the old dykes.

Yes, that was in March. In October when thin ice coated the water of the canals, we were still waiting in the casements along the ramparts and the flag was still over the statehouse tower. We waited by our firelocks and pikes, sitting in the places we had dug out because we could no longer stand on our feet except for a little while. We were skeletons perched like ravens on the dirt wall.

Bright shone the moon that night, gleaming on the patches of ice. Behind us rose the black ribs of houses, shattered by the great bombards of the Spaniards. But we did not look up any more at the whine and rumble of the shot. Indeed by then, the Dons did not trouble themselves to work the bombards often. Like us, they waited, beyond that wide moat of water, still and clotted with the flesh and clothing of men. The glow of their campfires lay along the flat sky line, and out there in the tent lines they waited, eating their fill at night.

Broken barges lay here and there in the water. When, at first, they had tried to push bridges of boats across to us in the town, we had scattered the barges with shot or fought back the steel-covered regiments of attack with our pikes. No man of theirs had set foot in Leyden and from the statehouse tower one could see the crosses of their cemeteries in the lowlands behind their artillery. But we did not hate now those far-off soldiers in steel. Our hatred gathered where we sat together like this, and it turned on one man, Adrian van der Werf, who came at times with some of the burghers to inspect the ramparts—for we of the watch could not go back into the houses, on account of the pestilence. When he passed by now, we turned to look the other way. Van der Werf had set his mind against ours. He would not send the message to the Dons that would surrender Leyden.

INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCES

In Marion, Indiana, an automobile driven by O. J. Scott struck Chester E. Heal and broke his left leg. Ten years before, an automobile driven by the same Chester E. Heal had broken the same O. J. Scott's left leg.

Franklin C. Britt of Los Angeles has a twin sister living in Baltimore. He resides at 1788 Holt Avenue and she at 1788 Cambridge Street. Both their phone numbers are 1788.

In Danbury, Nebraska, at 7 minutes to 7 in the morning of the 7th day of the 7th month, a daughter was born to the Alvin O. Newsports, married 7 years. The baby, of course, weighed 7 pounds!

But—as we all knew—we were cut off from the world. No ships at sea could reach us, and on land there was no force able now to face the Spanish regiments. We were caught in a ring of steel weapons that could not be broken. We were starving. . . .

One night we heard the thin ice snapping and something splashed in the moonlight. Then a harquebus roared from the rampart, and another. But we could see little to shoot at. Then we heard a Dutch voice bellowing:

"By the three dead men of Cologne! Open your eyes, town dogs."

I stood up then, holding to the wicker backing. And I saw a swimmer breaking through the ice beneath.

"It is the voice," someone muttered, "of the dead van Straaten."

Dripping and swearing, the swimmer climbed out of the water, and up the rampart. He lay there panting and, even if he was alive, he seemed more like a water animal than a man. Skins covered him, tied together by thongs, and his hair and beard matted about his head.

"Give a man a hand, *skellums,*" he growled, peering at us. Nay, he did not know me, after these years.

When we hauled him over the parapet, his skin felt slippery with grease, and his breath reeked of schnapps. Truly he had fortified himself against the cold and wet in swimming the canals to pass through the Spanish lines.

"What word bring ye from the fleet?" our company captain demanded.

Nick only wiped the water from his eyes. The ships, he said, were beating offshore in this west wind. It was little or nothing he knew of the siege. The only thing he wanted was to be taken to the Lady Margaret in the painted house by the canal.

I TOOK him back to the canal, carrying the one lanthorn we had at our post.

He seemed surprised when I opened the door—for the maid had been dead since Saint Stephen's day—and carried the lanthorn straight into my lady's sleeping room. "Please, Excellency," I said, "the shipmaster van Straaten has come back from the ice sea."

"I am glad," her voice whispered.

He pulled at his beard and coughed, abashed at seeing her figure on the bed. "My lady," he said, "we have not yet found open water beyond the ice sea. Yet from the easterlings of that region I have heard of a mighty river called the Ob—"

All in a breath he was speaking to explain his return, when he saw her face fairly. Taking the light from my hand he bent over her.

The skin stretched tight across her teeth, and she did not move. Her dark eyes looked up, out of the mask of a face. Yet her hair curled softly against her thin cheek. No doubt he had thought of her in her splendor of pearls and lace, for those four years. And his long fight with the ice must have preyed upon his mind.

"You have been brave, my captain," she whispered, "and perhaps in God's good time, you will find the passage."

Still he looked at her. "Have you no bread or wine in this place?"

She shook her head. "Not in Leyden. But we are not afraid, because of that."

Only then did he realize how near we were to starvation. "By the three dead men of Cologne, I will bring you some—soon."

"It will take much to feed the mouths of Leyden."

I pulled him away at that, for it is ill to promise food to the dying. His big hands pulled at his belt as he went, and he swore at each step, demanding that I take him to the burgomaster.

We found Adrian van der Werf by a fire where the canal crossed the old channel of the Rhine River. The west wind had driven the water inland, through the canals, so that the banks were flooding, and the burgomaster was working with some *handwerpen* to move children out of the flooded dwellings.

Van Straaten said that food must be got into Leyden, or it would be madness to hold out. Some plan must be made—

Van der Werf stared at him. Had he not sought for a plan? "Did you find, shipmaster, the passage to Cathay? Or did you find the ice?"

"I will find open water yet," snarled the voyager.

Slowly he went back with me to the rampart. There he leaned with his head to the wind, striking his fist against the earth. "It is sick you are, men of Leyden," he growled. "There *must* be a way . . . if ye had but open water and wind."

He was thinking of a ship, and he grew quiet. "What did my lady say? You are not afraid? Fear . . . that would do it."

All at once he became the old Nick I had

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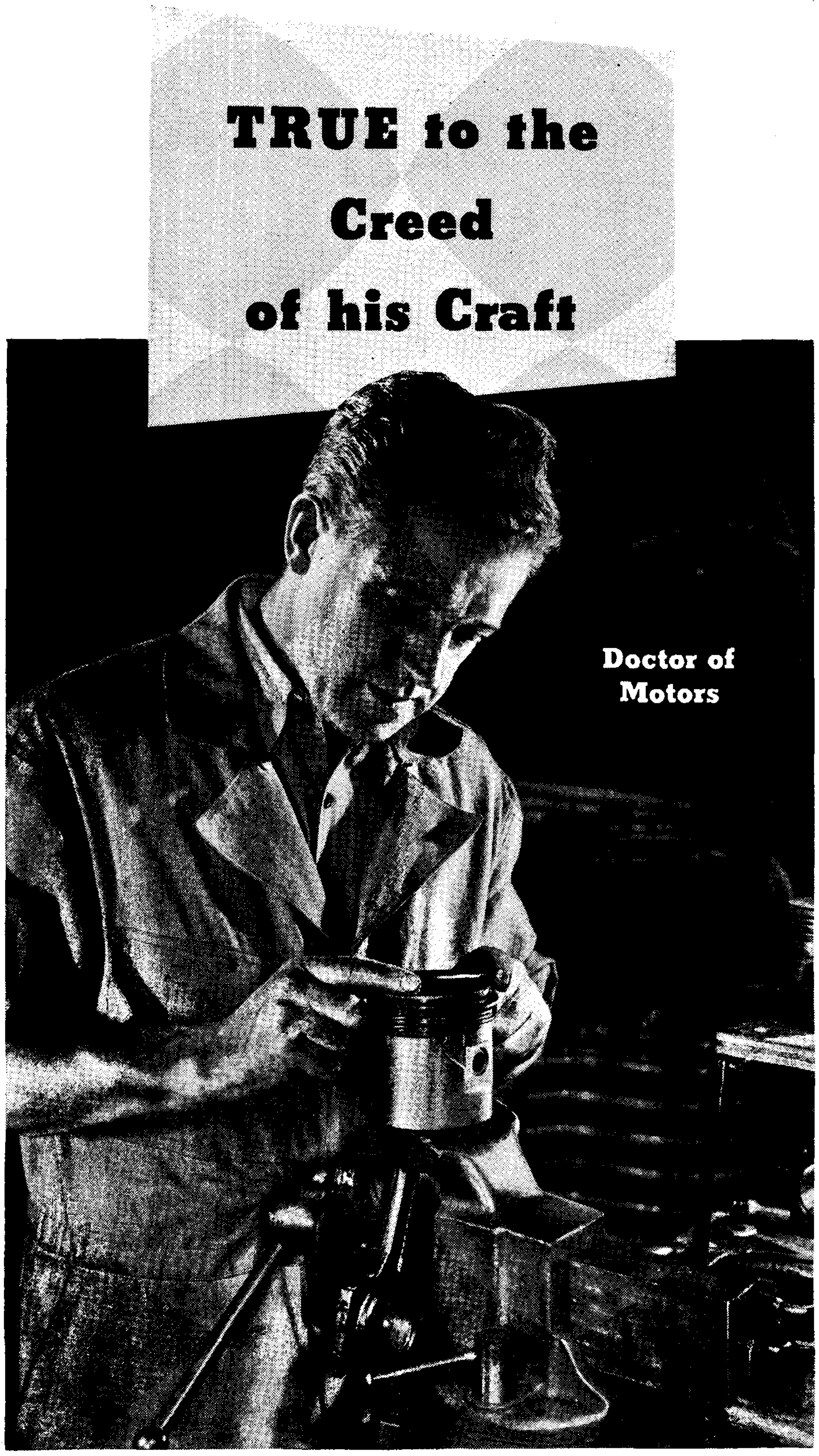

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known, chuckling in his beard. Taking a plank from the parapet he slid over to the water, saying to me to watch at this place when the west wind came again. I watched him swimming away and I envied him the strength that was taking him back to eat his fill.

The third night after that I slept by the warmth of the lanthorn behind the parapet. I woke hearing a faint crunch, as if a wind wheel had fallen to earth far off. The sound came again and again, until we pulled ourselves up to watch. A stirring and creaking we heard as of wagons moving, the sound carried to us on the wind. Nothing more than that happened.

But the west wind had risen to a gale.

AT DAYBREAK we saw the plain toward the sea gray with water. The water in the moat had risen and was flowing past. Watchers who climbed to the statehouse tower saw the great sea dykes had been broken through in five places.

Some of the Spanish encampments had been flooded out, and we could make out men climbing up to higher ground, crowding on knolls and embankments, pulling cannon up after them.

"Ya," said Ludowyk, who limped out to watch, "they have wet their bottoms this night."

The gale piled water into the breaks, rushing across the lowlands, tearing into cottages and trenches. Bodies began to whirl and drift through our moat—bodies of Spaniards torn out of the loose dirt in the cemeteries. Under that gray storm, the bodies turned in the water as if alive. The earth was vanishing, and clouds swept low over the water.

"It is like the judgment day," muttered Ludowyk.

Then we saw that ghost of a ship. A black bark without banner or side curtains, driving over the land itself, under a patched, gray headsail. It veered between the embankments as if driven by witchcraft, over the floodwater.

"See," I cried at Ludowyk, "it keeps to the course of the old Rhine."

In that rising flood the specter ship was feeling its way along an invisible channel, as if knowing well how the land lay beneath the floodwater.

Fear made the skin of my back cold. I thought a Dutchman must be at the tiller of that bark. Then flame flashed from its sides, and we heard the roar of cannon. This ship, steering over the land, was firing at the Spaniards clustered on higher ground.

"It is Nick van Straaten's bark," Ludowyk said.

Then I heard the great bell of the statehouse tolling, which was a signal for all living men to stand to arms. We crowded along the rampart, watching.

For, behind the bark, fishing sloops came in, over the land, firing cannon fore and aft. And behind them a great admiral ship, with the arms of Orange painted upon its sterncastle. It moved slowly, under one spritsail, its broadsides smoking and roaring. And astern of it appeared long cargo barges carrying cannon, pulled by oars.

Ludowyk wiped the tears from his eyes, watching. "The ships of the sea are coming to Leyden."

Ketches and schooners from Lofoten, sailing skiffs of the Zuyder Zee, they followed van Straaten in, on a course over the canals to the Rhine that had filled its channel again with salt water. It seemed to the good people to be a miracle.

Because a strange thing happened. The thousands of armed men of the *tercios,* wet and cold and hungry, caught in crowds along the embankments and punished by chain and solid shot of the ships, began to leave their cannon and to try to get away to firm land. Divided, out of reach of their commanders, and half submerged, they ran from these ships that sailed over their tents of the night before. Weighted by their breastplates, they drowned where the earth beneath them gave way.

All the while the great bell tolled. Ludowyk and I could see the ships drifting toward the stone quays on the floodwater. Men pushed at poles to steer them, past the wrecks of canal barges, where no ships had ever ventured before. We could see cheeses and wine kegs piled on the decks.

But we heard the bell tolling, and we of the watch understood why it was summoning us when we no longer had a duty to perform on the rampart.

Hurrying back, we joined other people along the canal walks where the water now splashed against our feet. Nay, we did not go down to the quays where the food would be landed. We hurried toward the doors of the Pieterskerk whither the voice of Adrian van der Werf was summoning us by means of the bell.

Although we hurried, we did not make much progress because we were weak, and our feet in wooden shoes slipped on the cobbles. I heard men weeping for joy, and heard only faintly their voices as they tried to sing:

"We praise Thee, O Lord . . . for Thy mercy everlasting. We give praise—"

We were going to make our prayer at the *kerk* before tasting of the food. Coming out of the doors, I thought of Lady Margaret and hurried down the canal to her house.

There I saw Nick van Straaten, alone. He limped with one leg, and his other arm hung stiff by his belt. Dried blood blackened his fingers. On his good arm he was carrying a basket. And it was strange how, suddenly, my belly ached at sight of the round loaf of bread and jug of wine in it. He swayed as he walked, as if the ground was awkward to him who had been so long at sea.

I helped him to open the door that had no latch on it. Pushing into his lady's sleeping room, he went to the bed, looking into her face. Her eyes moved up at him.

His good hand trembled so that he could not break the bread, until I helped him with my knife, first cleaning it of dirt. Then he dipped the morsels of bread into the wine and opened her lips so that she could chew on the soft bread. After an hour the death paleness was gone from her cheeks and she could smile.

BY THE basket he sat, rubbing his knee, not knowing what to say. It was a strange thing for me to see, but the lines softened in his hard face, and he also seemed more alive than before. He looked at me and sighed.

"Those *skellums* in our ships would not go ashore at first when the wind came to blow up the out-dykes," he grumbled. "They said no ships could reach Leyden. The Devil fly away with them!"

"They were Dutch," Lady Margaret smiled, "and so are you."

"Why, yes," said Nick.

Now that he had fed her, he did not think of anything else to do. Sitting there in his chair, his head dropped on his beard, and he breathed heavily. He slept, like a tired man who has come home, at the hour of candlelighting.

Out of that day we had learned a lesson. The Spanish army could run away—the armada of King Philip was not invincible. So, from then, we fought back like fiends; and they melted away from our coast of Holland, leaving us free in our land.

Now that the wars are over, we in Leyden town are building a monument to Adrian van der Werf, and our good William of Orange hath ordered a university to be established here, to honor the defenders of Leyden.

But Nick is not here. He is sailing his ship again, up there beyond wind and tide, in the ice sea. He is looking for that passage he meant to find. And he will not die, my lady says, while Dutchmen live.

THE END

"722"

Continued from page 20

speed. This was ticklish procedure—a little too much and the engine would backfire and stop, possibly burst into flame with too much throttle. There was close coordination between ear and hand at that moment. The engine caught with a roar. Stone countered a mild backfire with another sharp thrust with the throttle, and when the engine roared again he knew the battle was won.

He relaxed a little in the seat and watched the oil pressure climb to safe limits . . . the engine pump took over the job of pulling fuel, and Stone's left hand came to a rest. The tachometer needle was wavering around 700 r.p.m. as he pushed the propeller control forward and the heavy blades swung into low pitch. The tachometer crawled to 1000 and the engine smoothed out comfortably. Everything was under control now. A few minutes' idling and he could gun her to check manifold pressure, and check one magneto, then the other, at cruising speed.

Meanwhile he checked the hydraulic system by operating the wing flaps; flipped the landing lights on and off, watching their hot beams plow through the thick darkness ahead. The ship quivered all over, but each movement was a healthy one, Stone knew.

He checked the fuel supply, though only sabotage could affect that; he had filled both wing tanks himself the last thing the night before. After fifteen minutes' running Stone was satisfied. He pulled the idle-cutoff back and listened as the powerful engine spluttered to a stop. When the propeller came to a full stop he turned off the switch. He was ready to report okay on the preflight. She was a safe ship to fly that day—if any ship was safe in that weather.

On his way over to the flight shack Sergeant Stone noted a faint streak of pink low on the eastern horizon. The sun was going to make a stand, anyway.

The last few days had been miserable on that Arizona desert: cold, gusty, dusty, and gloomily overcast. Once or twice the C. O. had called off flying for an hour or so. No use risking cadets and planes unnecessarily. The enforced risks would be great enough later on.

"Later on!" repeated Sergeant Stone. "Later on I'll still be stuck right here running up these lousy training planes."

SERGEANT STONE opened the door of the flight shack and stepped inside. Eight or nine men were huddled around the coal stove in the center of the eight-by-fourteen room.

The casual greetings lapsed back into the sleepy silence which had been there before Sergeant Stone entered. He filled out his preflight form and joined the group of silent, greasy-clad mechanics around the stove.

"What's for chow?"

"Soggy French toast."

"Molasses?"

"Yeah."

"Nuts."

Like the men before him Stone decided to pass breakfast and wait for coffee and doughnuts at the Post Exchange after the planes took off on their first morning missions.

Blue daylight pecked feebly at the gray clouds now. The wind rattled the loose-hung windows in the flight shack. There was the dull uneven roar of various engines in early and late stages of preflight still being run up on the ramp.

"Who's got something to read?" someone asked.

"As if you could."

"Well, pictures then?"

No reply.

"Who's got a cigarette?" asked a weasel-faced kid, poking his head out of the wool collar of his jacket. "You, Stone?"

"Say," said Stone, offering his wrinkled pack, "don't you *ever* buy cigarettes?"

"Now who's got a match?" asked the kid, calmly.

The entire ramp was barely visible now in the dim light. Armament and radio men were scurrying from ship to ship, checking transmitters, testing and loading the guns. Landing lights stabbed on and off from ships being preflighted just ahead of the dawn dead line. The shack began to fill up. There was ribald bantering, horseplay and shoving for the available seats. Soon the tiny room was packed with men seated and standing. Someone wedged in the front door. "Move to the rear of the car, please . . . plenty of room in the rear."

"Here they come!"

THE men clambered over one another as they piled outside again. "They" were the cadets, clumsily waddling along, their bulky parachutes slapping the seats of their pants.

They came out of the Operations Office in little knots, then scattered through the ramp of ships looking for the numbers that had been assigned to them.

The ground crew scattered to their own planes, waiting for the cadets to come up. "Gadgets," the ground crews called them.

Sergeant Stone was quietly proud of his plane. Each of the crew chiefs felt the same pride. It was a good healthy feeling, good for the mechanics and good for the cadets who flew the ships.

On this gusty, feebly lighted morning two figures came up to Stone's ship, a lieutenant and a cadet.

"Is this bucket of bolts ready to roll?" joked the lieutenant.

"You bet, sir," said Stone. Quickly he slid back the rear canopy and unbuckled the safety belt in the back cockpit. It was unusual for two to go up in his plane and he kept the rear belt safely buckled most of the time.

The lieutenant and the cadet crawled into the cockpits, student in front, instructor in the rear. Stone inserted the crank and started winding slowly.

"Switch on!" shouted the cadet.

"Switch on," echoed Stone.

He swung hard against the crank. He listened as the starter whirred louder and louder.

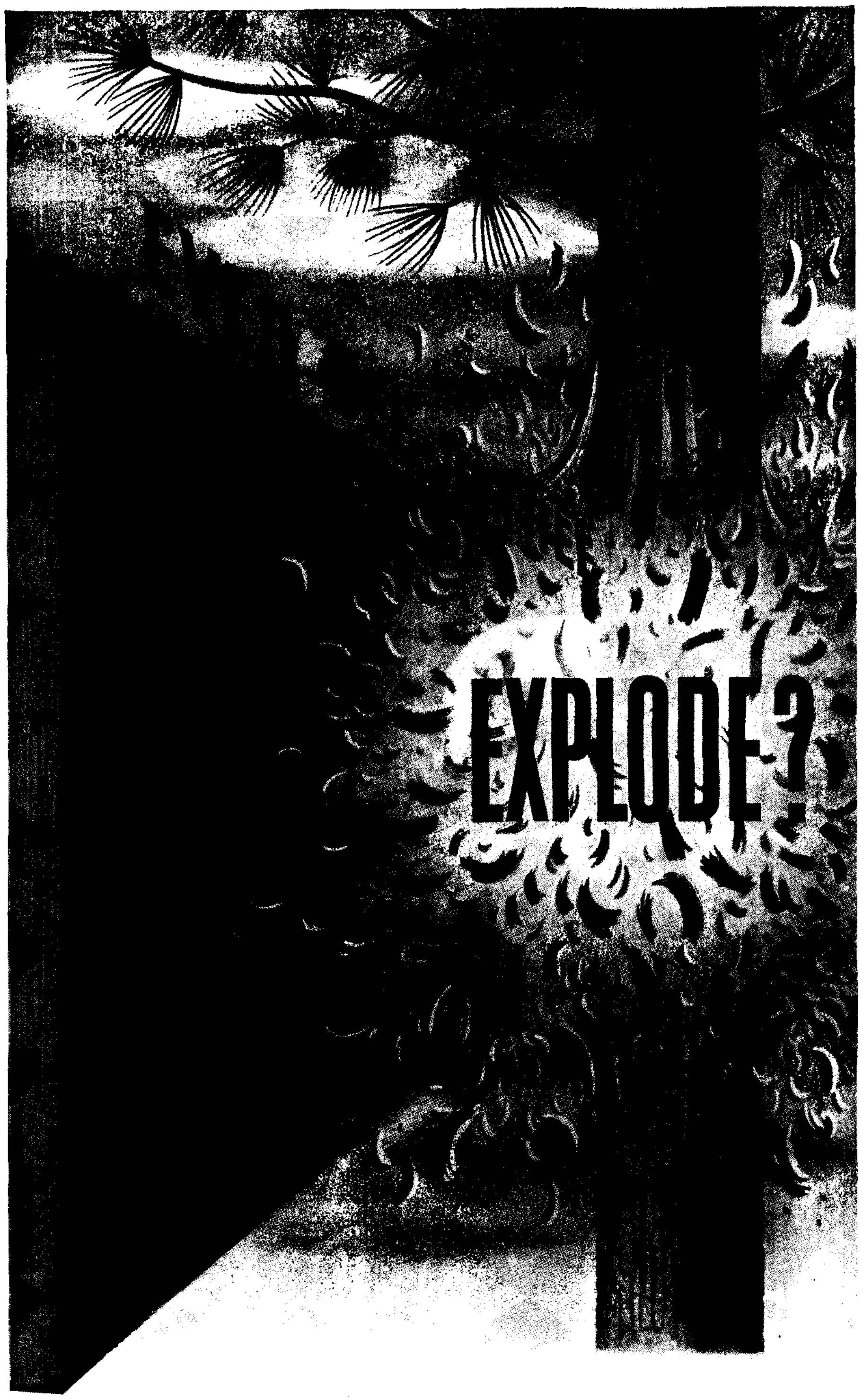
When it reached the proper pitch Stone slipped out the crank, stepped back to the cockpit rim and shouted, "Clear!"

"Clear!" repeated the cadet, stepping on the engaging pedal.

Again the starter droned down under the load, but the engine quickly caught. Certain that it would keep running, Stone stepped off the wing, plunged the crank into the baggage compartment and scooted out of the way of the propeller blast. He ran around the wing to the front of the ship, stepped carefully behind the slashing propeller blades and, on a nod from the cadet, pulled the chock from under the right wheel. Then around the propeller and behind it again, he jerked the left wheel chock free.

The ship lunged forward as soon as Stone had trotted to the left wing tip. He walked alongside the wing, one hand resting on the tip until the ship crossed the yellow line which marked off the taxiway. He waved at the cadet and received a smile and a nod in return. Then, slinging the chock ropes over his shoulder, he walked slowly back to the other side of the ramp.

Groups of mechanics formed to watch the planes take off. There were comments



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and ribbing about the relative merits of one another's airplanes.

"What's the matter with 710's landing gear, Smitty?"

"Give 'em time . . . give 'em time; them wheels'll go up."

"Yeah, just about the time he wants to land."

"Take off your hats, boys," said Stone. "There goes an *airplane!*"

His number, 722, flashed past in a swift, throaty take-off.

"Just how many men does it take to fly that crate?" someone ribbed, noticing that the rear cockpit was occupied.

"Don't worry about that airplane," said Stone.

Worrying about those airplanes—that was funny. Nobody admitted worrying, yet every man on the line did. When a hundred ships went up, there were a hundred men on the ground waiting and worrying. Perhaps not much. Some only worried about whether there would be work to do on her when she came in. Others worried about that cable which showed a sign of strain, or the sluggish manner in which the throttle had seemed to take hold that morning. Was that prop throwing too much oil? Did that left mag let the engine fall off too much? Or if it was not the ship itself, how are those boys going to make out in this wind?

The wind . . . it was gustier now than it had been in the dark early morning. Pockets of dust swirled off the desert and across the field.

The mechanics shivered as they lined up for roll call. Stone watched his plane bank right and swing out of sight, too soon for his comfort. "Visibility's pretty rotten this morning," he said to the man next to him.

After roll call Stone joined the two dozen or so men streaking for the Post Exchange for that long-delayed coffee and doughnuts. The PX was warm, noisy and smelly—a comfortable mixture of coffee, gasoline and sweat.

"Why the hell did they send 'em up today?" someone asked.

"To fly, you dope."

"They oughta ground 'em in this weather."

"You oughta be Operations Officer, too."

Someone else joined the argument: "Who you workin' for—the Axis? Not wantin' our guys to learn to fly?"

"No, I'm not," said the boy who lamented so much. "But whoever sent those ships out today is."

"Aw, shut up."

"Yeah, quit battin' your gums, Shorty."

Stone dunked a doughnut into his paper cupful of steaming coffee. It was delicious warmth.

"How'd you come out in the blackjack game last night?" someone asked him.

"They roughed me up," said Stone. "I was okay till I lost the deal."

"What time's mail call today?"

"Not yet, that's all I know."

AFTER coffee Stone went back to the line. 722 should be back from its first mission in an hour. That would mean gas, oil and a good lookover in the daylight. A long file of planes was swinging into the landing pattern over the edge of the field. One by one they cut in for landings. The crew chiefs gathered along the outside edge of the ramp to meet their ships.

"707," someone yelled. "Where'n hell is Fletcher?"

"Darn that guy," said someone else. "Seems like I'm always walking his ship in."

"Here comes my baby," yelled another mechanic, running out to meet the wing tip as it swung into the ramp.

Ship after ship came rumbling up. One by one the mechanics left the taxiway, busy with their own ships.

Stone looked around and found himself alone. A cold shiver kicked quickly at his stomach, but he told himself that everything was all right. He looked up at the empty sky, empty except for the clouds.

Fifteen minutes passed.

"What you doin' out there?" someone yelled, noticing Stone alone.

Stone did not reply. His gaze kept sweeping back and forth across the horizon. Then he glanced along the rows of ships to see if 722 had by chance slipped by him and been parked by someone else. No, it was not there.

Sergeant Stone forgot about the cold wind whipping at him. He rehearsed every detail of his last inspection yesterday. Everything had been okay. Yeah, everything was okay.

In a few more minutes the ships were taxiing out again for the second mission, taxiing right past the unseeing mechanic still waiting for his to come in. He waited half an hour. All the other ships had come and gone. Twice Stone's heart had leaped. Specks out there on the horizon could be . . . are . . . yes! sure! . . . no, it's not.

He turned around and walked to the Engineering Office. A lieutenant sat behind a desk there. Sergeant Stone stepped forward and saluted.

"What's on your mind, Sergeant?"

"722, sir," said Stone, "did not come in."

"Sit down, Stone," said the lieutenant, and picked up a telephone.

"Operations? . . . This is Lieutenant Green. What was seven-two-two's mission? . . . Yes . . . one hour. . . . Have you any spare planes for a search?"

There was a scurry of activity. Stone went to check out a parachute. He was going with Lieutenant Green.

"Perhaps you'd rather not," said Green as they walked up to a plane.

"I want to, sir."

In a few minutes they were in the air. Stone again was mentally rechecking his ship. He knew every detail of it so clearly he could recapture the sense of touching the various parts. There had not been a single fray on any cable. There was not a spot of oil inside the accessory section. Each gas-tank supply line was free and clear. . . . What happened?

They swooped low over the jagged terrain. Stone strained his eyes for a sign of what he hoped not to see.

Lieutenant Green saw it first. There on a bleak slope was a silver spot. It glinted just enough from the light of that dull day to attract their eyes. Diving close, both Lieutenant Green and Sergeant Stone could make out the scattered fragments. A silver wing, a hundred yards from the fuselage. The tail sheared off beside a huge rock. The fuselage twisted pitifully.

"Looks bad," said Stone.

The wing that was still intact lay upside down and the letters RMY burned into Stone's brain. The angle at which the fuselage lay was just enough to show the last two figures—22. . . .

That was all Stone could look at. Involuntarily the back of his right hand wiped across his eyes. Lieutenant Green swung back toward the field.

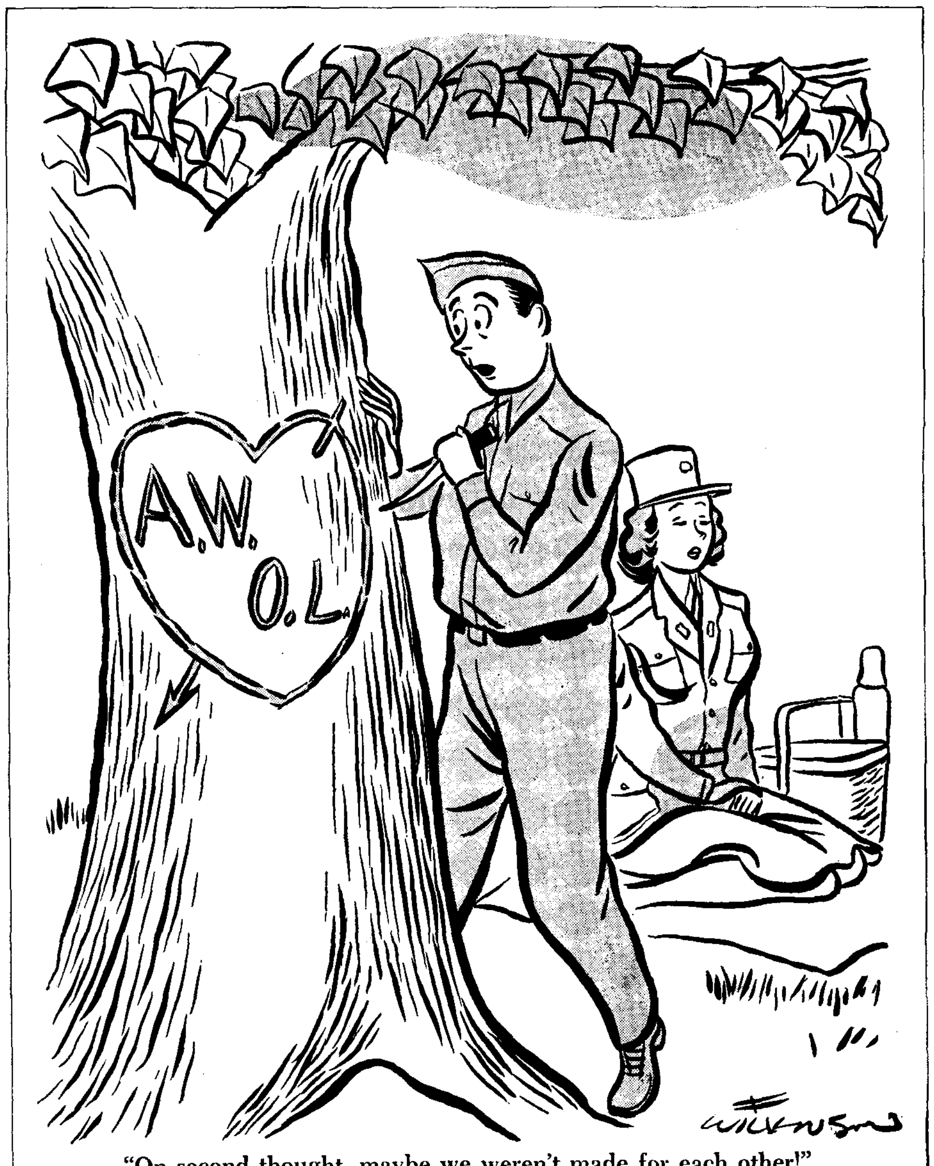
WHEN they climbed out of the ship Lieutenant Green said, "I wouldn't worry too much, Stone. Could have been a pocket . . . bad flying."

They went out with two trucks to pick up the pieces. Stone went along. It was his ship. He had to take care of it. It was dusk when the trucks came back. Sergeant Stone rode with the piled wreckage in the last truck.

He jumped down when it stopped, turned and looked again at the dented right wing tip which stuck out back. By the dim light from the Engineering Office window he noticed a smudge of dirt on it.

Sergeant Stone reached for the rag in his hip pocket and wiped it clean.

THE END



"On second thought, maybe we weren't made for each other!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Here you see Mom and Pop

BLASTING the AXIS!

MEET Mary and John Garland, husband and wife, who work side by side, at "heat-treat" furnaces in one of the war plants of Noblitt-Sparks. They're fashioning metal reels for communication cable—making things plenty hot for the Axis.

Mary and John have a son in *this* war. In the last war, Mary served as a Red Cross nurse in France. She was wounded about the face and knee when the Germans bombed a hospital near Brest. Now, she wears a silver knee-plate and can't go to the fighting front again.

But back here on the production front, Mary and her husband are working hard to lick our enemies. And what they are doing is quite a *lot.*

Today there are hundreds of thousands of Marys and Johns in this great country of ours—all working with the same spirit—and for the same great purpose.

The workers of Noblitt-Sparks—3000 men and women in nine plants—are producing tremendous quantities of weapons for war. So, until war's end, we can't be making the good old Arvin products for comfort and pleasure.

The metal and labor that formerly went in Arvin furniture—hot water car heaters and bathroom electric heaters—are now going into water and food supply-cans for our fighting men—blitz-cans for gasoline on the battle fronts—ammunition boxes—anti-tank mines, burster-wells, bombs—and many vital parts for combat cars, tanks and transport trucks.

The experience and skill that went into Arvin radios before the war are now going into fighting-radios for planes and trucks—radios built with great precision to enable our fighting men to talk back and forth and win battles in the air and on the ground.

After the war, Arvin products will be back again—all better, some new. Until then—the men and women of Noblitt-Sparks are working with supreme confidence and a whole heart.

ON THE JOB!
3000 MEN AND WOMEN WORKERS
IN 9 WAR PLANTS OF

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Peacetime Makers of

ARVIN

Products for Comfort and Pleasure

Home and Car Radios • Hot Water Car Heaters
Metal Furniture • Bathroom Electric Heaters
and Other Products for Better Living After the War

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WIN THE WAR FIRST!
RISLONE
SHALER

Help Make Available More Gas, Oil and Transportation Facilities for the ARMED FORCES

RISLONE AND KARBOUT

- Prolong engine life
- Save Fuel and Oil
- Free sticky valves
- Restore lost compression and power
- Facilitate quick starting

● Regardless of the type or make of vehicle you are operating—car, truck, bus or tractor—conservation of oil and fuel is necessary to make sure that an adequate supply is available at all times to promote the War Effort.

Oil and fuel wastage can be reduced by keeping all engines free of gums and sludge.

RISLONE added to the regular oil right in the crankcase, absorbs all types of motor gums and sludge—cleans out the engine and "frees" valves and other moving parts so they may function properly.

Ask your Dealer for a RISLONE "Tune-Up" today. A feelable improvement in performance will take place in the first five miles of driving . . . RISLONE is made by the makers of the world famous Vulcanizers and "Hot Patches" and the concentrated gum solvent, KARBOUT . . . THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

SHALER

KARBOUT AND RISLONE

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo

Continued from page 24

noticed uneasily that a helmeted Colonial was staring at me. I guess I looked like a bum.

"Seen a bit of the war, old boy?" he asked, not very interested. He stared at my stump and pushed-in face.

I was sensitive about things then. I wanted to rap him over his pith hat but I realized that I might as well begin getting accustomed to parrying unfeeling questions. So I told him a canary had kicked me, and bought Ellen an ivory letter opener.

Back at the hotel I tried to write her a cable, but couldn't. I just didn't know what to tell her.

One of the things I often thought about during the tough days at L—— was ice cream and apple pie. Kid stuff, but it preyed on my mind so much that I swore that if I ever got out to a big city I'd eat myself glassy-eyed on apple pie à la mode. So that afternoon in New Delhi, McClure and I went looking for it. And we found the best possible way to the best place. We spotted a couple of American soldiers who looked as if they knew their way around and they led us straight to the place. There wasn't any apple pie, but what a job we did on ice cream!

Midnight Carriage Ride

I couldn't sleep again that night. About midnight I went downstairs, hired a carriage and rode around for the rest of the night. About 3 A.M. I saw the two soldiers walking down the blacked-out street with a girl and invited them to ride with me. We rode around New Delhi, singing a few songs we knew.

We took off at 9 A.M. on Sunday, June 7th, from New Delhi and flew to our last stop in India, Karachi, and saw the stratoliner which was going to take us the rest of the way home. Greening, Hilger, Smith, Holstrom, Wilder and a few others were there. Some of them had been ferrying fighting ships to several fronts, for this field is a kind of clearing station for such traffic. We were going home together. We were a mob by this time.

At 11 o'clock that night they carried me into the stratoliner and we flew all night to a field near Bagdad, where the British had a breakfast of fish and eggs for us. We took off right after it, flew over the Holy Land and the Suez Canal to Cairo—and got there a little after noon.

The boys were invited to make a trip to the Pyramids and the Sphinx. I couldn't go on account of the walking it entailed, but I went downstairs with them and when they had gone I went into the cable office, to try it again.

I picked up a pencil in the cable office, wrote out Ellen's name and address, then just looked at it for a time and crumpled it.

You see, I had talked to some of the boys about Ellen, especially to Hilger, Greening and Jones—the wives of the first two were with Ellen. I asked them for advice. I told them I had been thinking about this for a long time and that it was making me very nervous. But I couldn't bring myself to tell her. I told them I didn't know how to put the words down so that they wouldn't hurt Ellen or the baby. Yet I figured that no matter how I told her or when I told her, it would be hard for her to accept.

One of them suggested that maybe their wives could tell Ellen, but I asked them please not even to tell their wives. I told them I had a plan that I had thought of suddenly: I'd just stay in Walter Reed Hospital until I had all the work done on my leg and face and learned to use the artificial leg. Ellen could think that I was still in China or India. Then, when I was all right, I could walk up to her and tell her all the things that had happened.

We were just about to take off from Cairo on June 10th when Clever, who had come through the hell of all those face wounds, and Ozuk, who had hung over a cliff bleeding for nearly two days, were both stricken with appendicitis. They were ready to get in the plane. Doc sent them back to a Cairo hospital.

We got to a base on the Nile in the middle of that afternoon, had a chance to shop a little and had dinner that night in the officers' mess. Later, one of the boys let out a surprised sound as he thumbed through a June 1st copy of a magazine that had been flown in and left there. It had all our pictures.

"Golly, somebody does care," one of the fellows said.

I looked at my picture and then at myself in a mirror. Different fellows.

We took off late that night and flew until morning to a Nigerian field, flying high over a camel caravan carrying 5-gallon tins of gas to some new American outpost.

I was all mixed up inside. I wanted to get home, but I didn't know what I was going to do when I got there. I wished I had written Ellen from China, but when I looked at myself—the leg was abscessed now—I was glad I didn't. My mouth was healing all out of shape. Of course I had no teeth.

Jack Sims, Howard Sessler and Griffith Williams, bombardiers on the raid, were in Nigeria. We buffalo'd with them a while, then flew on to one of the fields we've built on the Gold Coast.

We stayed there until the 13th, having the stratoliner's engines checked for the flight across to South America. The people there were very good to us. They took us on a "bush" trip, a picnic lunch near old Fredericksburg Castle, and it gave us a chance to take some snapshots of wild-haired natives and their goona-goona wives and daughters.

On the 13th, late, we flew on to a West African field, had dinner and took off that night for the trip across.

When everybody was asleep that night on the stratoliner, I made my way up the aisle on the crutches and stood behind Niswander, the big plane's pilot. The copilot, Kratovil, was away from his seat. Niswander motioned to it, and after a little trouble I got in it and leaned back, looking at the stars in the black sky.

The Urge to Fly Again

He was a nice guy, that Niswander. He could read my thoughts, I guess, for I was just thinking how much I wanted just to feel the controls in my hands when he said, "I know how you feel. Take it for a while." He took it off the automatic pilot.

I flew the stratoliner for an hour. It helped. I had been curious to see if flying bothered me mentally.

There is a three-hour time change coming over from West Africa, so it was still only a little after midnight when we flew into Natal. We refueled and flew the rest of the night to Belém and spent June 14th there. We walked around the streets near the Grande Hotel, to shop and to give me more practice, and had a drink at an outdoor café where the music was great. I wished Ellen could have heard some of those sambas. She can really dance.

Trinidad, our stop in the midmorning of June 15th, looked like the most wonderful place on the trip home to all of us. It had not only cold cokes but slot machines, just as ornery as the ones in the States. On the same afternoon we flew to Puerto Rico.

I had to begin to think now about getting a little slicked up, so I picked up a shirt and some trousers at the Post Exchange, bought some new wings and dug out the silver lieutenant's bars the Chinese had hammered out for me at their hospital. I decided to keep wearing the black silk slipper I had worn from the day the embarrassed Chinese gave me that pair.

The room assigned to me that night at the Puerto Rico field was upstairs in the barracks, and by the time I started there the blackout was on. It's a real blackout there. I wasn't supposed to switch on a light, but getting upstairs in the dark was more than I could manage. I tried flashing on a hall light, to get a quick look at the steps, and then flashing it off. But the moment it would come on I'd hear yells to turn it off. I would, wait a while, then try it again. And the yells would come as soon as it went on. It must have looked as if I were sending flash signals to somebody.

Another Sleepless Night

Finally a tough sergeant came out and started to curse at me. Then he turned the light on. He helped me upstairs. It was the first time I had tried that and it's tough to do, at the start.

Somebody was in my bed upstairs. They had changed my room to the ground floor without telling me. It took even longer to get back downstairs and when I finally got to my room I couldn't sleep. I went outside and talked to the guards until it was time to leave.

In the morning light we flew over the Florida Keys to a field near Palm Beach. Hilger and I had breakfast there: two quarts of milk, two chocolate milk shakes, bacon and eggs and a stack of hamburgers. It may sound disgusting now, but it tasted mighty good that day.

We talked about Ellen and I told him that my plan was best. I told him that my only fear was that somebody else might tell her. I wanted to be the one to tell her, but not until the right time.

I thought Ellen was still at Myrtle Beach with the other wives. We were scheduled to fly over the beach so we asked Niswander to buzz them on the way north that day. He made three big circles over the little settlement and went on. I didn't know then that Ellen had gone back to Los Angeles to be near her people and my mother, but the other wives saw the plane.

We reached Bolling Field on the afternoon of June 16th—the end of a trip nearly all the way around the world by plane, ship, stretcher, flatboat, junk, stretcher again, sedan chair, truck, bus, station wagon, train and plane again.

Niswander had radioed ahead for a Walter Reed ambulance. McClure and I waited for it at the plane, and finally it came.

You think of some funny things, irrelevant things, when your life is suddenly filled with the unreality of being badly hurt. On the way to the hospital my main thought, aside from the feeling of relief that Ellen hadn't been tipped off, was the wonderful springs of the ambulance. Whoever designed them did a great job. I guess in the back of my head I was trying to find some usefulness for myself, and my mind was going back instinctively to the things I had always wanted to be.

At Walter Reed we were taken up to Ward Five and into Watson's room. His arm was still in a heavy cast. They had operated on him when he arrived a week before, to get the shoulder back in place, and he was coming along fine. We ate dinner off trays in Watson's room that evening, and bulled. A nice nurse brought McClure and me another full tray after we finished the first one. Colonel Peterson of the Medical Corps came in and roared laughing at the way we ate.

While we were still eating, Doolittle came in. He didn't have to go to that trouble. He had to leave his office and his work, but it shows you what kind of guy he is. He said he was sorry he wasn't at Bolling Field when the plane came in—he hadn't been told—and that he'd see to it that we got the best possible care. He's kind of like a father, I guess.

I tried to stand up when he came in, but he put his hands on my shoulders and wouldn't let me. I don't think he knew for sure that my leg was off until Doc told him at the War Department.

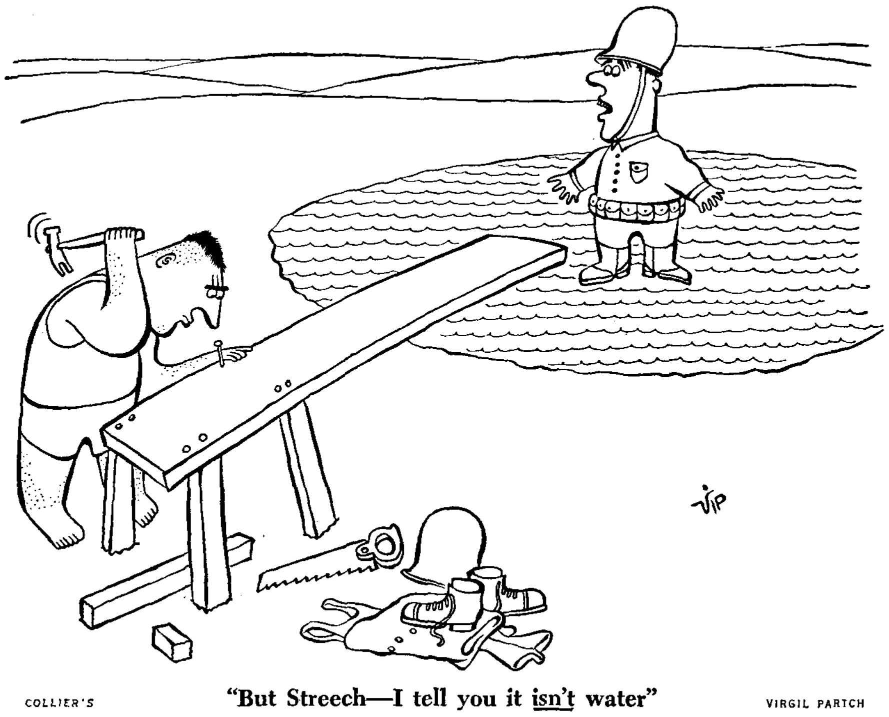
We talked a while about the raid and the trip home, then he asked me if there was anything bothering me. I said that if I could get a good night's sleep I believed I could think better.

"How about the family situation?"

I said I'd like a good night's sleep before I did anything about that.

"Do you know about your mother?" Doolittle asked.

I was afraid to ask him what about her.



COLLIER'S "But Streech—I tell you it isn't water" VIRGIL PARTCH

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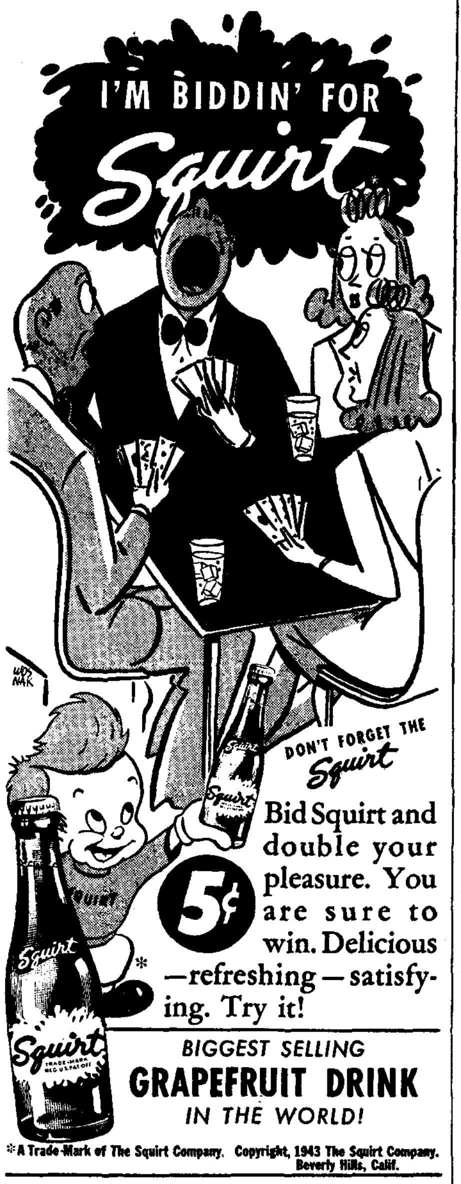

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"She's had a stroke. She's pretty bad off. I'm sorry."

I didn't say anything.

"What do you want to do about your wife?"

Doolittle knew that the baby was coming. So I told him that I wanted to stay at Walter Reed until I was all right, and I asked him if he could fix it so Ellen would think I was still abroad.

"That would be a good idea except that I've already written your wife and told her you were injured and on the way back," Doolittle said, "but that I didn't know the extent of your injuries. That's all I told her. You'd better do something about it."

The doctors gave me two sleeping tablets that night and knocked me out for seven hours. That was the longest I had slept at one time since sleeping off the spinal anesthetic after the amputation

Doolittle called Ellen in Los Angeles the next morning. He told her where I was and that I was safe. When he came out to the hospital to see us later that day I asked him if he had told her about the leg.

"No, I didn't," he said. "I told her that there was something else I couldn't talk about over the phone, and that I'd airmail her a letter."

The following day, the 18th, I got my first letter from Ellen in a long time. She wrote it as soon as Doolittle hung up, I guess.

"You'll never know how relieved I am to know you're back," Ellen wrote in one part of the letter. "I'm coming to Washington just as soon as I can. At least I can see you every day.

"They wouldn't tell me what happened to you, yet, but I can't imagine your being sick very long.... There isn't much to tell about your mom just now. After she had the stroke on May 21st (that was the day I finally got to Choo Chow Lishui, I thought to myself) she lost her speech. She is gradually gaining it back, but it will take a long time. I'll tell her I'm going to Washington to be with you, but it would be better right now if she didn't know where you were in Washington.... I'd love to talk to you on the phone but since I am going to see you I'll try to wait. I can start practicing my patience now on you, and then I'll make a better mommie."

Ellen must have gotten Doolittle's letter, about the leg, on the morning of the 18th. She was great about it in her air-mail letter to me. She didn't make a point of it. She told me about her trip home the month before, and something about the car. And the clippings she had been saving. Ellen said I'd better write or wire my mother, but just tell her I was back and okay. Ellen didn't think my mother was well enough to hear about me, for the time being.

Glad to Know the Truth

It wasn't until near the end of the letter that Ellen got away from what she was trying to do: make me know that our world was going on just about as always. And even then the way she put it was so right.

"I'm glad to know the truth. My imagination has been running away with me," Ellen wrote. "Darling, it could be so much worse. I've had so many nightmarish dreams that you didn't come back at all, and others in which you completely lost your memory and refused to believe I was your wife. Those were horrible.

"There is no reason in the world why we can't lead a perfectly normal life and do the things we've planned.

"When I do see you I'll do my best to control my tears. But should there be any, please don't misinterpret them. Because they'll be tears of happiness and joy."

I went down the end of the hospital corridor to the phone booth and put in a call for her. Her father answered the phone and called her in from the yard, and soon I heard her voice on the phone.

I don't know what I said at first. It was about her letter and how much it meant. Then I asked her not to come. I told her the trip might be too much for her, for she'd have to go back across the country to have the baby near her people. We didn't know anybody in Washington, I told her.

She said that was crazy; that she was coming. Then I told her that I looked so awful. Worse than she could imagine, I told her. But the last thing she said, before our three minutes were up, was that she was coming.

"What if you aren't in top condition—all prettily shaved and combed?" Ellen asked me in her next letter. "Do you think a wife minds that?

"I have so much to tell you and this may be my only chance to see you before the baby is born. There are so many, many things dangling in the air that we need to talk over.... My condition is no excuse at all.

"Is there still something you haven't told me? I want more than anything in the world to understand you, always. That's why it worries me so, that I can't see through your wanting me to stay here where I'm not needed, when I could be with you."

Ellen's mother wrote me a wonderful letter after that. She told me how Ellen had taken the news and that one of the first things she said was that she was glad the baby was coming.

"You must know how deeply we regret that this should have happened to you," Ellen's mother wrote, "but we know how you'd hate a fuss or pity. You'll never get it from any of us. Because I have had to drag a half-dead leg through life I can offer a little understanding. There will be a lot of things you can't do, but a lot more you can. And there's an extra joy of achievement, love and a peace within.

"It has been so good to have Ellen at home for a while. She seems to be in an excellent physical condition. While her condition is now apparent, she hasn't lost her daintiness. She has been careful to buy clothes that make her look well-groomed and dignified. I was looking forward to having her here where I could share in all the preparations for your baby, but if you can have her with you, that joy belongs to you, and there's no joy or mystery in life equal to that of the first-born.

"Ellen is all packed and ready to come. I don't believe it will harm her physically. Yet if you think it would save you, or be safer for her not to come, I know she will abide by your wishes. And you know we'll be very glad to make the waiting as happy and easy as possible."

I was sitting in my room a day or two later, looking out the window and thinking of her and what would become of us, when the door opened and she stood there. I had tried to kid myself into believing that she'd come across the country on a train, but I should have known Doolittle better than that. Ellen flew, of course. He saw to that.

I had thought so many times of what I'd say and what I'd do, but now all I could think was that Ellen was there, there in my room. Nothing mattered except that.

I jumped up to go to the door, forgetting everything. Forgetting the crutches. And when I took a step toward her I fell on my face in front of her.

The Army doctors went to work on me as soon as they fattened me up a little more and Ellen was settled in Walter Reed's Hostess House.

The second amputation was as bad as the first one. The spinal anesthetic didn't seem to work as well as it had worked in China. But they gave me some dope during the process of the cutting and the beveling of bone, and I went out cold. There was another operation after that on the leg, a trimming job.

The doctors did a great job on my mouth and jaw. X-rays showed that the shock of going through the windshield had shoved one of my teeth up through my gums into a section of my sinus. They got that out, along with some broken-off nubs left in the gums, then went to work on the job of reshaping my mouth and chin. Neither had healed straight.

An Audience at the Operation

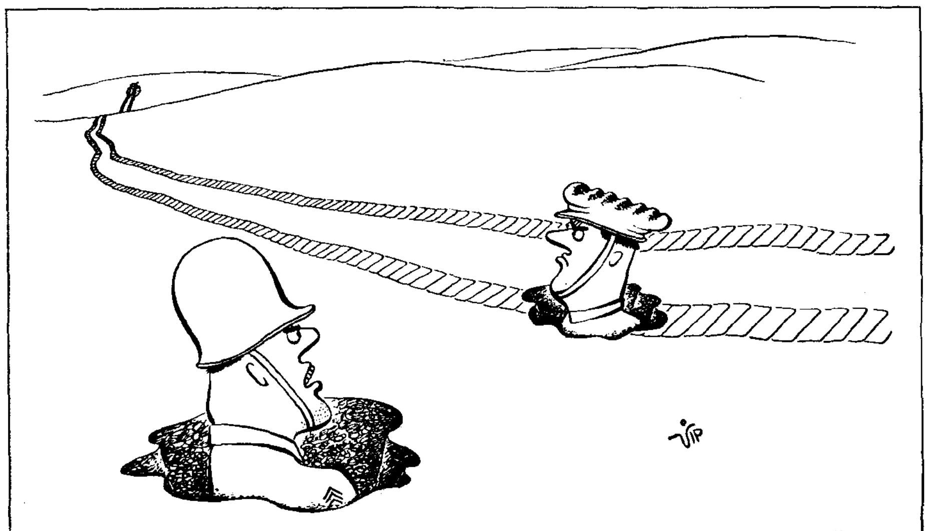
A number of interns—nice fellows I had met around the place—came to watch this one. It was very interesting, though the doctors blindfolded me this time. They marked off sections of scar tissue to be cut out and places where they'd have to take a kind of hem. They cut these marks with very sharp instruments before giving me novocain, for novocain relaxes the muscles in such a way that there would be no way of telling whether they were cutting correctly if the cutting began after the sagging effects of the drug had set in.

"This will hurt you," one of the doctors said as he cut down through the vermilion border of my lower lip. He wasn't kidding. I could hear the happy interns saying, "Wheel him around this way, so we can see." I tried to say something to them about being a bloodthirsty bunch of blokes.

It took a long time, cutting, shaping and sewing. The doctors spoke only once. One of them said, "Good Lord! He's still got some of that beach sand in there."

Ellen and I spent all our days together. It was interesting to read the letters she had written me ... the ones she couldn't mail. She thought the raid on the Philippines was "it" for a while. But when the first Tokyo raid was announced, by Tokyo, she knew that that was where I was, even though at first the Japanese identified the planes as just "Allied."

"I don't know whether to feel glad it's



"And that, Merithew, is just why you'll have to dig deeper fox holes"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

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over, or what," Ellen wrote, when the news was announced.

When I was off my nut a little in China, before the operation, Ellen wrote that she didn't know what was the matter: she couldn't sleep. On what must have been the day my leg came off Ellen heard from the wife of one of the boys that I was okay.

Young King Peter, of Yugoslavia, indirectly broke the news to my mother. He visited us in Walter Reed on June 26th. Two boys hurt at Pearl Harbor, Lieut. Wallace Pickard and Pvt. Ramon Carazo, were wheeled in and we formed a line of chairs in front of the democratic young king. There were five of us, including McClure and Watson. The king said he was proud of us and shook hands.

The story and pictures were released and turned out to be the first news that anybody had been hurt on the raid. My mother's nurse kept it from her for a day but my mother found out. She happened to listen to a news broadcast about it, but it wasn't as much of a blow as we had thought it would be. It turned out that my mother thought I was dead and that my wires to her from Washington had been written by someone else. About the same time, my mother received letters from Mr. and Mrs. Parker, the missionaries, telling her everything. I was sure that their letters were held up in Chungking, but they got through. I didn't know this until after my mother died, last January 16th. She never let on, for fear I would worry too much about the full effect of the news on her.

Twenty-five of the boys were decorated at Bolling Field in a fine ceremony on June 27, 1942. General Arnold and General Doolittle were there to pin the D.F.C. on them. I asked Ellen to go with the other wives to see it, and she did. We had a lot of clips about the boys to paste in our scrapbook, and a lot of the boys came out to the hospital and sat around with us.

Sessler and Parker joined us at the hospital after that, to be treated for their malarial fever, and all of us got our D.F.C. on July 6th. McClure and Watson, with their arms held out from their bodies by casts and braces, and I sat in pajamas and bathrobe. Doolittle was there, with that infectious grin of his, and so were Maj. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, chief of the air staff of the Army Air Forces, Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Watson's mother, wife and father, McClure's mother and Ellen. We all spoke on the radio that day.

A couple of weeks later, Watson and I got our captaincies and McClure became a first lieutenant. Everybody on the raid was jumped one rank, at Doolittle's recommendation. All of us got the Order of the Purple Heart. Also we were awarded the Military Order of China on July 25th by Maj. Gen. Chu Shih-ming, military attaché at the Chinese embassy in Washington. Doolittle showed up for that one, too. He was spending a lot of time with us, and it made us all proud as the devil.

Letters from the Boys

The long wait for the baby and for my leg and mouth to get well was hastened along because I could see and talk to Ellen.

There were letters to read and write, too. Sergeant Lovelace, who painted the prophetic Ruptured Duck with crossed crutches which, according to a Gripsholm evacuee, is on display in a Tokyo square, wrote me to say how bad he felt about missing the raid. The night before we left Eglin Field for the Coast, Lovelace went to town. He hitchhiked a ride coming back to the field. The car turned over, broke his back and he spent the rest of 1942 in a hospital.

Lovelace tried to make me feel good about the Ruptured Duck. "Personally, I think that damn' old crate was a jinx from the start," he wrote. It wasn't. It was a good ship.

Ellen and I heard from Bob Gray quite frequently, and wrote to our "bridesmaid" a lot. What a wonderful, lighthearted fellow he was! "I've stopped drinking," he wrote in August from Dinjan. "It's easier to guzzle it. I've led 17 raids over Burma and got to China once, in a B-25. I flew the P-40 on a strafing mission and recon missions. I'm down to 170 . . . a mere shadow. I'd like to come home, but why beef? We're shorthanded over here. Would you please order a chocolate malted and a bottle of beer and drink them for me even if it kills you?"

A month later Bob wrote: "I've got Shorty Manch for a copilot now. We're having a little fun now and then. We've heard so many rumors about what all the fellows got when they came home I wish you'd give me a little cold dope. Manch is still a second lieut. and I'm still a first. Tell the Little General that every time we're recommended for promotion over here somebody says, 'They're on detached service, so we can't promote them.' . . . Wish I was going to be there for your 1-year anniversary next month."

In his next letter Bob asked us to buy him a small American flag, for he needed it to identify himself in some of the places he was going.

"I have a hunch we'll be home by Xmas," he wrote on October 16th. "There are only 18 of the old gang left over here. That won't break the Treasury, bringing us home.

"I got my capt. today. It was dated Aug. 21st. I sure was tickled because there are fellows coming out of the States six and eight months behind me who are capts. Sorry I can't say anything about Keith. Tell Dory I can't find out anything."

Bob was killed two days after he wrote this letter. And poor Clever, who was hurt so badly in our crash, but pulled through, was killed a month later in a crash near Versailles, Ohio. Smitty got it, too. He was killed in a flight over Europe last November. Gene McGurl, Sergeant Mel Gardner and Sergeant Omer Duquette never came back from a raid on the Burma Road in June, 1942. Ken Reddy was in a crash at Little Rock, Arkansas, last September. Dick Miller was killed in North Africa. Davey Jones was forced down in Tunisia and is now in a Nazi prison in the vicinity of Berlin.

Late last summer, Ellen found a little furnished apartment pretty close to the hospital. When her time got close I was able to spend the evenings there with her. I was glad it worked out that way, for on the evening of September 25th we were sitting around and talking when her time came. With the help of some kind neighbors, I got Ellen to our car. We made it to Walter Reed just on time. Ellen came through it swell. Our little Ann is a sweet baby, and she has been a world of joy to us.

McClure and Watson are coming along fine. I'm coming along all right, too. There was a nerve about as big around as a nickel extending down to the bottom of the stump, but the doctors have killed that off pretty much by injections of alcohol and soft hammering.

Facing a New Life

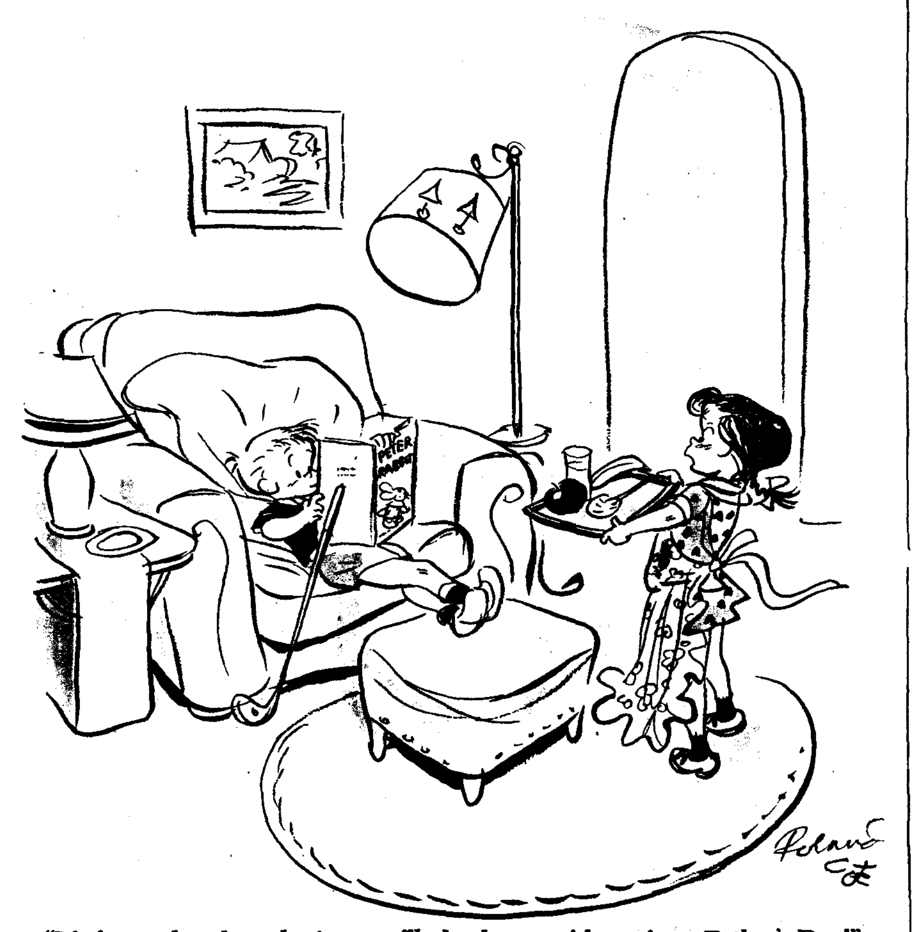
Some people have asked me if I find myself getting bitter. It's just the opposite. I'm proud, honest. One of the boys at the hospital, very upset over an operation which was done at a little post, and which put him in Walter Reed for a long time, told me one day that the Medical Corps had studied my case and that, as a result, hereafter there will be a different technique in leg amputations. The bone will be beveled the first time, and enough skin will be left to flap over and be sewed to the back of the leg instead of sewed across the bottom where it fits into the new leg.

But I feel that if my case proved the value of all that . . . why, that's okay. I think Doc White did a wonderful job on me, when you think of the handicaps under which he had to work. He saved my life and got me back. That's all anybody could ask for.

Before Doolittle flew to Africa, where he has some of our old gang flying for him, he dropped by the hospital to say goodby. He asked me what I wanted more than anything else.

That's how I got around to telling him, for the first time, that what I always wanted to be was an aeronautical engineer.

THE END



"It's funny that the only time you'll play house with me is on Father's Day!"

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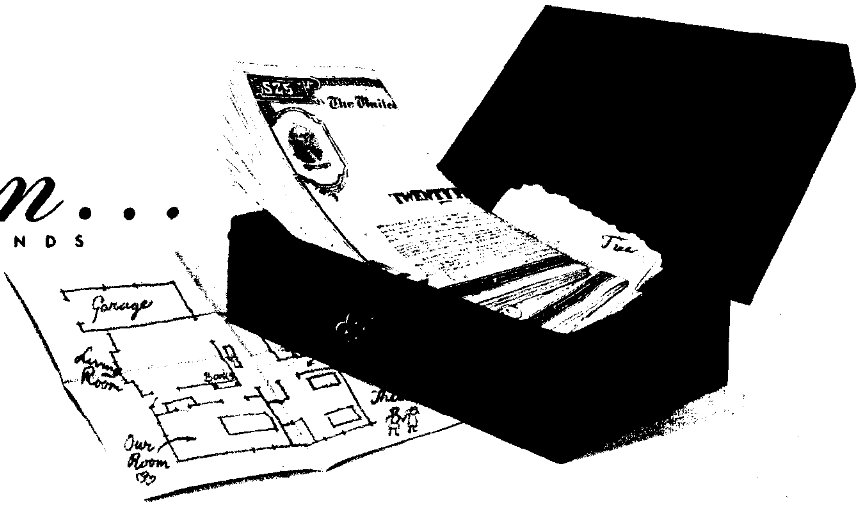

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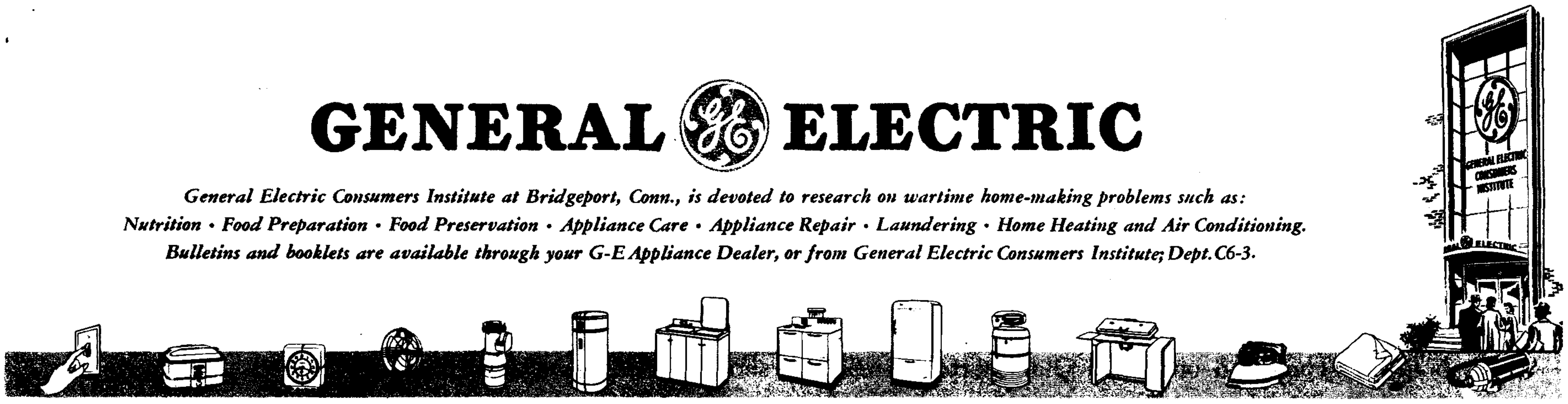

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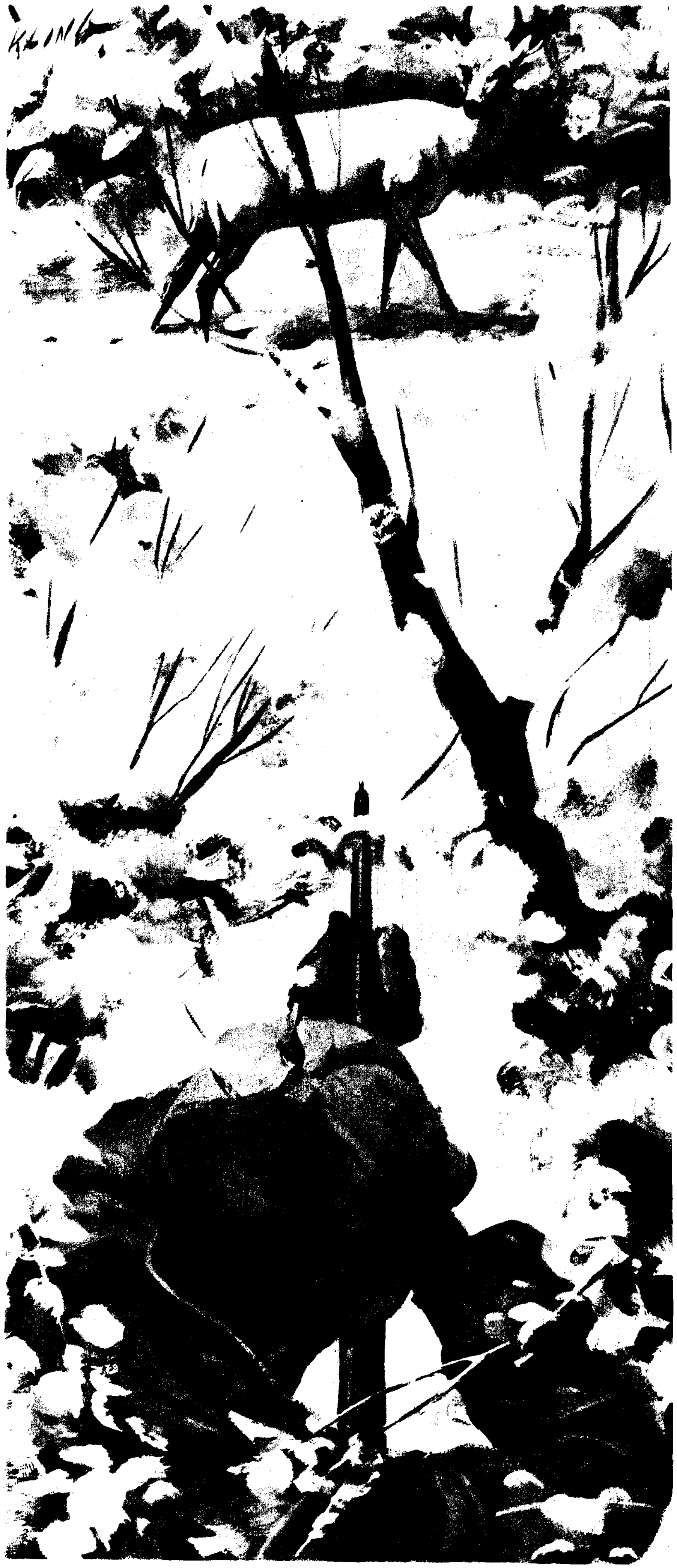
BY OWEN CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A SHORT
SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON
THIS PAGE

"You got to admit it was funny," said Sherman. "Maybe it was a ghost deer. Most everybody in the country saw him but nobody could kill him"



WATER dripped miserably past the store window and stood in brown puddles on the road and the plowed land beyond. Rain dimmed the green of the near ridges, and the distant peaks were gray as the sky.

Sherman spread his hands over the heater and said cheerfully, "They'll have to bail out his grave, like they did Ed's. You didn't go to Ed's funeral either, did you?"

"When I go to a funeral, I'll be carried," Rush said. He gulped beer from the bottle in his hand and shivered.

"I'd go," Sherman said smugly, "but I got the store to tend to."

Rush pulled on his beer.

"Well, we all have to die," Sherman went on. "And Tom was pretty old, wasn't he? More beer?"

Rush nodded and said, "Seventy-six."

Sherman brought another bottle from the icebox. "Seventy-six. And nobody figured he would live the winter out, after Ed died."

"It wasn't just Ed," Rush said moodily. "It was Ed being the last. It's tough on a man to outlive his kids that way. And the folks he'd growed up with, they was mostly gone, too."

Sherman nodded wisely. "Nothing to live for, like Doc Martin said. Like Doc said, his works were worn out and ready to stop when he was. And he was ready when Ed died."

Rush pulled at his bottle and said, "For six months after Ed went, he never picked up a gun, and he used to be a man who would quit haying to hunt. There never was a better man to hunt with than old Tom, neither. We killed some mighty fine, fat bucks together, Tom and me. Then when Ed died, Tom didn't even care about hunting. That's how *I* knew he was dying."

"No interest in life," said Sherman, nodding profoundly. "And then one day—let's see, four—no, five years ago . . . But I guess you were there that day?"

"Setting right at this table," Rush said. "I can tell you the date. October twenty-ninth, just two weeks after deer season."

"When he walked in and asked for a box of shells, brisk as a kid, I pretty near fell over," Sherman said. "You ever see a man change so, overnight?"

"He come in and bought me a beer. He couldn't keep it secret. He come in like you say, chipper as a pine squirrel, and bought me a beer and told me about that white buck."

"In his meadow, wasn't it?" Sherman asked.

"Right there in the northeast corner, by the flume. A snow-white forked-horn, he said. White as paper, whiter than any sheep. Even after it was full dark, Tom stood there and he said he could still see the buck when he moved, like a white splotch. Well, why wouldn't he be excited? I never heard of an albino in here since Lias Woody killed that doe in 1917."

"Oh, there have been a few others seen," Sherman said.

Rush emptied his bottle and set it on the table with a thump. "Seen by who? People like Rack Wilson and such windbags! They can see anything. They even see panthers!"

SHERMAN went to the icebox for another bottle of beer, remarking as he opened it, "I always heard it was bad luck to kill a white deer."

"I don't believe it," Rush said. "I was up there the day after Tom told me about that buck. Not that I'd kill deer after the season, but—"

"Only in self-defense," Sherman said, with a snicker.

"Well, when I get right meat hungry," Rush admitted. "That ain't no sin even if it is a crime. And a white buck—"

"You weren't the only one," Sherman said. "I'll bet half the country was up there that week. And they say old Tom was out every day, even after Christmas, when the meat would have been rank."

Rush drank and said, "According to Doc Martin, that kept him alive. I told Doc if the buck gave Tom an interest in life, I hoped the buck lived forever."

Sherman nodded wisely. "Doc said just yesterday that Tom owed five years of life to that deer."

Rush said nothing and, after a moment, Sherman went on, "I used to joke about it being a ghost deer, too, but it was funny, the way they found old Tom, wasn't it? And Tom thought it was a ghost, didn't he?"

"He got to calling it that," Rush admitted.

"That was after Rack Wilson shot it and drew blood."

"Rack said he got blood. Rack's a natural-born liar, but he had old Tom worried, because he hadn't seen the buck, not to be sure it was the albino, after that first time, and he got to thinking maybe the buck had got into the brush and died there. But I knowed Rack was a liar, and I told Tom he was a liar, and not two days later, Tom and I were out and I saw the buck again."

"Again?" said Sherman. "Did you see it before?"

"Well, I saw it. So Tom felt better."

"And you got a shot at him next year, when he was a four-point, didn't you? More beer?"

Rush nodded. "That was when that fool windbag from the Forest Service claimed he gutshot the white buck. That's what started Tom calling it a ghost deer. He got to saying, 'There's only one bullet made for that buck, and it's in my gun.' "

"I've heard him," Sherman said. "And it began to look like he was right, especially after that what's-his-name from the valley and McFarlane both had shots at the buck."

"Couple more windbags."

"Well, you got to admit it was funny, the way they found Tom," Sherman argued. "Maybe it was a ghost. Pretty near everybody in the country saw him. Still, nobody could kill him."

"All deer got light-colored rumps," Rush said. "That's all Tom saw after that first time. Imagination, that's what he saw the rest of the time."

"I don't know about that," Sherman said. "Imagination can't keep a man living five years. And look at how they found him! He shot at something, didn't he?"

RUSH drank deeply. Sherman went on, "And he wouldn't shoot at another deer. Why, I've heard he never fired a shot after Ed died."

"That's right," Rush admitted. "He was saving that bullet for the white buck."

"All right, then! What did he shoot at?"

"I don't know," Rush said.

"But you was there. You think he killed the white buck at last?"

"Maybe he thought so," Rush said. He closed one eye, looked into the bottle and hiccoughed. "There wasn't no blood."

"No tracks?"

"Too dry for tracks."

"But he shot at something," Sherman insisted.

Rush said carefully, "There was an empty cartridge in the gun. He was sitting against a sugar pine with the gun across his legs."

"Rack Wilson says he was smiling like he'd dropped that buck and died. You said yourself he wouldn't shoot at anything but that white buck."

Rush emptied the bottle and said gloomily, "No, he wouldn't shoot at no other deer."

"But there was no blood, no tracks," Sherman reiterated. "Maybe Tom saw him and missed him."

"He'd waited too long to miss," Rush said. "He wouldn't shoot at no light-colored rump, no maybe-white buck."

"You mean you think the deer was a ghost?" Sherman asked.

Rush had begun to roll a cigarette. He spilled half the tobacco and threw the paper to the floor with an angry gesture. "I'm sick of that white buck," he blurted. "I don't want to hear no more about him—because I killed that albino! I killed him two days after Tom saw him in his meadow that first time."

Sherman stared.

"Well, what you goggling at?" Rush snapped. "I still got the hide to prove it. It was out of season. Could I brag about it with that illegal meat hanging in my shed? And then when Doc Martin told me it was the buck making Tom so chipper, what could I do? Just keep on pretending to hunt him and lying about seeing him. I been lying and hearing lies about that buck for five years, and I'm sick of it, hear?"

Rush's tirade ended abruptly and he began to fumble with his tobacco sack.

Sherman scratched his hip and turned to stare out at the sodden earth. Absently, automatically, he asked, "Another beer?"

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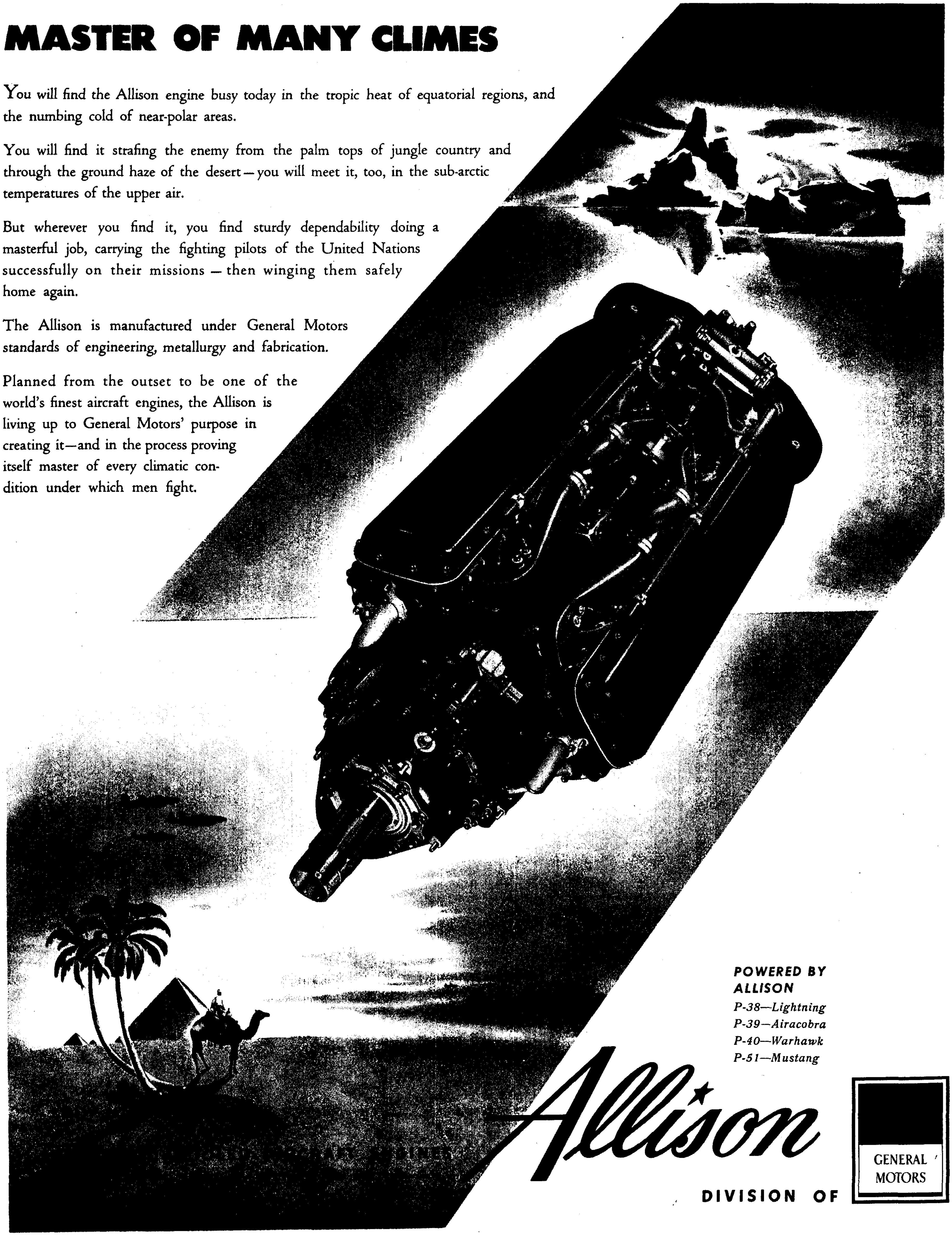

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Children of Mars

Continued from page 11

wave his wand again and there would be a neat pile of logs all ready for the stove.

When the family came home to find the house clean and wood piled in the bin, they would know that Timur had been visiting. Timur was a great favorite with Russian youngsters, and the Pioneers adopted his name for their secret society.

They work much as Timur worked. A family is finding the burden of carrying on too heavy. Perhaps the husband is at the front, and his wife works in a factory all day. This is true of thousands and thousands of families in Russia. Nurseries take care of the children while a mother is working, and she picks them up on her way home. Then she has to prepare dinner for them. She has little time for housecleaning or wood chopping.

Vigilant youngsters will report this to the Pioneers. A flying group of Timur lads will descend on the house, give it a thorough cleaning, scour the pots and pans, beat rugs, wash and dry any dirty dishes, chop enough wood to last a week—and then vanish. The housewife comes home and looks at her now clean and tidy house and thinks that the age of miracles has come again.

EMBARRASSING ERRORS

W. T. Nethery campaigned for re-election to the school board of Hayti, Missouri, for a whole month before he discovered that his term had another year to run.

Some years ago the Raleigh, North Carolina, chapter of the D.A.R. planted a little tree presented to them as the offspring of the "Continental Elm" at Cambridge under which General Washington took command of the Continental Army. Recently the tree bloomed with cherry blossoms.

An Eskimo recently inducted into the Army thumbed a ride while in Seattle. When he got to his destination he was surprised to discover that there were machines known as taxicabs, whose drivers charge money for giving you a lift.

W. E. Farbstein

Typical of the way in which Timurs operate is the care they take of an aged invalid, father of the well-known Soviet inventor Peter Bostivan. Both Bostivan and his wife enlisted and are at the front. The woman who normally took care of the household went into a munitions plant, and the old man, quite helpless, was alone. The Timurs heard of it and today they are in the house getting his hot tea and black toast ready for breakfast. They take turns giving up their lunch hours to prepare his food. In the afternoon they do his marketing and housecleaning. In recognition of this, Bostivan recently wrote a glowing letter of thanks to the Pioneers and it was published in the Moscow newspapers.

Although discouraged by military authority, the children have actually done a job in combat at the front. Sometimes military leaders cannot help themselves. I met fifteen-year-old Vassia, who was just back from the front. He was a baby-faced kid with wide-open eyes, and his friends called him by the diminutive, Provassili. He was very unhappy. He was being sent to school. However, he said stoutly, a good soldier must always obey orders.

Vassia lived the life of an ordinary country lad in the region around Kharkov. The Germans came and killed his father, and Vassia ran away to join the guerrillas. At first, he acted as a scout for them—a spy who could go into occupied villages without fear of detection. But many of his comrades in the guerrillas were killed, and young Vassia picked up the gun of one who had fallen. In time he became an expert tommy-gunner, incidentally using a Thompson machine gun made in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Vassia liked the gun very much, he told me, and wished to thank the workers in Bridgeport who make such a wonderful weapon.

Oh, yes, he had killed many Germans—many, many Germans. So many, in fact, that the Germans heard of him and learned his name and took their typical revenge. They hanged his mother and sister, who were still in Kharkov. Fearing the boy would do something really rash now, the guerrilla chief made him go to Moscow. He'd never been to Moscow before and was having the time of his life. He spent his first two days right in Moscow's magnificent Metro subway, which incidentally combines the best features of the London and New York underground railways.

When I met him, Vassia had discovered streetcars and was spending hours each day seeing the sights of the capital from the crowded trolleys.

A group of Pioneers became heroes not long ago in an occupied region near Kursk. The kids there had a swimming hole, and when spring came, they spent most of their time in it. Unfortunately, the Germans also discovered the hole, ordered the kids to run along and swam there every day themselves. There was only one road leading from the town to the swimming paradise. The kids thought of a bright idea.

A Strafing for the Records

They found some very old and dirty phonograph records. They planted these on the road traversed by the Germans. Both the Germans and the Russians have an antipersonnel mine which looks like a phonograph record. When the Germans saw some of these half-buried records, they suspected that the guerrillas had been active. The Germans have a healthy respect for Russian mines. They brought up a machine-gun detachment and sprayed the road with bullets hoping to explode the "mines." But no explosion resulted. They brought up heavier guns and sent barrage after barrage into the inoffensive road. This took some days, during which the kids swam happily in the pool.

Pioneer ingenuity triumphed again in the Kursk neighborhood, and all Russia is laughing about another stunt perpetrated by the youngsters. The kids heard some nature-loving Germans discussing a report that there was a nightingale in a small woods just outside the town. They would bring a recording machine to the woods and record the song of the nightingale. Clever young Ivan Pechnikov had a bright idea. He was an expert at imitating bird songs. He would go into the woods and warble his tunes. The Germans would come along, and the guerrillas would capture them. He ran to a guerrilla detachment near by and they agreed to his plan.

It worked beautifully. Ivan and his whistling led the Germans to where the guerrillas were waiting. The unsuspecting Nazis were blissfully recording the song of the youngster, thinking it a Russian nightingale, when the guerrillas came. They captured the small detachment of Germans and the truck which contained the recording machine. They played the record back. It began with the lovely notes of young Ivan and then came shouts and curses and the sound of gunfire and the wail of captured Germans. They

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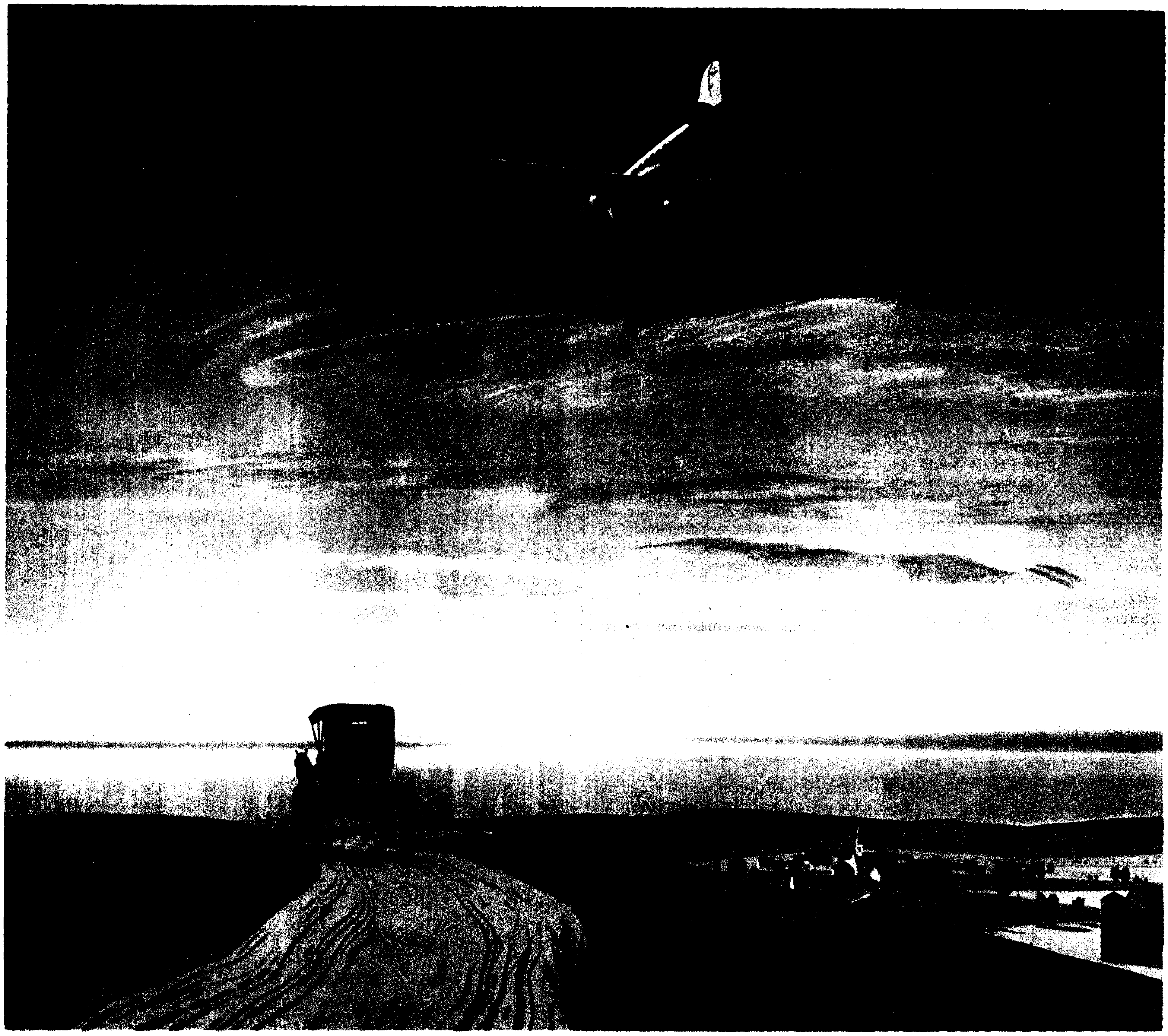

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To the thousands of people who travel by air, miles are merely minutes . . . oceans and continents, hours.

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Yet the 180-mile-an-hour speed on which the Airlines base their present schedules will probably seem slow indeed, when the giant transports of the future lift their wings to global skies.

What that speed will be—how far it will take you in 60 minutes—can only be conjectured by this fact: Our aircraft builders are now making military planes that fly more than 400 miles an hour—7 *miles a minute!*

* * *

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IF YOU CAN'T GO OVER, COME ACROSS...BUY BONDS!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST . . . PASSENGERS . . . MAIL . . . AIR EXPRESS

hadn't had a chance to turn off their recording machine.

A youngster whose story is told wherever Pioneers gather is fourteen-year-old Mischa Nikolaev. His family, too, was wiped out and he joined a band of guerrillas. A Russian war correspondent from Pravda was wandering around looking for material when he met young Mischa on the road. They walked along, and soon the kid was telling the correspondent a fantastic story, none of which the correspondent believed. He told of going behind the German lines and stealing six horses. Oh, yes, he got the horses back to his detachment. He told how he had surprised three Germans chopping wood in a forest. They had laid their guns on the ground. He had stolen close, grabbed one of the guns, captured the three Germans and then brought them back to his guerrilla group.

"Go on, young Munchausen!" the correspondent laughed. "Tell me more."

"In all, I have killed fourteen Germans," the boy said earnestly, "and once I captured a machine-gun nest alone by sneaking in close and throwing a hand grenade."

They parted, the correspondent laughing at the youngster's boastfulness. He reached a near-by guerrilla outfit and asked the commander for some of his experiences.

The Boy Who Wouldn't Talk

"We have only one person here who is worth a story," the commander said. "That's young Mischa. We took him in because his family had all been killed. He had orders just to help with the cooking, but we found him sneaking off on his own. Once he brought back six horses. Again he came in with three captured Germans. Only the other day he actually put out of commission a machine-gun nest that had been giving us a lot of trouble. He's a very shy youngster and I'm afraid you will have trouble getting his story from him."

"Shy!" the correspondent exploded. "He's the most boastful little brat I ever saw. I met him down the road, and he told me the whole story, none of which I believed."

"Tomorrow, the general is visiting us," the commander explained, "and he is going to give young Mischa a decoration. I told him that the general would wish to hear the whole story of his exploits. For a week, the kid has been in terror. He has been rehearsing his story and today he told me he was going for a long walk and that he would try the story out on the first man he met. He thought that would give him some practice in telling it."

The correspondent mentally apologized to the kid and then brought the story to Moscow. Needless to say, the Pioneers adopted Mischa as their No. 1 hero.

When Pioneer youngsters take their oath of allegiance, the ceremonies are mighty solemn. In the presence of comrades and always with some ranking Red army officer in attendance, the boy or girl takes this oath: "I, a young Pioneer of Soviet Russia, before my comrades, solemnly promise the Great Stalin and the Party of Lenin to live, study and work so as to justify the high name of Young Leninist. I promise to be decent, hard-working and brave. With all my heart I hate the Fascist invaders. I will always be ready to defend the Fatherland. I serve in the names of fighters who gave their lives for our happiness. I will remember eternally that their blood burns on my Pioneer scarf and on the red banner."

Then the commander of the group cries out the slogan of the Pioneers: "*Bud Gotov.*" Like our Boy Scout motto, this means literally: "Be Prepared."

The candidate answers: "*Vsegda Gotov,*" or "Always Prepared."

There are ten rules which form the Pioneer credo and they are similar to our Boy Scout articles of behavior, except for the first two, which are quite startling.

The ten commandments are: One—A Pioneer is true to the cause of Lenin and Stalin. Two—A Pioneer passionately loves his Fatherland and hates its enemies. Three—A Pioneer considers it an honor to become a member of Lenin's Comsomol. Four—A Pioneer is honest and truthful; his word is as firm as steel. Five—A Pioneer is as brave as an eagle; he despises cowards. Six—A Pioneer has a sharp eye, iron muscles and steel nerves. Seven—A Pioneer needs knowledge as soldiers need arms in battle. Eight—A Pioneer is unafraid of hard work. Nine—A Pioneer is the pride of the family and his school. Ten—A Pioneer is an example to all children.

Many years ago Melville Stone said that truth was the first casualty in any war. Education is usually the second casualty. The Soviets have been careful not to allow education to be killed, and today the public schools of Moscow are running on almost a peacetime basis. The children merely have added duties. In addition to their already mentioned drilling, which occupies five hours a week, they learn a great many things which will fit them for wartime service when they reach military age.

Public School 545 is much like any large New York school. I visited various classrooms. One, where the teacher was an eighteen-year-old Red army sergeant, the children were learning radio and telephone communications. Here the youngsters learned all the methods used by the army in the field of communications, and the young sergeant, a wounded veteran of Stalingrad, said they were learning their lessons well.

Thousands of uniformed girls are used in communications branches of the Red army. If the war lasts another two years, some of the thirteen and fourteen-year-old girls I saw in Public School 545 will be in uniforms, doing the same thing.

Children study hard in Moscow public schools. Only by getting good marks are they eligible for the Pioneers. Only by diligent work can they earn the right to attend military camps during summer vacations; otherwise they are sent with younger students to collective farms where their job is to pick berries and medicinal herbs. Very soon, thousands will leave Moscow for a summer on a farm. Their parents are happy to see them go. The food they get on farms is far superior to what one can get in Moscow. Fresh milk and butter are plentiful on farms, and outdoor work is just what the kids need after being confined in snowbound Moscow for the winter.

Orphans of the Plague

The Russian government well remembers its *besprizorni*—children without parents, who roamed the country after the plague which followed the last war had caused the deaths of so many thousands of parents. Those homeless children, starving and poorly clad, formed marauding bands which terrorized the outlying districts of Moscow and small villages.

The problem of war orphans is being solved in a practical manner by the Soviet government. Like so many things in Soviet Russia today, the idea came from a private citizen, a middle-aged woman named Ovchinnikova. She worked in a factory, and when the Germans first invaded Russia, she and her fellow factory workers formed an organization to send food and clothing to orphans in the war zone. They collected these supplies from their neighbors and other factory workers.

At a meeting, Ovchinnikova said, "Giving orphans food and clothing is not enough. We must give them parents. I myself have four young children but I'll gladly adopt one more."

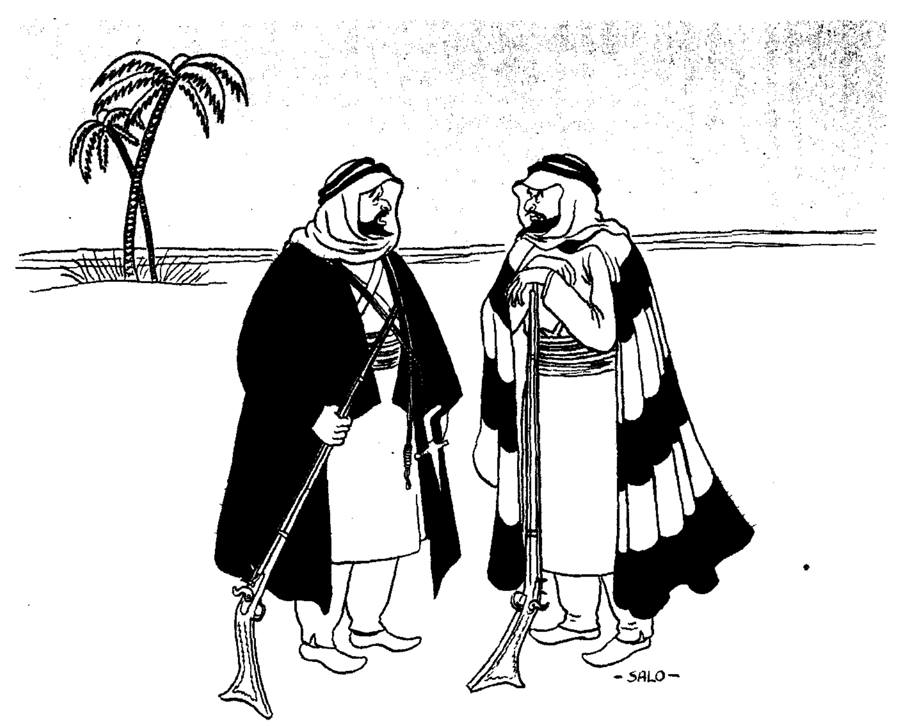
Others followed, and the newspapers printed the story of these volunteer parents. The organization grew tremendously. Today, thousands of orphans have been taken into homes by Russian citizens. The Red army itself has adopted additional thousands. Soldiers who are unmarried adopt a child and have part of their pay sent to support him. If the child is old enough, he carries on a correspondence with the soldier. If the soldier has relatives, the child is sent to live with them.

This now has grown into a huge government operation, supervised by a department which investigates every case of adoption thoroughly. A period of four weeks elapses between the time the application is made by the prospective parent or parents until the child is legally adopted. This is to give the applicant plenty of time to make up his or her mind.

The motto of the various co-ordinated agencies dealing with war orphans is: "Children are our future—we must protect our future."

On the whole, these children of Mars are well taken care of. They should be. Children are by far the nicest people alive.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I lost all my money to some American soldiers in a crap game—whatever that is!" SALO ROTH

SUMMER DISTRESS?

Maybe it's the heat . . . maybe it's too many cold, uncooked meals . . . maybe it's the water . . .

Anyway, you feel miserable, your stomach is sour, sickish and upset—and to put it very plainly, you may have simple diarrhea. Be gentle with your digestive system at such a time—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

●

Never Upset an Upset Stomach!

Don't add to the distress of an already distressed stomach by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics.

Take soothing Pepto-Bismol!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! **If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.**

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Makers of Unguentine*

Norwich*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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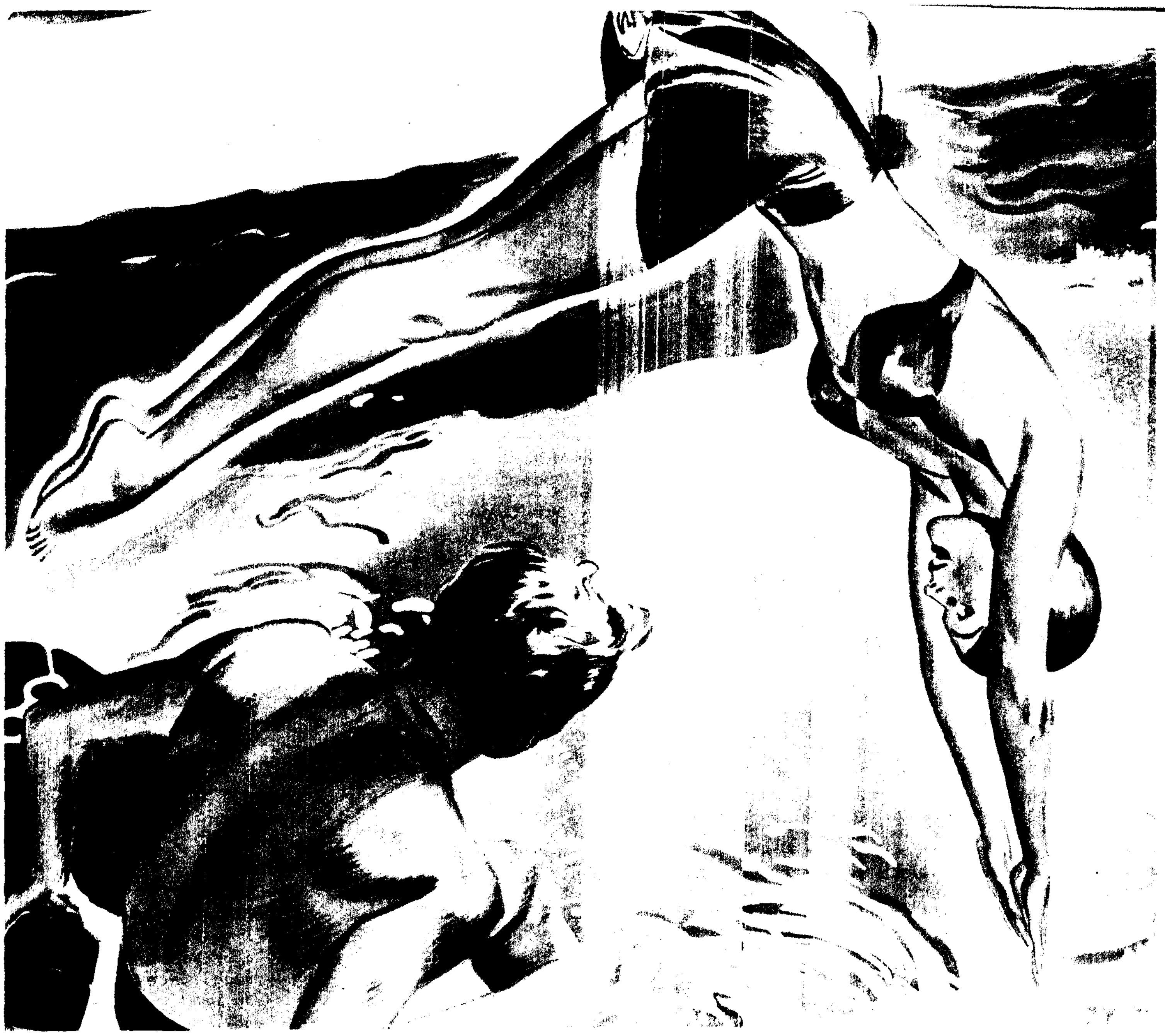
FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.



Nelda and Tony were deep in conversation at the far end of the pool when Nelda turned suddenly and plunged in

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The Story Thus Far:

LINDA WHEATON lives with her mother and her father in the little New England town of Benfield. She is engaged to Rix Anderson, the son of a local banker. She adores Rix; and Rix apparently adores her.

But Linda does not marry Rix Anderson. One week before she is to become his wife, he elopes with Peg Reynolds, an orphan living in Benfield, whom Linda had befriended; he marries Peg in New York City! A lovely, sensitive girl, Linda is terribly hurt, desperately unhappy. Finally, feeling that the best way to forget what has happened is to get away from Benfield, find a job and plunge into hard work, she goes to New York.

There, in the great, roaring metropolis, she takes a room in a "girls' club"—a boardinghouse managed by Cynthia Warren, sister of Sally Warren, with whom she had gone to college. And there, a young lawyer, Tony Dennison—the son of one of her father's classmates at college—enables her to secure a job with the firm by which he is employed.

Linda makes good. Within a short time, she becomes secretary to Andrew Powell, one of the important members of the firm. Tony, too, forges ahead; he becomes a junior partner, with a large increase in salary.

Tony, Linda soon learns, is in love with Nelda Heron, the daughter of a wealthy man whose legal affairs (thanks to Tony) are handled by Tony's firm. From time to time, Linda picks up items about Rix: He has gone to work for some sort of brokerage outfit; his father, disgusted by the elopement, has dropped him; and so on. . . .

The Herons have an elaborate country estate in Connecticut. They invite Tony, Linda and Tom Yorke—who, like Tony, is a junior member of the firm, and who is becoming interested in Linda—to spend a week end with them. Linda and Tony drive down together. Yorke—seemingly happy-go-lucky, irresponsible, but a brilliant thoroughly dependable lawyer—goes down later.

The house is crowded with guests. Tom Yorke (who is not on the water wagon and has no intention of going on it) leads Linda to the game room. There he asks her again and again why she has never given him "a tumble." At last he exclaims, "Just my luck to have you assigned to Powell! I'd spend more time in my office, if they'd left you there."

III

WHEN Linda and Yorke went upstairs again they found the radio going full blast, two bridge tables occupied, and Nelda and Tony absent from the scene. Someone remarked that they had walked down to the pool and Yorke said unhappily, "Why didn't I think of that first?"

On Sunday morning Linda woke late. She felt sleepy and relaxed, and admired without much thought the sunlight on draperies and turquoise walls. When she had pulled herself together sufficiently she rose, performed sundry sketchy ablutions and then crawled back to bed, to ring for her breakfast as Nelda had bidden her do.

"The women never get up," Nelda had said. "Too devastating. Besides, it gives the men a chance to talk about us . . . They can really let down their hair over coffee and ham and eggs or what have you."

Breakfast arrived, according to the order she had put in on the night before, coffee, fruit, toast. She ate it in a leisurely fashion, smoked a cigarette, turned on the bedside radio and listened to the nine-o'clock news, which was disheartening, a black shadow creeping over the bright sunlight of Sunday morning. Much later she put on her slacks and, as the day was warm, a round-collared linen shirt in which she looked no older than fourteen, and went downstairs.

No one was in the living room or dining room but she found the Prestons and Tom Yorke on the terrace. Nelda and Tony, they reported, had gone riding. Nelda had left word that if Linda cared to ride there was a horse in the stables for her. "Masterpiece of understatement," said Yorke, "as there are thousands of horses, all champing at the bit and yearning for a chance to give you the brush-off."

Linda said she didn't ride and Peter Preston suggested a tour of the grounds—or part of them, he amended, as they comprised some three hundred acres. "We'll stick to the trails of civilization," he promised.

Beautiful gardens, clipped hedges, and the pool behind its windbreak, with dressing rooms in a low white house, flagstones edging the very blue water. It was a big pool, cement, painted aquamarine, and jets of water rose and fell from the mouths of unlikely lions and dolphins. It was spring fed, Preston explained, and went on to talk of an intricate heating apparatus, underwater lights for night bathing, continuous flow of water for cleanliness, a scum gutter which really worked and so on. He ended thoughtfully that it probably cost the Herons a dollar a drop to maintain it.

Beyond were the utility units, garages, stables, barns, superintendent's cottage, servants' quarters. "Peace or war," said Preston, "Mr. Heron can maintain himself right here, provided he can get the requisite number of men to work for him. A thousand chickens, a herd of Jerseys, and plenty of space. They grow their own feed and vegetables. It's quite a setup. It costs plenty," he told Linda as they walked together. "It's Heron's baby. It could be run on a self-supporting basis, but isn't, of course."

Beyond she could see fields, stone walls and wood lots, the trees showing the first tender, heartbreaking green. Flowering bushes were in bloom and the snowy rose, clear and delicate, of the fruit trees.

PRESENTLY Tony and Nelda came back from their ride and everyone went swimming. It had turned very warm toward noon, and the pool was a little warmer than the air. Linda protested that she had brought no suit, but there was a stock of suits in the cabaña, of all sizes, and a maid produced one which had not been worn.

Tom Yorke got himself into trunks, "Because," he said proudly, "I have a very fine physique"—which was perfectly true—but refused to do more than dive once, swim to the end of the pool and climb out, wrapping himself in a sheet-sized towel and calling loudly for a drink. The sun shone on his sleek red head.

On the ledge at the far end of the pool Nelda and Tony were deep in conversation. Tony seemed to be protesting, perhaps too much, thought Linda, amused, as Nelda turned from him and in the middle of his sentence, plunged into the pool and swam away.

The course of true love, Linda thought.

Luncheon was served on the terrace, and afterward as Tony and Nelda had disappeared and Yorke seemed a little insistent, Linda excused herself and went to her room. She said, as Yorke chided her, "At my advanced age a twenty-minute nap is always indicated," and, followed by his reproaches, went upstairs. She took off the slacks in which she had lunched and lay down on the bed and presently fell asleep.

When Linda woke she knew by the altered light in the room that she had slept for some time. It must be nearly five. Well, no one had wakened her, so she had not been missed, she thought. Remembering that Nelda had said something about people dropping in for cocktails, she put on her suit and the thin sweater and looked at herself in the glass.

She was thinner, she thought, than when she had left Benfield. She liked the suit, muted pastel plaids, in a fine soft tweed, she liked her new haircut. . . . She thought: But you could be one of a thousand girls, Linda. Not like Nelda, for instance, there couldn't be any more like Nelda. I wonder, she asked herself, frowning at her reflection, why I don't like her. Not that I dislike her. It's as if there were nothing to

(Continued on page 75)

Each day from factory, field and office there comes a tired army that needs to step aside from the tumult of the times. This home-front army finds relief from tension in the neighborly talk and simple pastimes that have helped to make our country great. These hours of relaxation become happier, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ ...brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Like a Melody
No bitterness

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
SCHLITZ

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Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is *in tune with American taste.* Once you drink America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

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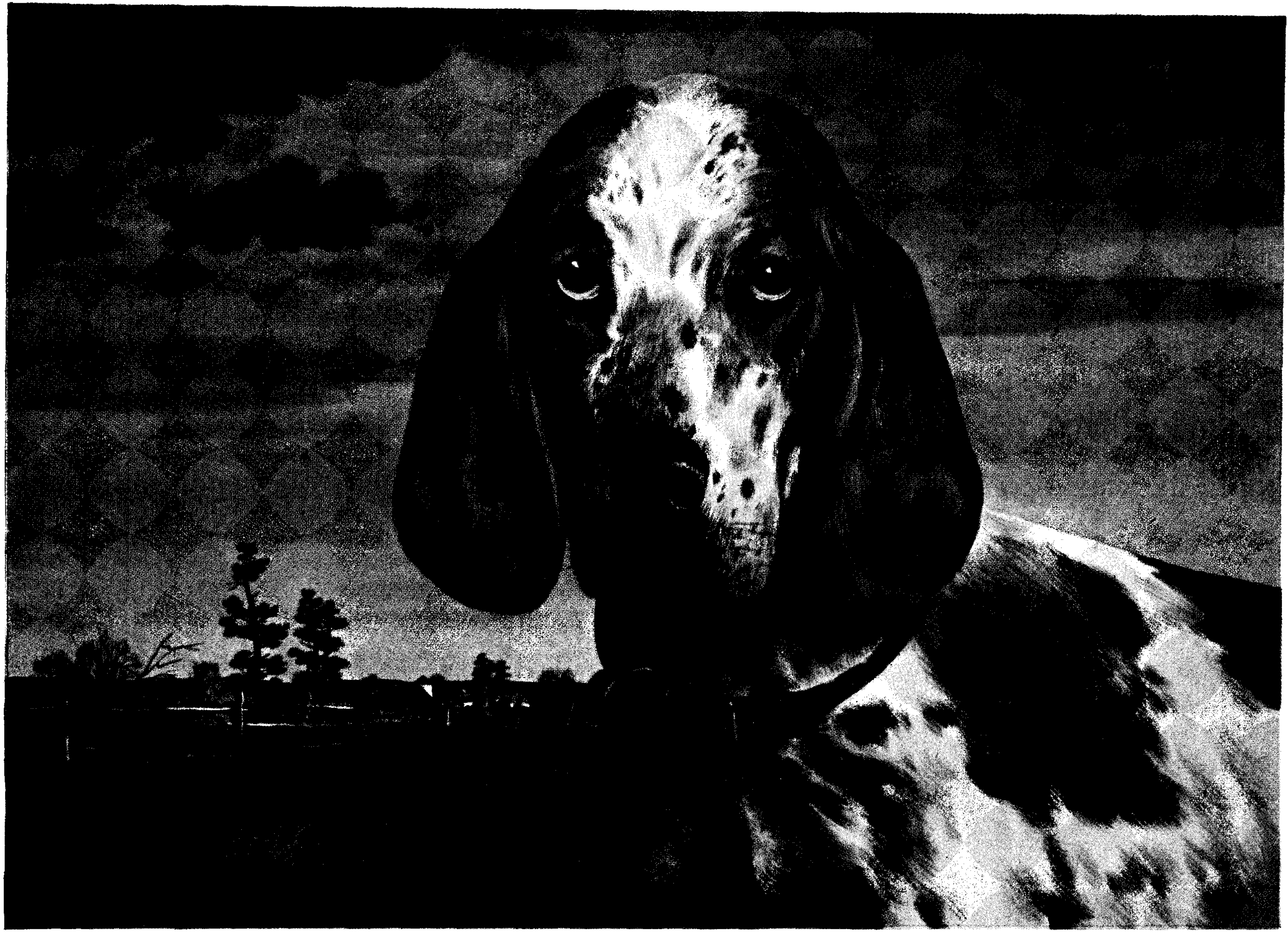
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



I'm keeping a nose on things

I'm just a hound dog called Butch to about everybody but The Boss. To him I'm *The Nose.*

Why, he'd no more think of going hunting with any other nose than he'd think of going without his gun. For . . . if I do say so . . . this nose of mine can find any critter that's even *thought* of visiting over our way.

But now The Boss has gone to war.

I'll bet he misses those winter mornings we used to spend together, when the air itself smelled good. There'd be a light, tracking snow. And when I sang out on a hot trail . . . boy! . . . it's a wonder they haven't signed me up for opera!

I miss those days, too. But I know that The Boss is in there fighting for the right to enjoy more of those days of freedom to have fun.

"Keep a nose on things, Butch," The Boss said when he left. And am I doing it! Just wait till I show him that new place I've found on the east ridge!

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—*during 1942, Remington produced enough small arms ammunition to fire more than 300 times at every Axis soldier.*

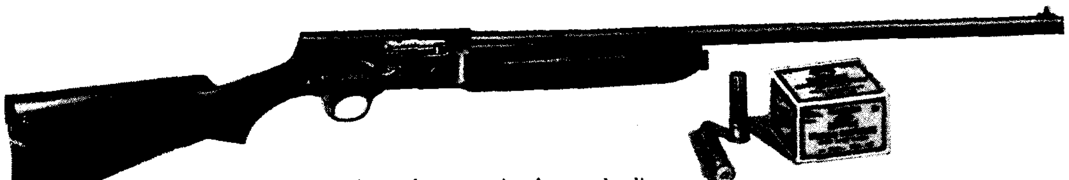
—*during the last 7¼ months of that year alone, Remington produced more small arms ammunition than the entire country produced during all four years of World War I.*

—*thousands upon thousands of military rifles were speeded to our armed forces all over the world.*

—*and Remington has received four Army-Navy "E's."*

The many thousands of us who are Remington are grateful that we are able to serve our country. And after the war is won, we will be glad to serve our sportsmen friends again with the famous Remington line of sporting arms and ammunition.

Meanwhile . . . as a reminder of happy hunting experiences in days past, and those yet to come . . . you might like a free, full-color enlargement of the picture above. If so, write *Dept. 34, Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*



Remington Sportsman* 3-shot autoloading shotgun and Nitro Express* shot shells

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Remington

DUPONT

Sound of Revelry

Continued from page 26

"I wanted to find Ollie."

"Why?"

"Because he was a friend of mine."

"How good a friend?"

"Not very. I had only known him a hort time."

"Do you know what he wanted?"

"Yes. Information."

"What kind of information?"

"About his wife. Her name was Mabel." The sound of my own voice amazed me. I didn't sound frightened, which ust goes to prove something. I even managed a smile, like heroes do in movies. Only I didn't feel like a hero. I felt lousy. said, "Professor Grisson is mad at you or taking his illusion box."

That stopped him. He asked, "Who?"

"Professor Grisson, the magic man n the show at the Torrid Zone. You busted up his pet trick when you carted Mabel's body off in his box."

He didn't like the way I was carrying on. Neither did I. But it was using up ime, and that seemed important.

He said, "I don't know what you're alking about."

"That makes us even, Mr. Martin. I'm not sure I do, either. But I figure that you ither killed Ollie's wife or else had it one. When Ollie showed up and started sking questions, you got annoyed. So ou killed him."

He asked, "Does that mean anything to ou?"

"That I'm in a jam. I'm not so dumb I wouldn't know that. But I'd still like to now why."

"Telling you wouldn't do any good. You wouldn't remember."

I HEARD myself saying words that I didn't mean a thing. But my brain was working. There was an awful lot I didn't nderstand and probably never would, ut certain pieces were beginning to fit n. And the thing that kept me going was udy Morgan.

Wherever I turned, however I thought, udy was right in the middle of this. Gregg Martin had been making a play for her. This man—Gregg's father—had been anging around. That setup had always een screwy. It was all tied up in some antastic way with Jonathan Tate and the Torrid Zone and with a lot of other things hat made no sense to me.

Martin said, "Ollie Grant was no parcular friend of yours. You had some ther reason for coming up here."

"No," I answered, "I didn't. I liked the man. I was sorry for him. He was in love with his wife and he didn't know she was ead. He knew you knew Jonathan Tate. He knew that Mabel had come to see you he day before she was murdered. He figred maybe you could give him some information. He must have stumbled on something or you wouldn't have done his."

Martin looked straight at me. "That's e best you'll do?"

"I could make things up," I said, "but ou'd know I was doing it. You'd get mad."

"I probably would. But it wouldn't make any real difference."

"Which is your way of telling me that my number is up."

"Approximately."

I thought about Judy. I figured I had eached the end of the trail, and that she would be next.

I thought about all the things—the hings other than murder—which had een happening. Then I said quietly, "Before you pull the trigger, Mr. Martin, I want to ask you something. Would the um of six hundred and fifty-three thouand dollars mean anything to you?"

His eyes changed color. He said, "How much?"

"Six hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars." I said it the slow way, making it sound impressive. "That's the exact amount, and it's all in twenties, fifties and hundreds."

He said, "You've got that much money?"

"Precisely that amount. Not a nickel more or a nickel less."

"Where?"

I shook my head. "I wouldn't be right bright if I told, would I?"

"How long have you had it?"

"I'm not telling that, either."

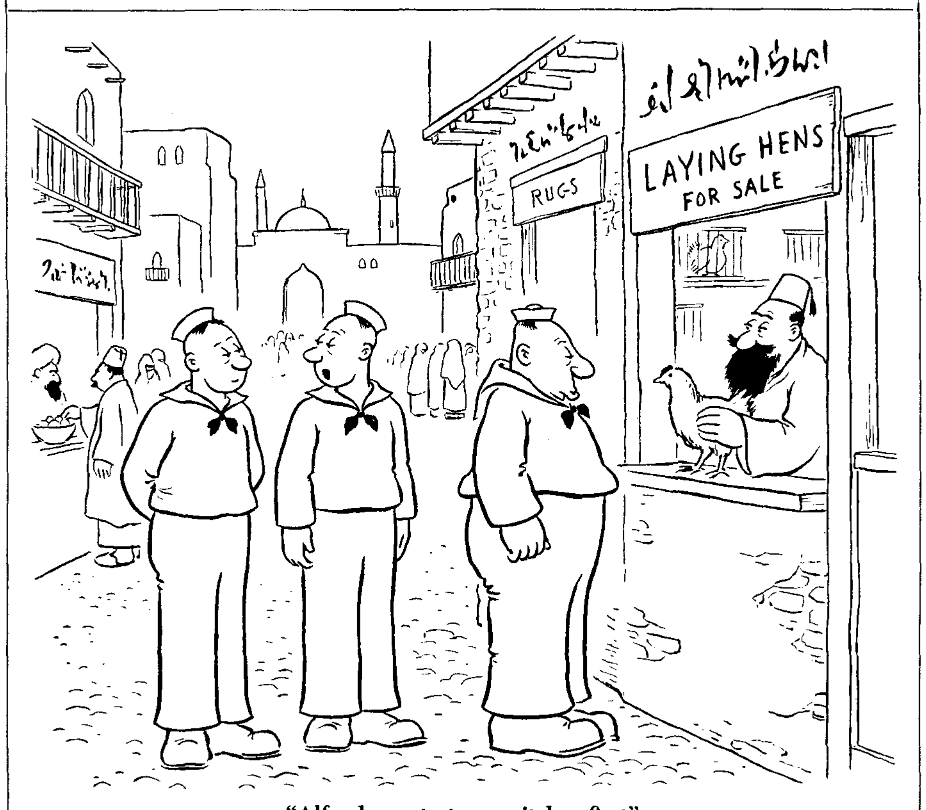
"Does anybody else know you've got it?"

"Yes." I looked him straight in the eye and tried to make my voice sound convincing: "Not Judy, though. I didn't tell her."

"Why not?"

"Because she wasn't telling me things. So I held out on her. And I'm glad I did."

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



COLLIER'S

"Alfred wants to see it lay first"

I was like a man in a strange room at midnight with the lights out. I was getting places, but I didn't know where.

Obviously, what I had said meant more to Arthur Gordon Martin than just so much money. He knew all about that particular money. He was willing to talk. Maybe he'd get tired of talking in a little while, but at the moment I was on top.

I said, "That's a heap of money, Mr. Martin—but it doesn't mean anything to a dead man."

"Meaning who?"

"Me. If you shoot me, you won't know where it is—and I won't care. We both lose."

HE SAID carefully, "If I let you go, would you turn the money over to me and keep your mouth shut about this?"

"Yes."

"Even about Ollie?"

"Ollie's dead. There's nothing I could do for him."

He thought it over. "I might make a deal with you. You look sensible. . . ."

He didn't fool me for a minute. This man had personally murdered Ollie Grant. He was unquestionably involved in the killing of Mabel. He fitted—in some vague way—into the murder of Jonathan Tate and Babs Willard. He certainly wasn't going to let me get away with anything, but it began to look as though he'd be willing to string along for a while if I could make him believe that he might get the money.

I said, "I know you're tough. I'm willing to talk . . . on the basis that I haven't got anything to lose."

"All right," he said. "Talk."

I said, "Mind if I smoke?"

"Go ahead."

His keen eyes watched every gesture as I reached into one pocket for a cigarette and another pocket for a match. I took a deep drag. It tasted good. I said, "I'm scared to death."

"You have every right to be."

I kept on talking as I moved toward the dresser near where he was standing. There was an ash tray on the dresser and I held the dead match out in front of me. It was a natural, easy gesture. I was thinking so fast that I didn't know what I was saying, but I suppose it sounded good, because he let me get away with it.

I dropped the match into the ash tray. I kept my voice going. I was very close to him now. Close enough.

I played football in high school. I used to drop kick. But I had never put so much into my right foot as I did then.

I kicked him in the shin.

A kick in the shin hurts. It hurts bad. You get a kick like that, and no matter what else you've got on your mind, you forget it for a couple of seconds.

That was all the time I needed. The gun wavered and I grabbed it. I smashed my fist into his face. I gave him the knee where it would do the most good.

I was twenty-six years of age and in good shape. He was fifty. I wrenched the gun away from him, reversed it, and hit him on the head.

I gave it all I had. He didn't cry out or groan. He sprawled out on the rug. I didn't know whether I'd killed him and I didn't care. He was out like a light, and I had the gun.

I pulled myself together. I was still holding the gun. I was ready to travel.

And then I heard a noise. The front door opened. People came in. I closed the bedroom door nine tenths of the way. I glued my ear against the door, and listened.

I heard something. I heard a man's voice, calling. He said, *"Hier sind wir, Herr Oberst. Wo sind Sie?"*

And then instantly, another voice, loud and angry: "Speak English, you fool! Speak English!"

SOME time during the era when I had been exposed to education I had studied German. I did it because of the language requirements and not because I wanted German. It seemed easier to me —and more sensible—than Latin. That was all.

It was surprising that I remembered enough to get a hint of what had been said in the next room. Of course, the tone helped, and recognition of a word here and there didn't do any harm. But the important thing, the pay-off, I could thank the newspapers and magazines for. It was that "Herr Oberst." That meant "colonel," and a colonel is a big shot in any language, but especially in German.

Ideas were crowding in on me. They were coming fast and from all directions. Far off on the mental horizon I saw a glimmer of light, a faint spark of reason. Four men had walked into the apartment, most likely in answer to a telephone summons. One of them had said something in German. He said it with the ease and naturalness with which one uses his native language. I couldn't get it word for word, but I knew it added up to something like this:

"We are here, Colonel. Where are you?"

I looked down at the unconscious figure of the eminently respectable Mr. Arthur Gordon Martin, and I held out my hand and said, "Heil, Kid!"

At the moment it didn't seem to be a bad gag, and I promised myself to remember it for posterity, provided I survived long enough to take a hand in promoting the posterity business.

The truth is that I was scared green, and was trying to convince myself that I wasn't. These were Nazis, and we were at war with them. The kind of guys they pin Congressional medals on—they would have been elated at the chance I had. But I wasn't elated. I wanted to get out of there. I wanted reinforcements—plenty of reinforcements. I was a one-man lost battalion.

I was doing a lot of thinking. It didn't take up much time. I was certain of one thing: When they found me, I'd be a dead duck. As dead as Ollie. As dead as Mabel and Jonathan Tate and Babs Willard. What came over me wasn't courage. It was sheer desperation.

I GLUED my eyes to the crack in the door and sized up the enemy forces. They were four. One was Gregg Martin. That didn't surprise me. The second was Bob Norden, and that didn't surprise me, either.

The third man was Emil, headwaiter at the Torrid Zone. He looked twice as big as I remembered him.

The fourth was Louie, the bus boy, the lad I'd caught snooping around Judy's third-floor apartment at the club. They all seemed restless. I knew that whatever was going to happen would happen soon. To me.

All this was a matter of seconds. Someone had called to his colonel in German. Someone else had ordered him to speak

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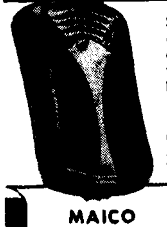

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English. The first man said, "I'm sorry. I thought—"

"You're not supposed to think. In this country we speak only English—even among ourselves."

That was that. They spoke only English. But they still saluted the swastika.

I concentrated on my immediate problem. It was as simple as something in differential calculus. I was here. So were they. I had slugged their top man. There wasn't going to be any armistice. I looked down at my hand and saw the snub-nosed little automatic. I took a fresh grip on myself and remembered some ROTC stuff:

"They're four against one," I told myself. "But you know where they are and what they're doing. They don't know anything about you. You've got a chance to win because the elements of initiative and surprise are on your side."

THE four men were getting restless. One of them called, "Mr. Martin? . . ." It was Gregg. I wondered why a son would call his father mister. Even in Germany. Then Emil, who seemed to wield considerable influence, said, "Could he have gone out?" and someone else said, "I'm sure he didn't. . . ."

"About thirty seconds, Harrison." That was me talking to me. "Make up your mind."

If there'd been any other way out, I wouldn't have done it. But a man—even a man as scared as I was—will do what he's got to do.

One thing I knew, and one thing only. This wasn't any time for picturesque drama. No "Hands up, gentlemen: I've got you covered." Not with these babies.

I made sure that the safety catch of the automatic was off. I waited just long enough for my heart to sound a shade quieter than a trip hammer. Then I flung open the living-room door and went in shooting.

Bob Norden was the closest and I let him have it. The gun made an awful racket, but Norden didn't utter a sound. The other three stood rigid for an instant. I fired again: this time at Emil. That was because he was nearest to me.

I didn't have time to be afraid now. The chips were down, and no matter how bad this was, it was better than thinking.

I made a dash for the front door. I ripped it open and dashed into the hall. Somebody ran after me, and I heard a sound about twice as loud as a French 75. An apartment door opened and a woman stuck her head out, just as the gun sounded. She let out a horrible scream and slammed her door. I didn't blame her.

No time to play around with elevators. I tore open the fire door. It had the word Exit written on it, and that seemed like an excellent suggestion. I ran down a short flight of concrete stairs and turned just in time to see the door at the top open again. Louie came through, followed by Gregg Martin. They both had guns and they both fired at me.

THERE were two flights of stairs between each pair of floors: about a dozen steps down, a landing, and then another dozen steps. I remembered reading once that shooting an automatic was the same as pointing your finger. So I pointed my finger. Louie said something in German. It sounded painful and profane. I didn't stop to see whether I'd hit him. I kept on going. Fast. And Gregg Martin followed me down.

It was a long way to the ground floor. Martin was descending fast. I knew because I was breaking world's speed records, and he wasn't gaining on me. Every so often I caught a glimpse of his face. It was still handsome, but it was dangerous.

Every once in a while he popped at me, and I let fly at him. Round and round we went, like two insects sliding down a corkscrew. From beyond the various fire doors we passed, I could hear screams. The tenants had been aroused and that was plenty okay with me. I hoped somebody had telephoned the police. That's what I wanted most. Lots of coppers. Nice, big, brave cops. And I wanted them especially badly right then because my gun wouldn't fire any more. Bullets gone. Clip empty.

Another shot from Gregg's gun. Louie had dropped out of the scene. I had been moving at maximum speed up to that moment, but now I really put on the pressure.

One floor from the bottom, I saw something. I didn't like what I saw. It was the last stairway, but the door wasn't there. It was a long way off. Miles away. Maybe thirty feet.

Not so good. Gregg Martin was so close that he couldn't miss me if I attempted to sprint that thirty feet. He'd have more than enough time to stand steady and plug me. All that running for nothing. I did the only thing possible. I crouched against the wall and prayed that Gregg would keep right on coming.

He did. I bent at the waist and hit him hard. A neat football tackle. His gun clattered out of his hand as we hit the top of that last stairway together.

We rolled down. Concrete is hard. It hurts. But you don't notice it when you're afraid of getting killed. We were still tangled up in each other when we hit the street level.

It was more of a wrestling match than a fight. And not a pretty wrestling match, either. None of this razzle-dazzle stuff. It was grim and dirty. We gouged and kneed and kicked and butted. I had one idea and one idea only: to keep close to the guy, to keep my arms around him. That was my only chance.

There was a steel door at the end of that thirty-foot stretch of corridor. And all of a sudden it burst open. Three men came running in. They were carrying guns. They wore beautiful blue uniforms with brass buttons.

I thought: Cops!

Then I passed out.

I WAS lying on a bed, not enjoying the odor of antiseptics. I didn't have to open my eyes to know where I was. I thought: No matter who gets killed, *I* wind up in a hospital.

I moved my arms experimentally, and then my legs. All present or accounted for. I wasn't sure about my head. Where that should have been was one huge exquisite pain: not a headache pain—the pain of bruises. I hoped there wasn't a mirror handy. I knew I wouldn't be a pretty sight.

A voice sounded from close to the bed. It was a lovely voice. It sounded sweeter than any other voice in the world. It belonged to Max Gold. The voice said, "Our one-man blitz is waking up."

That seemed to be a suggestion, so I took it. I opened one eye. I was willing to open the other, but the eye refused. I figured that Gregg Martin's fist was probably caught in it.

The first person I saw was Judy. Her eyes were the soft gray of a summer sea at dawn. That's what I said to myself as I looked at them, and I wondered whether it would always take a punch in the nose to bring out the poet in me.

I winked at her with my good eye, which had the effect of blacking out the room, since the other one was tightly and painfully closed. When I looked at her again, she was smiling. I thought: A warm smile like a summer sea . . . And then I thought: Oh, nerts! Is that the only cute thing you can think of?

I was in that kind of a humor. Trivial things like pains and aches seemed of absolutely no importance. Just being alive was a grand feeling. My body was bruised, but my brain was clear. Nice rhythm to that line. I decided to keep it in the act.

George Ballard was sitting at the foot of the bed, close to Judy. Max Gold was hovering over me like a mother chick with one hen. Mother chick . . . no, I had that

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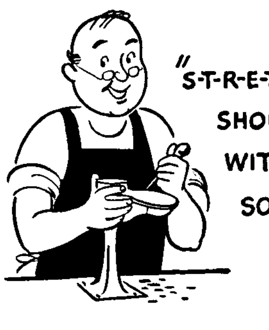

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ackward, but I didn't care. I didn't care bout anything just then except life, lib-ty and the pursuit of Judy.

Something was missing. I said, "How me Andy Sullivan isn't here?"

Max Gold smiled. It was a miracle. I ared. I said, "It's a real smile. Warm d generous. It makes you look like a uman being."

Max said, "How you feeling?"

"Fine. Perfect. But I ache like crazy."

"That ain't unnatural. You got pushed ound."

I made a gesture, and Judy understood. e slipped a cigarette between my lips. e held the match for me, and then bent ver and kissed me. I said, "Haven't you y shame?" and she said, "Of course ot."

I grinned. It probably wasn't a personlity grin because my lips were puffed, but ey could see that my intentions were ood. I said, "I'm the belle of the ball. ince when have I rated all this attenon?"

"Since a couple of hours ago," said Max old. "I got to hand it to you, sonny."

HEY were all smiling at me. Approvingly. I loved it. I loved not being e joker in the deck. I thought back over hat had happened. An idea hit me. It it hard. I said, "That outfit—they're azis."

It was George Ballard who answered. is quiet, even voice said, "Yes; we now."

Max was nodding, too, but he was still cop. He said, "How did you find out?"

I said, "They talked German. The old an, Gregg Martin's father . . . he was e head cat."

"What makes you say that?"

"They called him 'Herr Oberst.' That akes him a colonel in the Fatherland. shot."

Ballard said, "Do you feel fit to tell us e story, Harrison? From the beging?"

"I could," I said, "if Judy would sit lose and feel my pulse."

Max Gold laughed and got up to change eats with Judy. She was a good pulse eeler. I didn't care how long it took to ll my story.

I had to go back quite a way. I made as short as possible, but there was still ts to tell.

When I got to the part about Mabel, ax Gold chipped in. He said, "I hadn't egged it that way, Steve." Steve, he as calling me now. "I knew you knew he body was there, and that you had lanned to take it away. But I wasn't sure ou hadn't killed her."

"I'm not the type," I said. "I was woried about this little lady—the one who's olding my hand."

I went on with the story. When I eached the apartment of Arthur Gordon artin, Ballard slowed me down. He tarted asking questions, checking on deails. I looked at him and then at Max old.

Max grinned and said, "That's okay, teve. Ballard is from the Federal Bureau Investigation."

I gave Ballard a double take. F.B.I., uh? That explained a lot of things. It xplained why he was a cop, but didn't act ike a cop. It explained . . .

"Aw, heck," I said, "then you knew all he time the Nazis were mixed up in this?"

"Yes." That was Ballard. "But we ouldn't find what we wanted. I couldn't. The whole bureau couldn't. You did it for us."

"I did what?"

"You spotted the one man we'd never been able to identify. You discovered that Arthur Gordon Martin was head of the outfit."

"You mean I've done something worth while?"

"Yes." Ballard looked straight at me. "You've done something rather magnificent."

I was embarrassed. I felt a sense of humility and of gratitude. "Thanks," I said. "That removes a little of the curse from being 4-F."

Ballard said, "You've put the finishing touches on the most dangerous subversive group in the United States. You've uncovered the leader and placed him in our lap. You found their bank roll and handed it to us. If I start dwelling on the importance of what you've accomplished, I'll slop over."

I felt silly. I felt happy. I knew that I was blushing with what was left of my face. I still didn't understand it, but the important thing was that I was aces with Judy and aces with myself. It was a nice feeling, after what I'd been going through.

I said, "What happened to the others?"

"Ollie, as you know, is dead. Martin killed him. Martin is in the hospital under heavy guard, getting over a concussion. He'll probably be executed as a spy. Norden is dead. . . ." I felt funny when he said that, but he reassured me: "You mustn't feel badly. Suppose you'd been in North Africa when this happened. Would you feel badly about having killed a man?"

"I suppose not. . . ."

"Emil is seriously wounded. He probably won't live. Louie is badly hurt, but they say he'll get over it—for a while. Gregg Martin is bunged up worse than you are, and we've got him."

"And the blonde, Claire Livingston? Was she in on this?"

"Yes. We picked her up promptly. We also got William, the assistant bartender at the Torrid Zone, and a chap named John Stacey, not to mention a half dozen others whom you've never met."

"You work fast," I said. Then I had another thought, "What about that waiter, Paul? He always seemed to be around."

Ballard chuckled. "Paul is an F.B.I. agent."

"Well, I'll be darned! The club shapes up like espionage headquarters."

"It was," stated Ballard. "Just exactly that."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"We make it a rule not to tell things. Not a word more than we have to. As a matter of fact, I'm glad now that we didn't."

"Why?"

"Because if you'd understood what was going on, you wouldn't have played your own game . . . and if you hadn't done that, we would still have been trying to find the head man."

I SAID, "I've done a lot of talking. Suppose you start telling me things."

"I will." Judy fired up another cigarette for me. Ballard's voice was soothing:

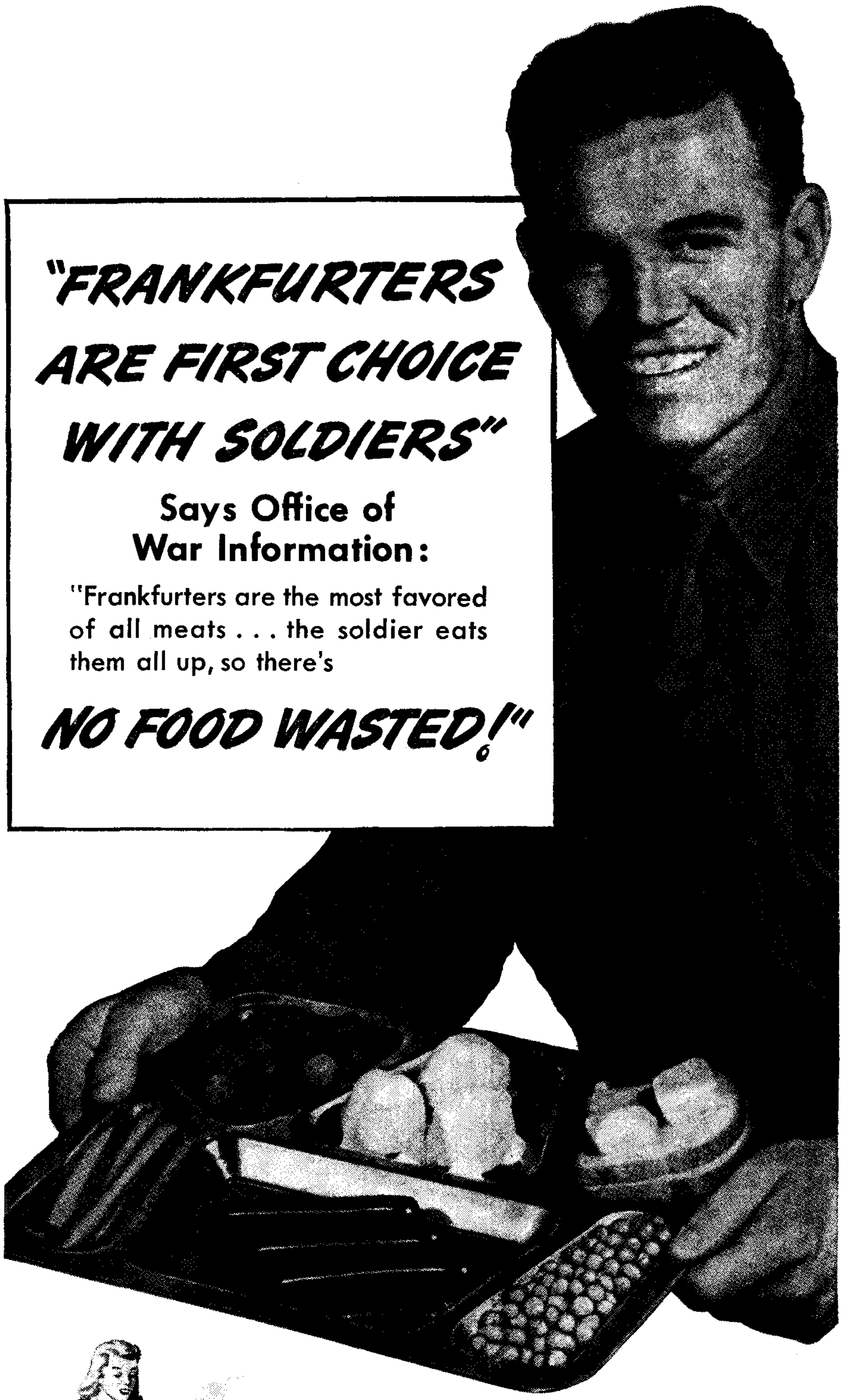
"When Max Gold talked to you after the killing of Babs Willard, you mentioned the name of Jonathan Tate. You told about a certain episode which had happened that night in Tate's penthouse. That registered with Max."

"Why?"

"Because he—as well as the entire New York City police department—has been co-operating with us on a lot of things. Max knew that we were interested in Tate. We knew that Tate was an American Quisling, and that he was probably treasurer of this subversive group. But we also knew that Tate had a streak of decency in him somewhere, and he'd been having attacks of conscience since the United States got into the war. When he was killed, we knew why. We went to his apartment, found his body, checked it against your story—and examined his apartment. That was the first place we slipped."

"Where?"

"He had a safe built into the wall of his apartment. We figured there might have been a lot of money in there, because for the sort of work that outfit has been doing,



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they need cash. We didn't find any money, which seemed to indicate that the murderers had not only killed him to shut his mouth, but they had also taken with them whatever money might have been on hand. Your discovery of the six hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars told us a lot of things."

"As for instance?"

"It explained why this young lady . . ." he smiled at Judy, "had not been killed."

I sat up in bed. "You mean she was in danger?"

"Yes. But we didn't know it until a couple of hours ago. The F.B.I. will accept help from loyal Americans, but we will never knowingly let a private citizen stick his chin out. If there are any risks to be run, we prefer to run them ourselves. We know now that Miss Morgan was seen when she left you on the terrace that night. We know that Claire Livingston went to the Torrid Zone, dressed exactly as she was the night Tate was killed, with the object of discovering whether Miss Morgan would recognize her."

"Which she promptly did."

"Yes. But she had promised us to keep quiet about it. She had given us her word not even to tell you."

I looked at Judy. "You sure can keep a secret, honey."

"I didn't like it," she said, pushing me down on the pillow. "But Mr. Ballard had impressed on me that this was wartime, and that if I was willing to work with them at all, I shouldn't let my personal feelings interfere."

"I'm afraid of a woman with that much self-control," I said. "But go ahead."

"I WANT you to understand clearly," said Ballard, "that if we had known then what we know now, we would never have used Miss Morgan as we did. We did not believe that she had been recognized or could be in danger. In fact, our theory was just the reverse of that."

"Why?"

"Because the Torrid Zone was a clearinghouse for the entire espionage and sabotage group. We knew every person of importance connected with the organization—except one. We didn't know the head man, and until we identified him—the arrest of the others would merely have crippled their activities for a little while.

"We had Emil and Louie and William and the others spotted. We had Paul working under cover there. That was simple enough because most of the employees and almost all of the customers were good, average, loyal Americans. So we wanted the club to continue to operate. If it had gone out of business, we'd have been exchanging something we knew about for something we didn't know. We told Miss Morgan as much as we could tell, and she agreed to play ball with us."

"I wanted to be on the team, too, but she wouldn't let me."

Ballard made a gesture of apology. "You can blame us for whatever she did, or didn't do."

"Like not firing Emil when he started shoving me around?"

Judy said, "I felt badly about that, Steve. But they had asked me not to discharge certain employees—the Nazi ones—no matter what happened."

"She handled things our way right from the beginning," said Ballard. "We told her as much of the truth as seemed necessary. No more. It was on our suggestion that she accepted the legacy."

I asked, "Why did Tate leave it to her in the first place?"

"We'll never know his exact reasons. But it was probably a gesture of revenge. He suspected that he was in danger. If his fears were well-founded, he'd have the perverse satisfaction of knowing that he had gummed up their machinery. But he misfigured about the money."

I said, "I don't get it."

"He had possession of their treasury—the money you found. They probably thought he had it in his apartment. Fearing that he was in danger, he may have figured that they'd try to get the money before killing him . . . and by hiding it, he'd have a talking point that might save his life. His selection of a hiding place was adroit. His manner of concealing the key was equally clever. . . ."

"And those lads I found snooping around the apartment; they were looking for the key?"

"No. That was the really clever part of what Jonathan Tate did. They were looking for something, but they didn't know what. They probably thought that the actual money was hidden in the club. For all they knew, Judy had gotten it from Tate. If that were so, they had to find out for sure. Without that money, they were relatively helpless. Getting fresh money in from Germany isn't as easy now as it used to be.

"I tell you it's *your* turn to wash the dishes!"

COLLIER'S P. BUSCH

"The way they figured it . . . which was the way we wanted them to believe . . . was that Judy was a nice, egotistical little dancer to whom the inheritance meant little more than a chance to shine professionally. When Claire Livingston showed herself at the club and nothing happened, they felt sure that even though they had seen Judy, she had not seen them. So they continued to meet at the Torrid Zone. A big, public, gay place like that was the safest rendezvous in the world. Am I going too fast?"

"I'm dizzy," I confessed. "But I've been that way so long it doesn't matter."

"WE KNEW," continued George Ballard, "from your description, who had killed Tate and why. But while picking them up would have been interesting, that wasn't what we were after. We could get Norden and this Livingston woman any time we wanted. We could get Stacey and Louie and William and Emil. But we figured that by having the club stay open, by letting them think they were safe—we would some way, somehow, identify the big man, the man we really wanted. And that was where you came in."

I said, "I love the glory of it, Ballard—but I could be wrong. Just because they called him Herr Oberst . . ." I sat up again. "How did you even know that? Before just now, I mean."

"When we found you, you were babbling. You kept saying, 'They're Germans . . . they're Germans. . . . They called the old man Herr Oberst. . . .' "

I LOOKED at Judy. "I'd better be careful. I talk in my sleep."

"We ransacked the apartment. We found what we think is a notebook in code. We found other things that seem to tie up Arthur Gordon Martin as the chief, aside from that Herr Oberst crack. We hope the little book we found has some new names for us. Our experts are working on it now."

I said, "I've got to ask a few questions. First, why didn't they kill Judy Morgan right away if they recognized her?"

"Because they didn't think she had recognized them—and that apparently left them safe. If they had killed her, there would have been a lot of legal trouble about the title, and the club might have had to close. And that would have bothered them, because at that time they thought the missing money was hidden somewhere in the building. Is that clear?"

"Yes. Now, another: Why did Claire Livingston make a play for me?"

"Because she knew you were practically engaged to Miss Morgan—"

"Not practically. Completely is the word."

"And there was more than a chance that you knew whatever she knew. In other words, if Miss Morgan had the answer to the missing money, they figured she might have told you. If you had known, and if you could have become sufficiently interested in our blond friend . . . you might have talked."

I said, "You're leaving me nothing. I thought it was my masculine appeal."

"Anything else you want to know?"

"Why did they kill Mabel Grant?"

"Because she had enough of a claim on the estate to cloud the title."

"That's not much of a reason for murdering a woman."

"In wartime, they don't call it murder."

"I see. . . . Did you ever find her body?"

"No. These people would be pretty efficient about a thing like that."

I shook my head. "I'm glad Ollie didn't know about it. He was really in love with her."

Max Gold stepped in. "How they killed Mabel was easy enough, in case you're interested, Steve. One of the Naz bunch waited on Mabel and Miss Morgan that night. They heard enough to know there was an appointment at the club for the next day. They probably had a couple guys planted there. Chances are they didn't plan to knock her off there, but to pick her up after she left. So Mabel arrives early. One of them lets her in and takes her upstairs—which seems okay routine to her. Then he kills her. They figure maybe they can get the body away before anybody knows about it.

"They probably contact Martin for instructions. These Germans don't do anything without orders. While they're talking to him—and they wouldn't trust a telephone—Miss Morgan comes in and sees the body. She telephones me, but I ain't there. She won't stay around with a dead dame, so she comes after me. You see her go, get a gander at Mabel, figure maybe Miss Morgan's in a mess, and cook up your rug trick.

"So while you go after your dopey friend in Brooklyn, the Nazis come back find the coast clear and take the body away. If anybody has seen it while they've been gone, they haven't lost anything. I it hasn't been seen, they're just that much to the good."

"Poor Professor Grisson," I said. "We owe him a new crate for his pet illusion."

BALLARD broke in: "There's anothe thing that might interest you, Harrison. Gregg Martin is not the son of Arthur Gordon Martin."

"No kidding?"

"No. Gregg told us himself. Maybe he thought it might help his case if he could prove that he wasn't related to the chief of the outfit. The young man wa full-blooded German. He had been educated in France, which checked in with the old man, who had lived in Paris mos of his life."

"And Claire?"

"German. We had her pegged from the beginning. But we didn't know anything about the Martins until you cam along."

I reached for a drink of water and fresh cigarette. "What gives now?" asked.

"Nothing. They'll let you go home a soon as you feel able. The only favo you can do for us is to keep your mouth shut until the trial. We'd rather bring ou your story that way."

The two men rose. Ballard shook hand with me and said something nice. Ma Gold gave me a hard grip and a nic smile.

"You're a good guy," he said. "I'm glad you know I ain't as dumb as yo must have thought I was."

I said, "You couldn't be."

He laughed out loud. He said, " you ever stumble over any more bodies sonny—come to me first. We'll play th next one together."

They waved and went out. I closed th one eye that wasn't closed already. I sti hurt all over, but that didn't bother me

I felt something on my face. It was strand of Judy's red hair. I opened th good eye and liked what I saw bendin over me. She said, "You know what I'm thinking, don't you, Steve?"

I said, "Yes. But that isn't important.

"What *is* important?" she asked.

"It's important for you to kiss me. Immediately and thoroughly and for keeps.

She did.

THE END

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Wigwam Blues

Continued from page 16

physical my legs jerked just like everybody else's."

Having watched the C.O. reach such a ruddy high in emotion, Ding-Dong was quite unprepared for his sudden blanch. For the first time in his long and distinguished career, the manual couldn't aid General Harding. He had lived by the book and now it had betrayed him. There was no regulation in it covering a commanding officer's dealing with a mental case. Trying to control his unbecoming tremor, he listened numbly to Private Williams' chorus in crape. Now that the Army had finally been broad-minded in his case, Ding-Dong didn't feel he was doing his share just playing clarinet.

"It's got no menace," he said.

To smarten up enough to get by the doctors, Ding-Dong had tried reading books without moving his lips much, and it was this he wished to discuss with the general. Having brushed up on Sitting Bull, Wild Bill Hickok and Daniel Boone, not to mention Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle, he wanted to become a scout. "I want to get action," he said.

Only then was General Harding convinced he was dealing with a problem child and not a potential ax murderer. "We'll see you get it!" he roared. "There's nineteen thousand men in this camp and they all eat potatoes!"

WHERE Ding-Dong had always been a musician who could take his potatoes or leave them alone, he soon learned the mess sergeant had other theories. When Sunday came he had long since lost all hopes of ever facing the enemy armed with anything more deadly than a paring knife. For the first two days he had tried to keep his spirits up by counting the spuds that passed through his hands, ones with sprouts counting double. Then, as he realized he was a permanent K. P. with no chance of ever being decorated with anything but gravy stains, all hope left him.

On that Sunday, hidden behind mountains of potatoes, Katie Harding found what was left of the King of Swing.

"Go 'way," he said, seeing her. "Girls aren't allowed in Army camps."

"This one is," Katie said confidently. "Old Baldy's my father."

Numbed by this sudden exposure, Ding-Dong dropped three potatoes. Katie was seventeen but despite her tender years she had all the determination of her formidable sire. Glowing, she surveyed Ding-Dong with all the worldly wisdom of a lady alligator. Blue eyes shining, wearing her handsome red hair in a mature upswept roll, she moved right in on him.

"What are you so shy about? Why, for ages I've gone out of my mind when you beat it out, Ding-Dong. My face fell right on the floor when I heard you were in our camp. You're solid, man."

"Not for the duration," he said darkly. "I'm off that jive."

"That's what you think," she said cheerfully. "You're to get your clarinet and report to my house at three o'clock, Private Williams."

There were among the younger set at Camp Navajo a respectable gathering of hepcats and, as Katie explained, she led this group of the faithful. With her father gone for the day she had no hesitation at requisitioning the one and only Ding-Dong Williams for a session that would set the cats howling.

"You needn't look so dopey," she finished. And then, with a rush of touching anxiety, "You haven't lost your lip, have you?"

"No, ma'am," Ding-Dong said slowly, almost wishing he had. "It's just that I got no future. All I'm gonna see of this war is the potatoes."

"Oh, relax," she grinned. "Baldy's always throwing the book at someone." When he didn't brighten, she skirted his flank. "You handle the licorice-stick department and I'll handle Pops, Ding-Dong. Between us, we'll really have these characters hanging on the ropes."

Gradually he emerged from his dismal soul state. "You mean that?" he asked, looking almost hopeful. "You think I can play my way outta here?"

She was positively touched. If she hadn't been practically engaged to two lieutenants and a cavalry captain, she would have taken Ding-Dong over, herself.

"Private Williams," she said, every ounce the commanding officer's daughter, "if you're as floy-floy in the flesh as when your knocking yourself out on a platter, I'll make Baldy give you a gun. See if I don't!"

With the desperation of one who had found some chance of escaping a fate worse than life in a symphony, Ding-Dong reported wired for sound. Katie's wiles had persuaded the mess sergeant she was really doing him a great favor in taking Ding-Dong off his hands.

GENERAL HARDING'S residence was never designed for the session that ensued. While the contractors had allowed for possible twisters, both from without and within, depending upon where the general chose to blow up, this sturdy home was still only made of cement and wood. Katie had rounded up all the young officers who were off duty, her own dazzling set of Army hepcats, a smattering of Waacs, and several young women from the Nurses Corps.

"But I thought I was just gonna make jam," he protested. "You didn't say nothing about my having to meet people."

Happily aware that her two lieutenants and the handsome cavalry captain were watching the way she clung to him, Katie gave Ding-Dong her most alluring smile. "Look over there! Once the living room's cleared, the joint's jumping."

For once in her life Katie Harding was guilty of understatement. Within ten minutes the house was not only jumping but coming apart at the beams. The reverberations of that famed clarinet brought the camp running faster than a chow call.

Blue Room was their getaway piece and never had Ding-Dong's public heard him throw it away like he did out there on the edge of the Painted Desert. With those KP blues all around him, he brought the boys into Avalon, knocking the rhythm against the melody until the whole house was shaking.

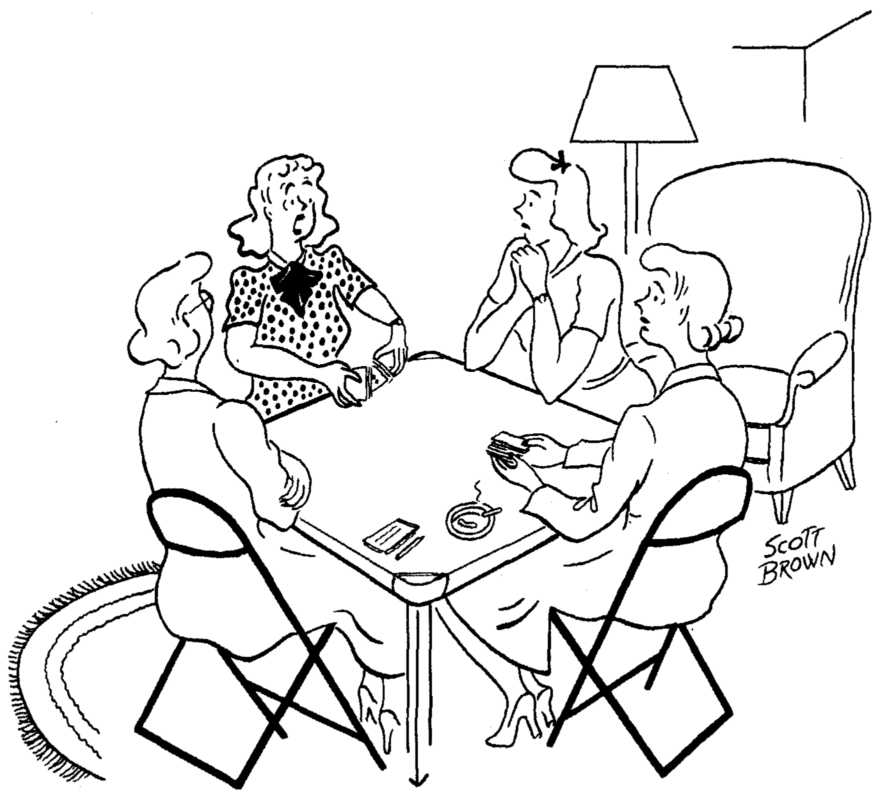
"He's gone," Katie cried rapturously. "Oh, beat it out, gate!"

Outside, the soldiers forgot the blazing sun. Some of the nursery trade so forgot the urgencies of their new calling that they burst into wild shags. Sweet Georgia Brown, the lady of a thousand riffs, was taking the beating of her life. Riding it away, crying out all his hopes of playing himself out of the kitchen, Ding-Dong ignored all those jazz lovers crowding in on him. Backed up by a big colored boy who played a lovely walking bass, Private Williams went right out of his mind. Thirteen choruses that gutty ensemble went, all of them trying to stay with his reed, showing Ding-Dong that if it wasn't for the war they could have been big leaguers, too.

No wonder Brig. General Baldy Harding couldn't be heard bellowing in the center of his own living room. With him, lean and gray, the Assistant Secretary of War whose plane he had just met was staring at this madhouse, still unnerved by the impromptu jitterbugging he had witnessed on the C.O.'s lawn. Having dispersed the soldiers with a wrath sizable to destroying whole panzer divisions, Baldy had gone storming into his house, unable to believe his outraged ears.

"Quiet!" he roared in a voice that woke three Indians on a neighboring mountain. "Quiet!" he stormed, sounding so much like a four-motor bomber about to crash in the living room that he actually achieved a ghastly silence.

Katie gave a terrified whimper at the color in his face.



"I suppose it's just a rumor, but I did hear that every one of these big bombs on Lend-Lease eventually goes to Germany or Japan"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"The whole deal's off, Ding-Dong," sh moaned. "How did I know he would com barging in with his brass hat?"

Shoving the cats aside, General Harding planted himself before the orchestra "For conduct unbecoming soldiers," h rasped. His voice collapsed with a strangled gasp as he unerringly picked the culprit responsible for his humiliation. "You Williams," he panted, ignoring the others "You—you—" Only the Assistant Secr tary's interested gaze prevented his tearing this enemy of all the better regulation limb from limb. While he was still struggling with this laudable impulse, his aid whispered in his ear. Slowly the purpl receded from his jowls.

"Williams," he barked, "you want to b a scout, don't you? Well, for the nex two days you're on detached duty to lear scouting. Just keep out of our way whil we're on maneuvers!"

WITH the haze shimmering over th golden reaches Private William happily pointed his jeep into the vast ope spaces. Overwhelmed at this chance t polish up his scouting he was en route t interview the Navajos. Having this grea opportunity come just when he had begu to fret that maybe the general didn't lik him had filled him with the highest resolve General Harding would be mighty prou of his judgment when Ding-Dong turne into another Kit Carson, maybe eve wearing a real buckskin jacket.

Lieutenant Bates had been very specific as he bundled Ding-Dong, clarine and all, into the handiest jeep. "Williams, he said, "just keep going until you hit th furthest Indian village. There's one somewhere around Echo Mountain." Din Dong's gratitude so embarrassed him gruffly thrust some cigarettes at him "Here, you better take these. You'll probably need some."

"No, thanks," said Ding-Dong. " wouldn't want the Indians thinking I wa a reefer. They've got ethics."

Heading into the sinking sun he wa pretending he was a real scout. By th time Camp Navajo was only a blur agains the darkening horizon he was gravely involved with carrying a message throug the enemy lines, stopping now and the to dispatch a German sentry.

When night fell with terrifying suddenness he withdrew from the German line stabbing on his lights. For the past hou he had skirted the desert's rim and, n sure just where he was, he was relieved a the headlights picked up a large numbe of dogs. While these dogs strangely resembled coyotes, Ding-Dong was quit certain they were man's best friends. The looked like dogs and they trotted like dog and they barked like dogs, only in a hig whine like an E-flat clarinet stuck in it upper register.

Not until the road disappeared right ou from under him did he wonder about th integrity of these dogs. No trees wer around. With trees he could have fou himself some moss and decided whic way was north.

Coming with the blasting heat of a angry furnace the dawn found him wakin miserably in his jeep. Following the bes lore of Kit Carson he had trailed the Bi Dipper until he succeeded in becomin handsomely lost.

With the gas rationing and all he didn feel right about just driving around a night and so had curled up in the back o his combat car.

Behind him was the rising dust wher Baldy Harding was already valiantly leading the Red forces against the White Honor-bound to leave the Army to its ow devices, Ding-Dong plunged ahead look

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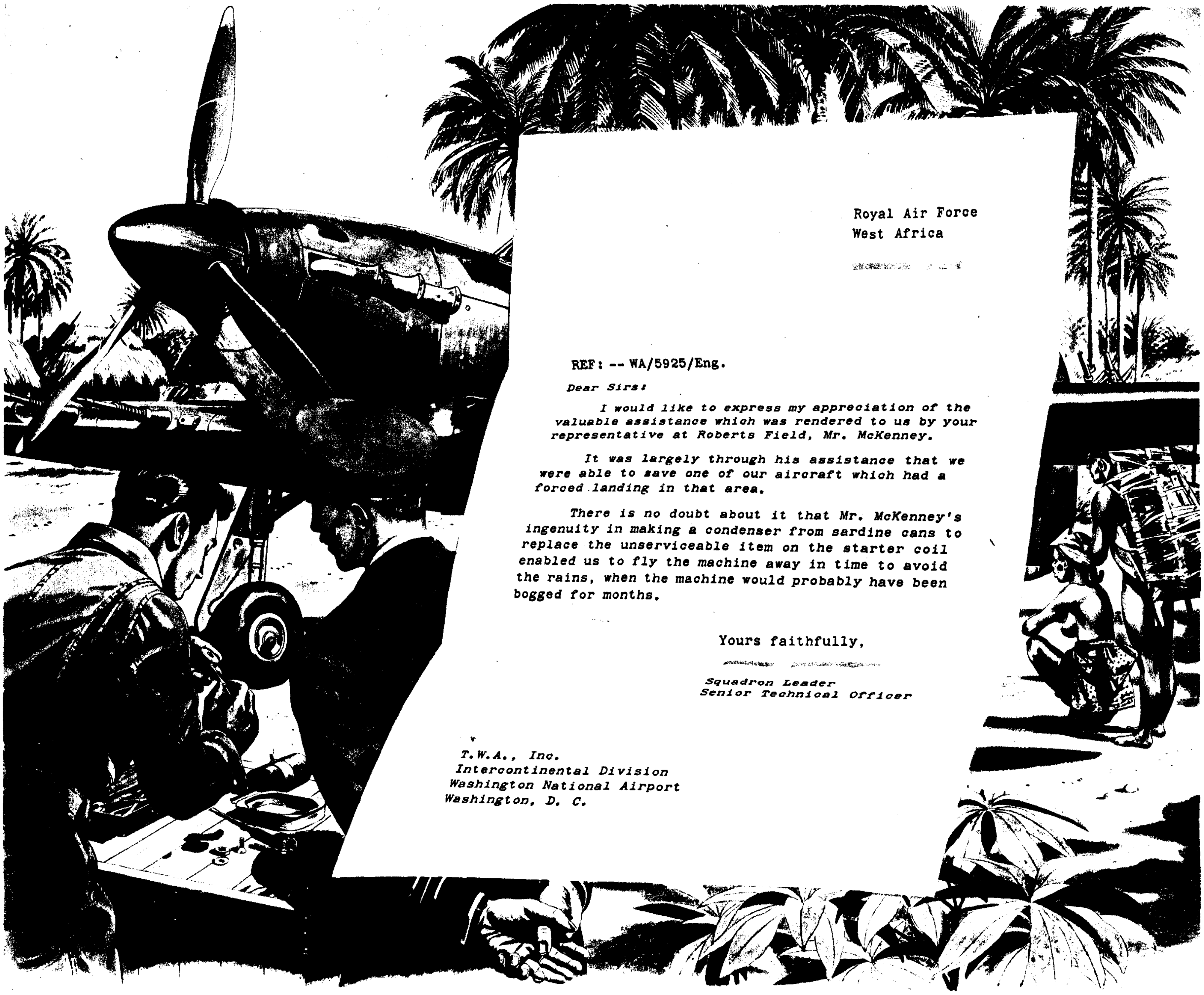

Royal Air Force
West Africa

[redacted]

REF: -- WA/5925/Eng.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to express my appreciation of the valuable assistance which was rendered to us by your representative at Roberts Field, Mr. McKenney.

It was largely through his assistance that we were able to save one of our aircraft which had a forced landing in that area.

There is no doubt about it that Mr. McKenney's ingenuity in making a condenser from sardine cans to replace the unserviceable item on the starter coil enabled us to fly the machine away in time to avoid the rains, when the machine would probably have been bogged for months.

Yours faithfully,

Squadron Leader
Senior Technical Officer

T.W.A., Inc.
Intercontinental Division
Washington National Airport
Washington, D. C.

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ing for some signs of an Indian village.

The sun was turning to a blood red when he spotted the huge butte.

Leaving the jeep, he clambered up its shaled sides, seeking some signs of life. When, as badly winded as if he had just taken a full chorus on Ride, Red, Ride, he reached the butte top, he was not unrewarded. There, staring off into space with a rifle under one arm and a hand shielding his eyes in the best Navajo fashion, was a large bronzed man with a broken nose and a worn blanket.

When the brave didn't turn, Ding-Dong coughed politely. "How?" he bleated, wishing he had a peace pipe to offer him. "Me paleface friend. Me lost."

For a moment Wallace Twoclouds considered him sourly. "You're not the only one who's lost, brother. I've been up here since yesterday."

"Well," Ding-Dong admitted, "it is a big desert."

Having resumed his traditional pose, "Stick around," Mr. Twoclouds said moodily. "There ought to be a smoke signal any minute. Any time I'm gone over two days on a hunting trip my wife knows I'm lost again." It seemed his wife always had to give him a few puffs and a circle before he could find his way home. Glowering at the horizon, he said darkly, "What a ribbing I'll take from the boys. It's enough to make a man wish he never left show business."

Two mountains behind them a pluming pillar of smoke was rising from what a moment before had been only another granite blur. Nudging him, Ding-Dong hazarded, "I guess that's your wife now. You don't suppose she could tell me where I'd find the nearest Indian village?"

Regarding him with narrowed eyes, Mr. Twoclouds grunted, "What for?"

Pleased at his sounding like a real Indian then, Private Williams explained his mission. "I've only got another day left," he ended, "and I wantta pick up these tips on scouting. You know, how to see in the dark and maybe how to make tracks like I was goin' in the opposite direction."

With his explanation, much of Wallace Twoclouds' moodiness evaporated. With all the sunniness of a man who sees a chance to turn a quick dollar, his confidence in his heritage had returned with amazing speed. "You couldn't have found a better teacher," he said heartily. "For ten bucks, say, I'll be glad to teach you the Navajos' sure-fire methods. My grandfather often talked of writing a book on them."

WHILE Mr. Twoclouds hadn't been too impressive on first sight, Ding-Dong remembered how the best scouts often got lost for ten days at a time. Hadn't Daniel Boone once spent five weeks wandering around his native Kentucky mighty confused? Sure he had come to the right place, Ding-Dong made his deal. For ten dollars, Twoclouds not only agreed to give him a thorough mastery of trailing but even allowed him to drive him home in the jeep. Delighted as he was at being among the tom-tom trade Ding-Dong noticed that Mr. Twoclouds kept glancing at him as they headed for the mountain village.

"You know," he said finally, "I'd swear I've seen your face before."

"Quite a few have," Ding-Dong admitted. "People called me the King of Swing. I hadda band of my own, Ding-Dong Williams and His Dixieland Cats."

Gratified at meeting a fellow professional, Mr. Twoclouds immediately let down his long black hair. When he was on the rodeo circuit he had once caught Ding-Dong at the Chicago Theater and another time they had played Cleveland the same week. Those were the good old days before Mr. Twoclouds had been driven back into the blanket business.

"Remember the rodeos," he said wistfully. "Two years ago Wallace Twoclouds and His Hoop Dancers could choose their spots. But when the Army grabbed four of my boys in Omaha the same week I decided to break up the act. Forty-eight, I'm washed up."

Overlooking the scenic beauties of their bouncing ride across the rising ground, ignoring the clouds of dust that concealed Colonel Baxter's White army daringly breaking through the Red forces as they sought the safety of the mountains, Mr. Twoclouds continued his harrowing recital of his life and times. Numbed by his melancholy, Ding-Dong was edging the jeep up the breakneck road that led to the Navajo village atop Echo Mountain. The most garrulous of braves, only their entrance to the village ended Mr. Twoclouds' dirge.

"But you've got no wigwams," Ding-Dong said in polite amazement.

Understanding his disappointment Mr. Twoclouds gazed gloomily about the village as the jeep pulled up before the small home of the considerable Twoclouds family. Only these frame residences marred the monotony of the scene. Bulky owners were drowsing on their porches as their fat wives put away the day's weaving. The silversmiths were driven out of business by lack of metal and spent their days at gin rummy. Above the barking dogs and shrill talk of the women, over the old chief's radio tuned in on a news commentator, Mr. Twoclouds said bitterly, "No matter what people tell you, there's no future in being an Indian these days."

GENERAL HARDING slept very fitfully that night. The day's maneuvers had unhappily ended with Colonel Baxter's White forces safely intrenched in the rugged reaches at the base of Echo Mountain. Unable to assault his rear, the general could now only take him by a bold frontal attack. While this would cost him far too heavily, with both the umpires and the Assistant Secretary watching him with keen professional interest, there could be no turning back. And resting wearily in his near-by tent, the visiting brass hat shared Old Baldy's troubled slumbers, wondering how he would solve this dilemma. Once he twitched as a banshee wail cut the stillness, and Baldy Harding also tossed in his sleep, unpleasantly reminded of that nitwit clarinet player he had given back to the Indians.

That high shrill cry in the night, resounding through the acoustic wonders of the Echo range, a piercing wail that could only be reckoned in thousands, also aroused the passions of innumerable coyote packs. With ears cocked to the wind, they quickened at this mating call of what must be the queen coyote of them all. They, like the general, were not aware that Ding-Dong Williams had become involved in a Navajo jam session.

"Let's try Body and Soul now," he suggested to the five braves who were furnishing him tom-tom, trumpet and harmonica accompaniment. With the flickering fire around which the whole village had gathered growing brighter and brighter, Ding-Dong, always anxious to oblige, had given his all. Under Wallace Twoclouds' urging that he meet a few of the boys musically, Private Williams had written a bright page in Navajo history. For two hours they had beat themselves out on Muskrat Ramble, Big Noise from Winnetka, Rosie the Riveter, and Deep in the Heart of Texas. Always partial to skins, those tom-tom artistes brought out all that was fine and good in his clarinet. Gone with his art, Ding-Dong was looking dazedly on his new friends.

"I don't know about Body and Soul," said Charley Highmoon, spent with his trumpeting. "I can only take it in A."

Nevertheless Ding-Dong took them right into the piece. Riffing it out with soulful little licks, he sent the melody higher and higher, always seeking the

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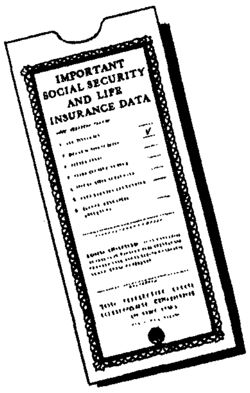
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note that wasn't there. Warmed to his lead, the tom-toms came in stronger and stronger, with Charley Highmoon faking like crazy. Wilder and wilder, coarser and coarser, until some of the older braves stirred. Neighboring Apaches had been scalped with far less incentive. Then Ding-Dong suddenly had it right on the nose, and he was away. Five choruses he went before he gradually became aware the others had dropped out.

"I never heard a clarinet talk back before," he said fretfully. "Why, it's like my own echo was barking at me."

"Heap time somebody talk back," the old chief grunted sourly. Rising stiffly he glared at Ding-Dong, liking neither his clarinet nor the coyotes he had attracted. The pulsating coyotes, beyond themselves with longing, had hastened to the mountain rendezvous, shrieking their love. With all of them trying to get that certain something into their voices, such a din had never been heard in the chief's memory. Not until the bolder coyotes had been driven back from the flickering rim of fire could anyone turn in. Then, following their chief's lead, everyone disappeared without even saying good night.

"But what happened?" said Ding-Dong. "I didn't ask the coyotes up here."

"Forget it," said Wallace Twoclouds, "it's just that everyone always agrees with the chief. He's got a pull with the rationing board."

"Oh," said Ding-Dong. And, wistfully, "Do you know something? You haven't started my lessons yet. And I've only got through tomorrow to practice my scouting. The general said so."

Wearily Mr. Twoclouds went into his home and returned with two sticks. His wife having already appropriated half of Ding-Dong's tuition fee, Mr. Twoclouds' heart was not in his work. "Look," he said, "it's too late to give you the full routine tonight. I'll just show you how to make fire by rubbing these sticks together. It's been very popular with the Boy Scouts."

Near the community woodpile he found some shavings and settled down on his haunches. Then, applying himself with reluctant vigor, he rubbed the sticks together. Long and furiously he rubbed, the sweat creeping out on his brow. Only once did he achieve a spark and it was gone before he could make any use of it. Growing angrier and angrier, Mr. Twoclouds pulled and he rubbed, muttering under his breath. When his arms were ready to drop off, there were suddenly dozens of little sparks and then a handsome conflagration.

"You see, nothing to it," he panted, rising. "You can't miss, Ding-Dong." And, to make his word as good as his intentions, he quietly added a little kerosene to another pile of shavings while his entranced pupil was staring at the mysterious wonders of the fire. Kicking it out, Wallace Twoclouds directed Ding-Dong to his little workplace, and took himself off to bed with the content of one who left every customer satisfied.

LABORING there in the shadows Ding-Dong went happily to work with the sticks. But lacking both the heft and experience of his instructor, he produced no sparks at all. Bleakly aware he didn't have too long to master his course, he was determined to get through that first lesson if he had to stay up all night.

He did.

Not until the deep black of the night was fading into the gray that precedes the sun did he achieve one spark. But it was a magnificent one that the shavings couldn't possibly ignore. Weary with waiting the kerosene seized the lone spark and the whole pile of shavings went up in one fine blaze. Wonder-struck at his success, Ding-Dong was still standing there gazing on it long after the heat had spread to the stacked logs of the community woodpile. Tinder-dry, the logs glowed and then, spurred by the breeze, the whole woodpile was suddenly one vast raging fire. Not only the wood but the back porch of the chief's residence went right up in flames.

Ding-Dong was still seeking a hydrant as the whole village came storming onto the scene. The sight of the wood they had so wearily hauled up the mountain lost in this roaring inferno was topped only by the chief's discovery the wine he had cached on his back porch had also gone up in smoke.

"I'm sorry," Ding-Dong said faintly. "I was just fussing around and—"

When the old chief's war whoop curdled into the night he made the jeep in one leap. While their squaws fought the flames the braves came whooping after him with the savagery of men who are beyond mere words. Led by the chief they were almost in scalping distance as he got the jeep started. Rounding the first treacherous curve, Ding-Dong moaned as their violent cries stayed right with him. With no intentions of letting this light-minded one depart in one piece they chased him right down the mountain, taking short-cuts that kept them within panting distance.

HAVING to slow for the curves and losing ground on the grades, Ding-Dong bit his lips, knowing now how the Pony Express riders had felt. Screaming their rage, the braves were so close behind him he could feel his scalp coming loose around the edges. Looking all the more dreadful in the cold gray light of day they were only three jeep-lengths behind as he came roaring out the base of Echo Mountain. Unfortunately he couldn't roar far for he had struck smack in the rear of the White forces as they were gallantly withstanding the first charge of Baldy Harding's Red troops. The Indians were so close behind him when Ding-Dong caused all that confusion he had lost all hopes of retaining his skin or even his clarinet.

Hitting Colonel Baxter's men when they had thought they were safely intrenched against Old Baldy's frontal attack, the hard-pressed White forces were totally unprepared for an attack from the rear. To find themselves apparently at war with the whole Navajo nation only added to the uproar. Confused as they were, they dashed from their shelter and it was only a matter of minutes before the whole force had been trapped and theoretically wiped out by the astounded Baldy Harding. Finding themselves face to face with so many soldiers the Navajos had promptly beat a strategic retreat and Colonel Baxter's wild protests that he had been fifth-columned from the rear brought only a cold glance from the Assistant Secretary, especially when Indians were mentioned.

"Frankly," the Secretary told Baldy Harding, "last night I didn't see how you could possibly win this battle. I've never seen more brilliant tactics. Never."

"Oh, that," said Baldy.

While he had frowned at the wild tale of some strange-looking private with a clarinet having led the Navajos' attack, he was quite prepared to find Ding-Dong Williams waiting unhappily in his tent. Wearily Private Williams reported that while he appreciated the general's interest, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to go on with his scouting. Only last night he had sort of overdone things and he didn't know now how to explain it all.

"Williams," said the general, laying a fatherly hand on his shoulder, "don't say another word. Under no circumstances do I want you to say another word. Your, uh, rather unorthodox tactics have not gone unmarked. All things considered, that you may continue your career, I'm having you transferred to another camp immediately. The cavalry has real need of scouts like you."

THE END

You Can't Escape

Continued from page 62

like or dislike. And she's very nice to me . . . in a casual sort of way.

She went downstairs and, guided by the sound of voices, out to the sun porch. It seemed to be filled with people but for a split second there was only one person in it. No, two.

Rix Anderson stood there leaning against the mantel of the big stone fireplace with a glass in his hand and, just beyond him, Peg—dark, sultry, in a startling red dress—was talking to Nelda.

Neither had seen Linda. She stopped where she was. She thought crazily: But this is like dying. She thought: I can't go in. . . . I *won't*. . . .

She made a supreme effort and turned away. She would go back, silently, creeping back upstairs, attaining the privacy and safety of her own room. There she would lock herself in until they had gone. Surely they would not be staying for dinner!

SHE had her back to them now. Someone touched her arm and turned her around. It was Tony. She felt the steadiness and warmth of his hand. She heard his voice, low, reassuring. She heard him say, for her alone, "No, that isn't the way, Linda." She felt the grasp tighten and heard his voice again, raised this time, for anyone to hear. "Where the devil have you been?" he demanded. "I thought you'd run out on us."

You can't run out, was what it really said. Where's your pride? Don't be a fool, Linda. See this through.

She felt the blood come back into her veins. It was as if for a second she had been completely drained. She walked, still with Tony's hand on her arm into the sun porch, saw Nelda step forward, saw Rix's utterly incredulous eyes, saw Peg's face turn very white. . . .

"Linda," cried Nelda, "what on earth happened to you?" She turned to make the introductions, but Linda spoke first, steadily. "We know each other. Hello, Peg," she said. "Hello, Rix . . . how nice to see you. . . ."

That's right, be a hypocrite, watch the crazy relief in Peg's eyes, don't stop to wonder what Rix's expression means, take Peg's hand, and feel Rix touch yours again so briefly. He took her hand and dropped it almost at once. . . . He said, "Of all the unexpected—"

Nelda made round eyes and Linda said, and somehow smiled, "But we're very old friends, Nelda. Rix is from Benfield, too, you know."

Peg said, "I knew you were in town, Linda. Rix's mother wrote—I've been meaning to look you up but things . . . you know how you never quite catch up in New York. We've just moved too, and that took a bit of doing."

Ann Preston spoke to her then, and Peg turned and Rix smiled. All the charm was there, all the vitality. A moment ago Linda had thought that he looked tired, even drawn. Before she could control it she had felt the instant concern and anxiety.

What was wrong, why did he look like that? It was habit, of course. You couldn't worry over a person for years and not go on worrying even when what they did or did not do was no longer any concern of yours.

"Linda," Rix said, "come here. There are a thousand things I want to ask you." He drew her away with him, touching her arm and she looked for a moment at Tony, still standing beside her. His eyes met hers gravely. If they said anything at all, they said: This is up to you. You take over from here. . . .

She found herself presently sitting beside Rix on a big swing in a corner of the sun porch. Someone brought her a cocktail and she took it mechanically and set it down beside her. And Rix said, astonished, "You never used to drink them."

Linda picked up the glass, drank a little and set it down again. She said lightly, "I've changed, I suppose," and took a cigarette from a silver box on a table beside her, lighted it and looked at him.

He said, "I—I don't quite know what to say, Linda."

"Suppose," she suggested evenly, "you don't say anything at all. Let's go on from here, shall we?"

He said, "Mother wrote me you were working in New York. She told me the firm name and the address. I knew Tony Dennison was in the firm. We—met him, you know, at the Herons' one night last winter."

So it was at Nelda's that Tony had come into contact with Rix and Peg. Linda hadn't asked, she hadn't cared.

"My outfit," Rix explained, "handles some of Heron's private investments. . . ."

"I see."

"Linda," he said helplessly, "we can't go on from here. I mean we have to get things straight first."

She looked at him, full, and his eyes shifted and evaded her own. She said, "You haven't always reasoned that way."

"Don't you think I know . . . ? Don't you think that I haven't known every day since and loathed myself," he said, "as you must despise me?"

She said coolly, "I haven't any feeling for you at all, Rix. Whatever I felt, it's over now. Quite. I made a good recovery," she added, with a sort of hard brightness, and wished with all her heart that it were not a lie.

"Linda," he begged, "if you knew how I felt—and Peg too. She was always fond of you. . . . Isn't it possible," he asked, "for us to be friends?"

And restore your self-esteem, she thought, even set you right in your father's eyes . . . or a little right? Aloud she said politely: "I suppose it's possible, Rix, but I don't see much point in it."

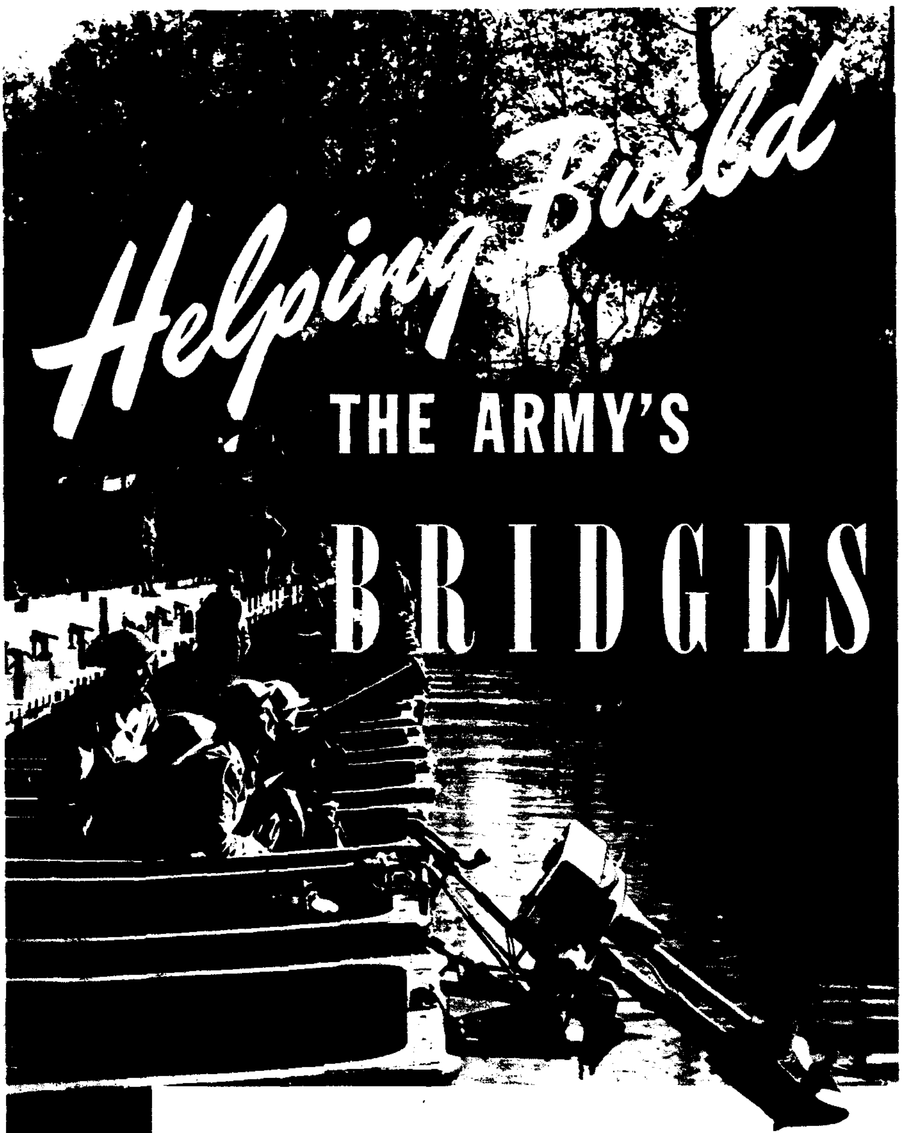
SUDDENLY he was not looking at her. He was looking across the room and something came into his face that she had not seen for a long time, something young and amused and secret. . . . She followed his regard. But he was not looking at Peg, now talking with a little too much animation to Tony Dennison. He was looking at Nelda, who was coming across to them. And Nelda was saying, "Can't you and Peg stay for dinner, Rix?"

He said, "I'd give anything to, but you know we just sneaked away from the Jarrods for an hour—they expect us back. We're not driving back until morning . . ."

"I see," said Nelda, "I'm so sorry." She added, "Don't forget our date next week . . ."

Presently Peg came over to them. She said, "Rix, you can't monopolize Linda like that when I have so much to ask her." But she hasn't, Linda thought. She doesn't want to see me, much less talk to me, but she wants something, or dislikes something else more than the situation. What is it? Then, watching Peg's regard slide across Nelda almost as if she weren't there, watching the sudden tightening of Rix's mouth, she knew. It was incredible. She thought: But they haven't been married six full months!

She didn't know whether she was glad or sorry. She told herself she didn't care, it was nothing to her. Yet looking up to see Tony frowning, as if in concentration, she wondered. . . . And Nelda, smiling at Rix, Nelda's long eyes bright with amuse-



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ment. . . . What was she trying to do? thought Linda.

Suddenly she felt tired, flat. Well, it had happened. She had seen Rix again, and Peg. She had taken their hands, heard their voices, and all that she had dreaded had come to pass and she felt as if she had come a long way and was so tired she could not move another inch. Nothing mattered, she thought, I don't care any more. What had become of her love and her anger and her broken friendship? What had become of her grief and resentment and desperation? Here they were: Rix, with his brown eyes and his face more familiar to her than her own; Peg, with her dark, sullen loveliness . . . and yet the first shock having passed, they were as strange people whom she could watch with detachment.

Rix said, "Linda, you aren't very polite. I've spoken twice and you don't even hear me."

She said, with an effort, "I'm sorry, Rix, I was thinking of something else," and saw his instant blank amazement, its reflection on Peg's face, while Nelda looked curiously from one to the other.

"Rix," Nelda ordered, "come over here. There's something I want to show you. . . ."

Peg sat down beside Linda and watched her husband and Nelda walk away, both laughing, his head bent a little, to the smooth blond head, and she said low and unhappily:

"Why didn't you warn me, Linda . . . but then how could you?"

"Warn you—about what?" asked Linda slowly.

"That . . . he hasn't it in him to be loyal to anyone," said Peg, "not even to his wife. . . ."

IT WAS like being suspended in time; it was like finding yourself inside a magical crystal; you could look through, you could see the world outside, you heard voices, words, sentences, but you could not answer, you could not speak.

"I'm sorry," said Peg, "skip it. Forget I said anything."

The spell shattered, the crystal broke and Linda came alive again. The room sprang into normal perspective, the voices in it seemed a little louder, that was all, and the colors sharper. She said, quietly, "There are things you have to find out for yourself, Peg. . . ."

"Hi," said Tony, appearing at Peg's elbow, "break it up, you two, and give a guy a chance. Linda, move over." As she obeyed, mechanically, he sat down between them and regarded Peg's empty glass. "How about more of the same?" he inquired and took it from her.

"No, thanks," Peg told him. "We'll have to be getting back to the Jarrods." She smiled at Tony, without, it appeared, effort. "Mrs. J. is fearfully punctilious. Bells ring, for dressing, for meals. Very British. It's the biggest, stuffiest house you can imagine, and the J.'s are period pieces. But we can't afford to offend them, as he's a very lucrative customer."

In Benfield you didn't accept hospitality, then go to someone else's house and talk about your host and hostess. If you did and were overheard by a parent or an older friend, you were slapped down, hard. But this wasn't Benfield, Linda reflected. She wished that it were, with all her heart. She wished herself back, in her own house, her own room, with her own people. If only you could wipe out six months, a year. But that wouldn't help. A year ago she and Rix—

Peg rose. She said, "Rix will have to tear himself away . . . Business before pleasure." It was said lightly enough but Linda's heart tightened. She watched Peg go across the room to stand with Nelda and Rix. Whatever she said, Rix protested. Linda could hear him.

"Must we, angel," he demanded, "when this is so much more fun?"

Linda unclenched her hands. She had not been aware until this moment that they were little, tight fists, but now they ached and the fingers were cramped.

"Good girl," said Tony, low.

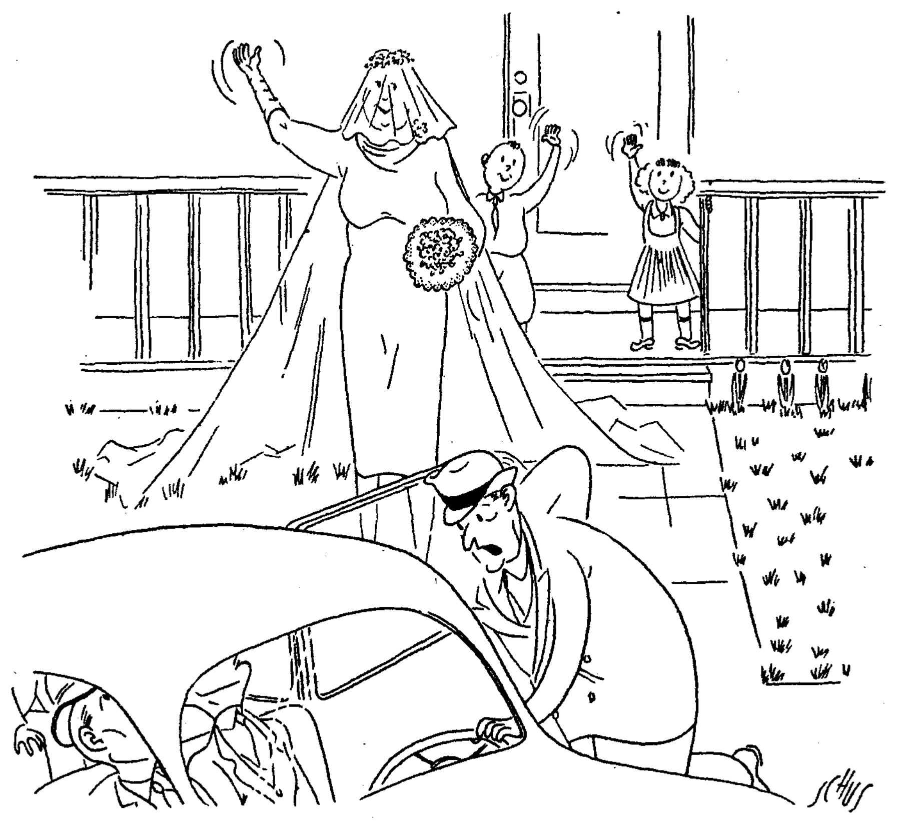
She turned, tried to smile into his concerned gray eyes. She said, "I'm sorry, Tony. I came within an inch of making a fool of myself. You see, I had no idea that Nelda knew Rix and Peggy."

"I saw no reason to tell you," he said promptly, "and hadn't the foggiest notion that they'd be near here this week end, much less barge in. . . . If I had, I wouldn't have let you come, you know that. Yet, sooner or later, you were bound to run into them," he told her. "Perhaps it's better to get it over, even without preparation."

"It's an absurd situation, isn't it?" she said. "Thanks for standing by."

"You look better," he said. "Perhaps another drink . . . ?"

"No, I've had enough. I don't really like it," she said, "and I don't know why I bother. Perhaps because it's less trouble than refusing. What do you mean, I look better?"



"She always wears it on our anniversary to remind me what day it is"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

He said, "I watched you from across the room. You were pretty white and strained. . . ."

Peg came back to them, with her slow, provocative walk. She asked, "Linda . . . may I speak to you a moment?"

Tony rose promptly. "Girlish prattle," he said. "That's what your father once called feminine chitchat in my hearing. I'll make myself scarce, although I burn with curiosity and am wounded to the quick. Sure I can't stay?" he asked Linda, laughing, but his eyes were grave and steady. Just say the word, they assured her, and Peg, together with whatever wild horses she may produce, couldn't drag me from this spot.

"Run along," ordered Linda, and drew a deep breath to quiet her heart.

WHEN he had left, Peg said, "Linda, I simply have to see you. Can't we meet for lunch or something?"

Linda looked at her. She said, "It doesn't make sense, Peg. We have nothing to say to each other."

Peg twisted one long scarlet-tipped hand in the other. She said, desperately, "I must . . . I have to talk to someone. Crazy as it sounds, you're the one human being I can talk to—I beg you to believe that. If I don't . . . I'll go crazy," she said in her exaggerated way. "I swear it."

What were Hecuba's tears to her? Linda thought. But curiosity came to life in her brain—a small, cold snake coiling and uncoiling. She thought, in horror: What sort of a person have I become . . . that I want to hear what's wrong between them? Because something *is* wrong . . . Is it only because he's attentive to Nelda Heron. . . ?

After a moment she said, quietly:

"All right, Peg. Lunch is rather difficult. I don't go out at any specific time, it depends largely upon Mr. Powell. I'm supposed to get off at five, but don't, always, or I'd suggest tea somewhere. Would it be possible for you to come to the club?"

"You mean, does Rix ever leave me alone?" Peg's smile was sardonic. "Naturally," she said. "He's pretty occupied. You have to do battle for clients these days and you're apt to do it in bars, as well as on golf links. I'll call you at the office, if that's all right with you, and tell you when I'll be free."

"It's all right," began Linda and then Rix stood beside them. She had not seen him come, but she felt it. He asked, warily, "What are you two muttering about? I'm ready to go, Peg. . . . You're behaving according to pattern," he informed her; "First all of a dither to get away and then, when I'm ready, holding up the procession."

Peg rose. She spoke to Linda without looking at him. "We'll get together sometime," she said easily. "It was fun seeing you. 'By, Linda."

Rix looked from one to the other. He stood easily, his hands in his pockets. He asked, "Sure, why not? Have dinner with us one night, Linda. We've a fair cook, and can show you a costly view of the East River. I selected the site because it will come in handy some day, when customers fade away and I feel impelled to jump in."

"A macabre but practical thought," said Linda evenly, astonished at herself, and rewarded by a flash of irritation and incredulity in Rix's dark eyes.

She watched them make their farewells to Nelda, the Prestons, to Tony and Tom Yorke. When they had gone she rose. She told Nelda, "I have some packing to do. We aren't dressing, are we?"

Nelda seemed abstracted. She said, "No, as we're leaving right after dinner. I'll come along up with you. You too, Ann? We can leave the men to their own mysterious devices."

They trailed upstairs, the small fair Englishwoman and Nelda—tall, too thin, the heavy gold of her hair about her shoulders. Ann was saying, "What an attractive couple. The Andersons I mean."

"Yes," said Nelda, "amusing, too. She's a bit on the difficult side, rather moody, I think, but he's great fun. Isn't he, Linda?" She added to Ann, explaining, "Linda knows them very well."

"Rix and I were brought up together," said Linda, "and Peg and I were schoolmates." Well, she thought, there's a short short story for you. P.S. Home-town g doesn't make good. She added, aloud, "Yes, they're fun."

Great fun, as Nelda had said. Screaming. They slew you. You were prone in the aisles for anyone to step on.

Linda finished her packing—there was very little of it—lighted a cigarette and sat down in a big chair to think this through. To what had she committed herself? She'd been a fool. She need never see Rix or Peg again, certainly not of her own volition. But Peg was unhappy. Good, said Linda savagely to herself. Peg had, in New England parlance, received her comeuppance. And why shouldn't she?

HABIT'S a crazy thing. They had been very close friends; and now, in her unhappiness, Peg had turned to Linda. A wonderful friend she'd turned out to be! thought Linda. So what? So I'm supposed to say: There, there, it's all right, what can I do to make you feel better . . . kiss the bruise and make it well? Well, I can't, she told herself. I haven't grown a halo. I don't hate her. I just don't like her any more. I don't want to have anything to do with her . . . or with him.

Rix, it was dreadful seeing you agai It was unreal, it was fantastic, you were remote from me as the stars. Yet I kep remembering. You can't love a man for years and years and not remember. Hab it's not only crazy, it's cruel and malicious. Your mind tells you: This man is nothing to you, the man you loved never really existed or this wouldn't have happened. He never really loved you or he wouldn' today be married to the girl who was once your best friend. Yet the pulses didn' know that. They hadn't been informed with the power to think. The blood in your body didn't reason, it was shaken and disturbed, no matter what the brain said coolly, logically.

"It's such a mess," said Linda, aloud, and put her head in her hands and cried and cried from sheer nerves and reaction.

She had washed her face, and done i over when the knock came at the door. She went to open it and Tony was there. He asked, "How about a hand of gin rummy, before dinner . . . ?" Then he broke off and looked at her closely. "You've been bawling," he accused her sternly.

Linda smiled, after a diluted fashion. She didn't mind Tony's knowing somehow. She said, "Silly of me, wasn't it. I suppose it was just nerves and all tha

He said, "Well, darn it, he isn't—I mean they aren't worth it."

"What does that matter?" she asked soberly and went out of the room and downstairs to be soundly trounced for three games before dinner was announced.

They left shortly after dinner was over following arguments as to the distribution of manpower in the three cars. Nelda settled it. She and Tony in his car, the Prestons in hers, and Tom could take Linda. Linda's heart lightened a little becaus Tony was obviously so pleased. She didn' mind being shuffled around. Tony wa such a good guy, she told herself, he deserved a break. Nelda hadn't given him much time over the week end. Sh

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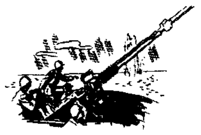

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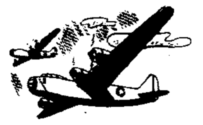

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K T Keller

President, Chrysler Corporation

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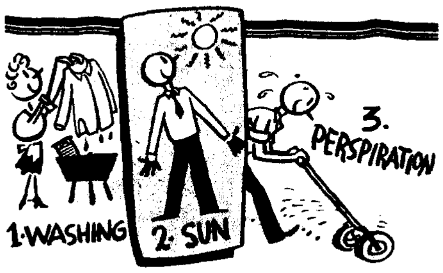

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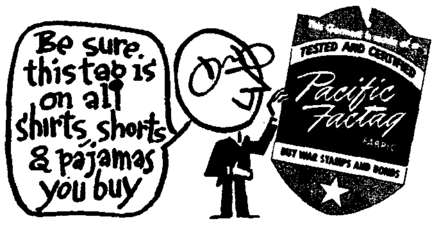
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thought: Maybe she's really fond of him. He's insane about her, and it would be a good marriage. There can't be anything in this absurd business with Rix. . . .

Tony's worth ten of Rix she informed herself and, besides, Rix is *married.*

Benfield spoke there, common decency and all her background of tradition and fair play . . . the tradition Peg had violated.

IT WAS, she found, difficult to adjust herself to present circumstances. She wrote Alice Anderson, because she felt she must. A harder letter had never been composed. In the end it was simple enough, a statement of fact. She had gone to a week-end house party in Connecticut and had seen Rix and Peg. They looked very well.

Alice's reply, in her large, angular script, came by return mail. She wrote, "I'm grateful to you for telling me. But, poor child, it must have been very hard for you. . . ."

More pity. Linda crumpled the letter in her hand. Oh, let them forget, she prayed, let me get over it.

Get over what? Not Rix's betrayal or Peg's treachery alone, but the softness in herself, the weakness, she told herself fiercely, which made her keep on wanting to trust people, to care for them, to have friends. Tony didn't count. He was good, he was honest, she could swear to that, and he was in love with someone else. In any event, she was immune as far as men were concerned. Tom Yorke while driving her home from Heroncrest had debated that with her. Due to his urgency, they had stopped at a roadside place for coffee and a sandwich—"After all that dinner?" she'd demanded, and he had responded, "It's only an excuse"—and they danced a little to a juke box. "You don't look like a cold critter, darling," he had said.

"I," said Linda firmly, "am the Ice Queen herself."

"If I recall my fairy tales, even she melted."

They were dancing. Linda kept step smoothly. She asked, " 'Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?' "

"So that's what you think? If you gave me the slightest encouragement, Linda, my intentions might even be honorable." He went on in some astonishment, "Although it's a regrettable thought, as I don't want to marry—the mere idea frightens me. One household, one woman, pipe, slippers and a sleepy dog. A couple of kids, not sleepy enough. Golf on Sundays and dinner at the in-laws—"

"We could hardly run up to Benfield for Sunday dinner," she reminded him.

"WELL, that's something. My people, then. All very correct and stuffy. My mother's cute," he said, "and Southern. But her aunt lives with us and she's pre-Civil War. You know—faithful black mammies, ye old plantation, dripping mint juleps, Spanish moss and a little black boy to fan you. Seventeen-inch waists, the family silver buried in the back yard and *that* Sherman. It's pretty dreadful. You must come up and see us sometime. I'll say you're from New England by way of—let's see—Virginia would do."

She'd laughed. She had asked, "How about Nelda?"

"Oh, Nelda," said Tom carelessly, "every man who meets her goes through a phase. He falls in love, he despairs, he is harrowed. Then one morning he wakes up free as air. She's got what it takes at first sight, so to speak, but you soon find you're astigmatic. You see, Nelda's peculiar charm lies in the fact that she appears so mysterious, so Mélisande in the wood. She has that quality, rather rare, very intriguing. Still water, all that sort of thing. Then when you come to know her you realize there isn't anything there at all. No depths which you alone might plumb. Nothing but a parrot brain which repeats the catch phrases of the era correctly, in the right places, to the right people and—an overwhelming vanity."

"Golly," said Linda, "how hard she must have turned you down!"

"Why, you little brat," he said, exasperated, "that's no way to win a man—by telling him the truth."

"I don't want to win you," she said, "not even in a raffle."

"Smart girl." Yorke sighed. "No, Linda, Nelda was a temporary aberration. She's in love with two things, irrevocably: Herself, for one; and her attraction for men. Poor old Tony."

"Tony?" She wouldn't discuss Tony with Tom. Tony was her friend. The only friend upon whom she could rely.

"Sure. He has a very bad case. Prognosis doubtful," said Yorke. "The odd thing is I think she likes him as well as she's capable of liking anyone . . . she might even marry him at that. Wretched thought. After about three months he'd wake out of his dream and howl dismally, like a dog. Of course she has her—moments. That cinema puss Anderson, for instance. Methought I saw the old familiar gleam in her eye. Only more so. What do you think?" he inquired. "You used to hang over the garden gate with Anderson, or so I heard."

Linda said evenly, "Yes, I've known him always. And Peg's an old friend." There was no hesitation between adjective and noun. She went on, "But I'm sure you're mistaken. Rix is very attractive." Too attractive, said her heart. "But he's been married a very short time. Not that the length of time makes any difference to this discussion. Let's just say, he's married."

Yorke grinned. He said, "For a kid who's been in town for half a year, you are certainly incredibly naïve. Nelda doesn't care if a man's married. She doesn't care about anything but her effect upon him. If ever she runs into one and starts to consider his effect upon her, well, it's just going to be too bad, for her, for good old Tony, and for the gentleman's wife, provided he has one."

Which, reflected Linda afterward, certainly gave one furiously to think. . . .

Life went on, the early summer was unseasonably warm, and Peg had not called her on the telephone. Perhaps she never would, thought Linda, relieved. She and Cynthia went about together. She enjoyed being with Cynthia, but refused to permit the friendship to be more than casual, with no demands on either side. There wasn't a woman in the world she'd trust. Never again. You didn't let yourself in for that twice, she thought. Not that history could repeat itself. It was simply that she didn't want to know Cynthia too well, to confide in her, receive confidences in return.

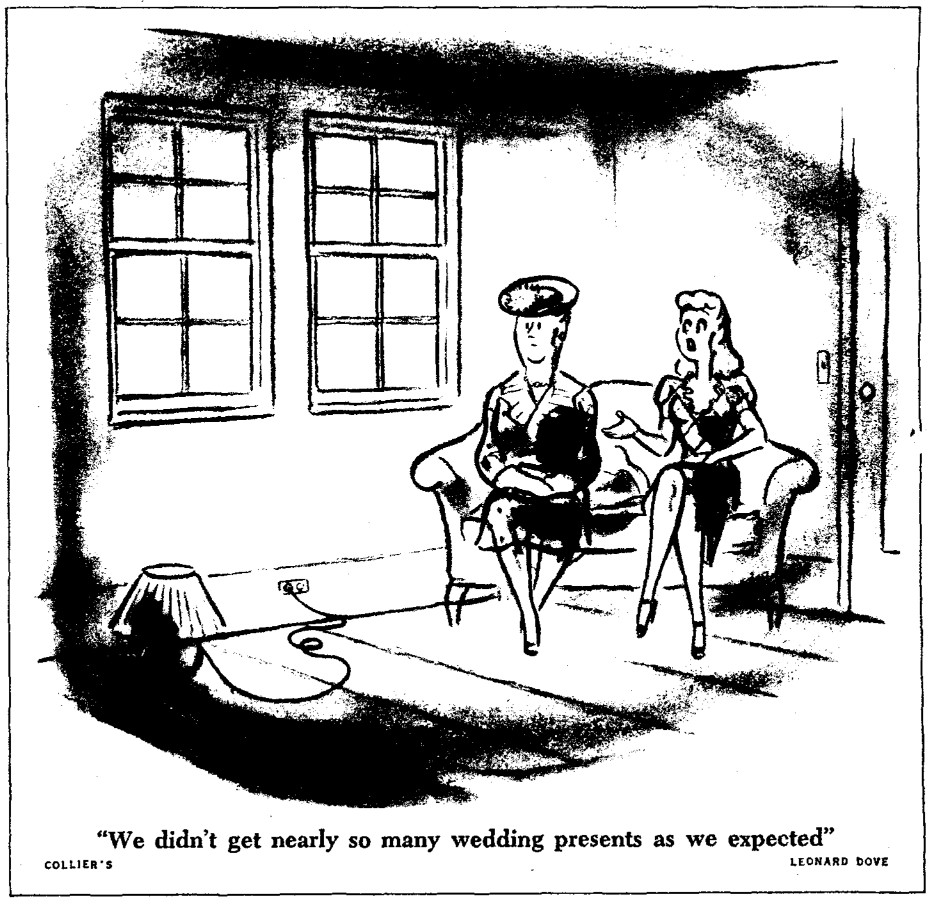
Her work at the office was good. Mr. Powell was pleased. She made no friends. Possibly the other secretaries and clerks were a trifle disappointed in her. She was pleasant, but she gave none an opportunity for intimacy. She did not often lunch with them, in groups, nor did she linger in the rest room for gossip, conjecture, banter. This naturally did not endear her to the girls her own age. It did however endear her to Miss Covert, whose position as personnel head of the female employees had endowed her with the discipline of a drill sergeant and a consciousness of royalty which is otherwise given only to an American woman who marries a title.

WHAT Miss Covert did not know was that Linda had no intention of being a secretary all her life. She fully intended to take a night law course in the autumn and thus more than equip herself for Miss Covert's position when that lady was ready—if ever—to retire.

She had dined occasionally with Miss Covert in the older woman's pleasant apartment, she lunched with her now and then, and told herself sternly that qualms were absurd and reactionary, out of place, and set herself, single-mindedly, to extracting from Miss Covert all the information possible about the job. The more she knew, the better off she'd be when the time came.

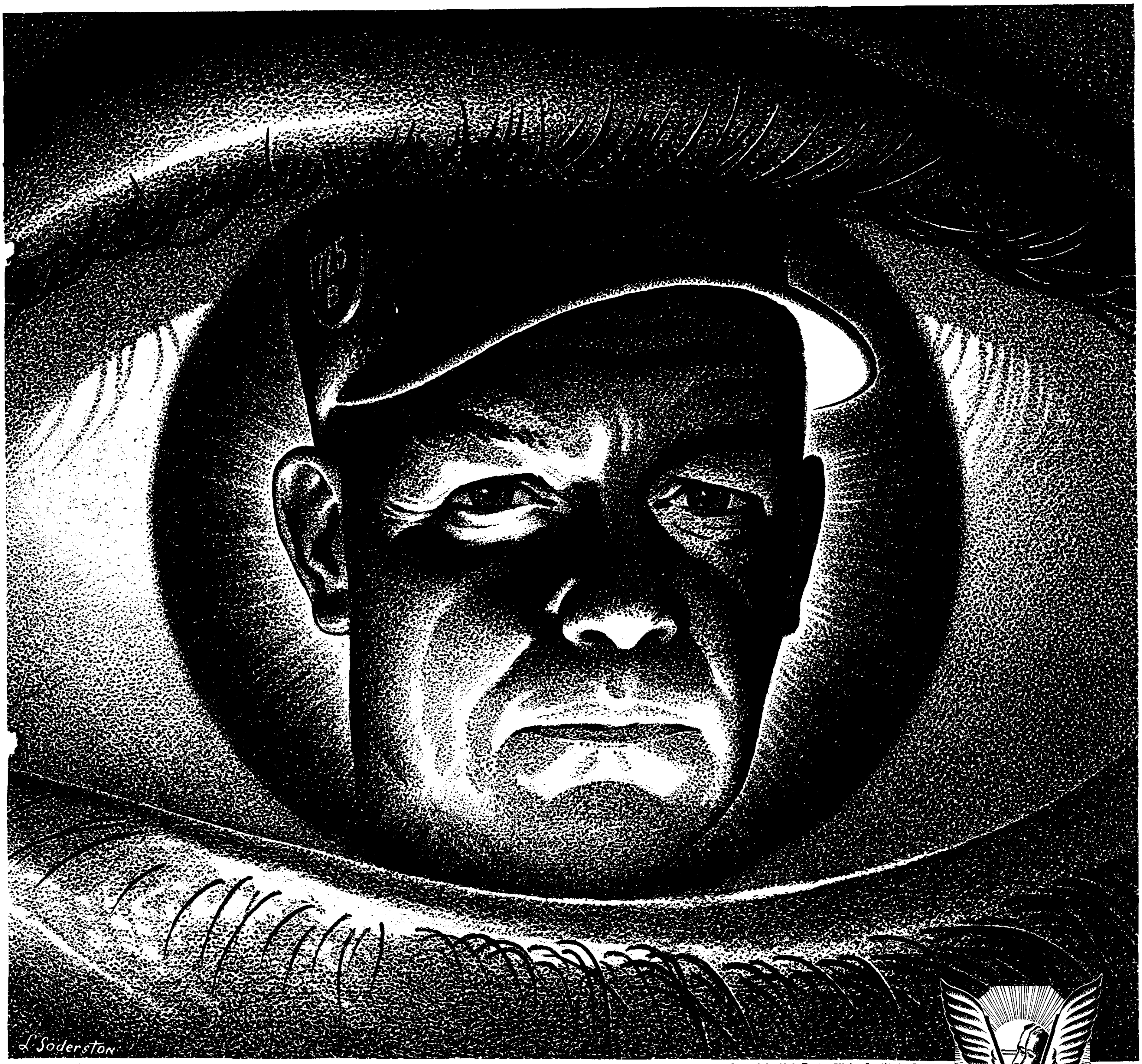
She was beginning to believe that she would not hear again from Peg Anderson, when Peg telephoned one morning to the office. She said breathlessly, "I haven't had a chance before. May I come to your club late this afternoon, or could we have dinner together somewhere? Rix is out of town."

Linda had a good and reasonable excuse. As a matter of fact she was having dinner with Tom Yorke and going on to a movie. He had been very attentive . . . although he had not again referred to



"We didn't get nearly so many wedding presents as we expected"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



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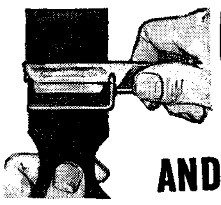

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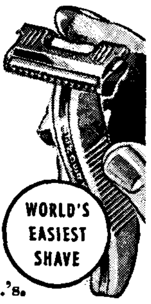

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There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Appliance or Remedy for Every Common Foot Trouble

their conversation of the evening driving back to New York, except in oblique ways.

She said, "I have a dinner engagement . . . I'll have to get myself home and dress."

"Let me come while you dress," said Peg. "Please, Linda. It's so important. At least to me."

It wasn't the first time Linda had dressed and Peg had sat in her room with her or lain full length on the bed or walked about smoking, talking, laughing. Linda thought: Get it over with. Besides *she wanted to know; she fiercely desired to* hear with her own ears what Peg had to say and to watch her face as she said it. She said, "All right, Peg, I think I can be back at the club by five-thirty." She gave the address, hung up and went back to her work.

SHE thought: What can she possibly tell me? That Rix is interested in Nelda? What difference can that make to me? She's made her bed, thought Linda, and she can lie in it—with misery for her pillow.

Tony poked his head in at the door. He asked, "Alone? Where's his highness?"

"You know perfectly well that he's in court."

"So he is. Smith vs Renwick Company. Boy, what a dull morning he'll have." Tony advanced into the anteroom and shut the door firmly behind him. "Congratulate me," he said. "I'm an engaged man."

"Tony, you're not!"

"I certainly am." He sat down on the edge of her desk and swung his long legs. His mouse-colored hair was wildly disheveled, he had cut himself shaving, and his gray eyes were bright with excitement. "It's going to be announced next week. Big shindig at the future in-laws. You're asked."

"I'm so glad for you," she said. She was. He was happy. It was wonderful to see anyone so happy. He looked, she thought, as she had once felt. She said, "It's Nelda, of course?"

"Who else could it be?" he demanded, astonished. "I'm the luckiest guy in the world. I was beginning to chafe at the bit, wondering if a mere lawyer could join the R.A.F. . . . Good Lord, Linda, so much afoot in the world and me not in there pitching. My draft number's so high it needs an oxygen mask. No kiddin'. . . . But this changes things a bit. And she's pretty wonderful . . ."

"Of course," said Linda and thought: I wish it were anyone else but Nelda. . . . He's too good for her. I feel it in my bones.

He got up, came over and dropped a kiss on the top of her head. "Youngster,' he said, "I wish things were as good fo you as they are for me. . . ." He looke at her, with real anxiety. . . . He said "Tom's been telling me he thinks you'r pretty special."

"Oh, Tom!"

"You could do worse. He'll settle dow and shed the wolf disguise. He's a ver brilliant young man," said Tony, "and I' the one to know it."

"He's all right," said Linda.

He said, "One nail drives out another He'd be fun even if you don't take hi seriously. You know, I wish I could se you again as I did the first time I ever se eyes on you . . . bubbling over with a sq of inner joy, so enchanting to see. Ma me envious of the—" he broke off. didn't mean to say that," he exclaimed "I'm a clumsy fool. And I've hurt you.'

"No, you haven't," she said. "Yo couldn't." She swung around and gav him her hand. "When are you going t be married?" she asked.

He shrugged, frowned. "Nelda's brat," he told her. "Not until aroun Christmas, a million years away."

"Why?"

"I don't know. She says it's too soon She's very young, you know," he adde tenderly.

"Is your mother pleased?" asked Linda

"She's delighted. Anything which make me happy goes with her, of course. An she and Nelda get along beautifully. Whic reminds me for no good reason that have to see a client, now, this minute.'

The phone rang on Linda's desk and voice inquired severely, "Is Mr. Denniso in Mr. Powell's office, Miss Wheaton? M Mather is waiting to see him."

"Your cue, Tony," said Linda, "a M Mather."

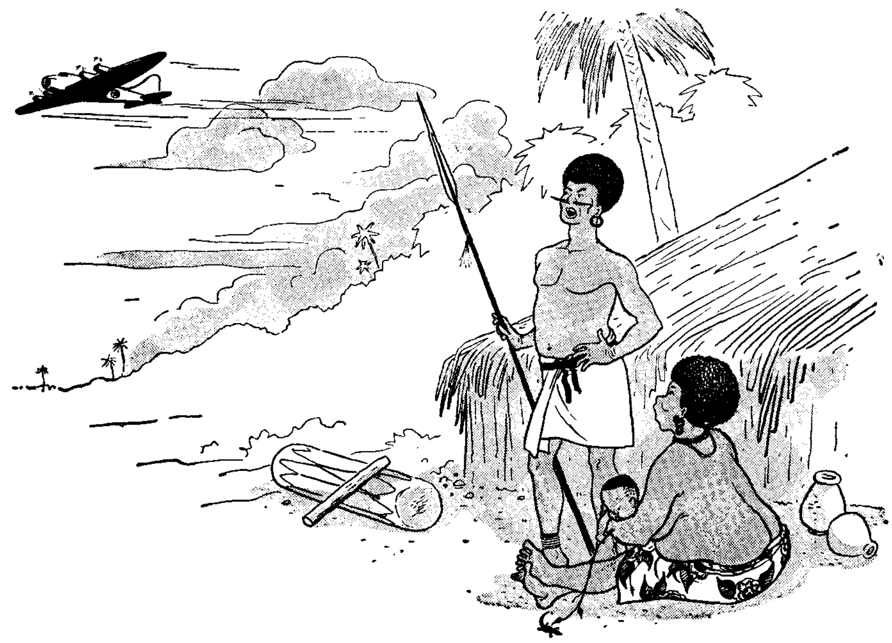
Tony nodded. He said, "And then, before I lunch with one of God's gifts t lawyers—Litigation Louis, we always ca him . . . he's in and out of courts lik cuckoo in a clock—before Louis, I ha to nip out to the florist. I suppose girls ge tired of orchids."

"It's June," said Linda, smiling. "Wh not send her something Junelike alon with the orchids?"

The door closed behind him. Linda sa quite still at her desk. She would mis Tony. She'd see him every day but would be different. Why? She had neve known him when he was fancy-free sav for that brief time in Benfield. But fiancée was bound to make a differenc

She sighed and picked up a letter sh had just written. It seemed to make sens She thought: I wish today would last fo ever so I need not see Peg, ever; I wish were five and I were on my way home

(To be continued next week)



"Who knows! Maybe Clark Gable or Jimmy Stewart is in that plane!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

The Husband Shortage

Continued from page 15

one sex ration. When the sexes are equal in numbers, one wife to one man is the most natural arrangement, and also the most desirable socially. But when a shortage of men becomes the permanent situation, polygamy in one form or another has been resorted to by most people in the non-Christian countries as the simplest means of providing every woman with a mate, considered her fundamental right. And contrary to what is believed, women in many places are not only not averse to sharing a husband, but prefer the arrangement.

Those who consider that polygamy could not happen here are shutting their eyes to reality. We have never been without polygamy in principle and practice. Through divorce courts alone millions of Americans have practiced or are practicing a form of polygamy by rotation. Looking the facts coolly in the face, a primitive man with a few measly wives to his credit could justly say, "Look who's calling who polygamous!"

A surplus of women may bring other threats. The security of marriages already contracted may be menaced by the competition of single women for the husbands of others. There is a possibility of more prostitution, more abnormal sexual behavior and a general increase in psychological and emotional upsets. The legal birth rate may drop, and illegitimacy increase. Lack of husbands would swell the ranks of women workers, create new employment problems. This is not mere theory. It represents what has happened in Europe.

"But," one asks, "can't scientists find a way to increase the proportion of males by controlling the sex of babies entering the world?" Some day, perhaps, but present experiments are still too uncertain to promise results in this generation.

Nevertheless, without relying on possible sex-control methods, there are means already at hand for stepping up the ratio of boys, and perhaps for eventually replacing the surplus of females with a surplus of males. How? First, by improving prenatal conditions to the point where boys have a better chance of achieving birth. Among younger, healthier and better-cared-for mothers, the ratio of boys born is considerably higher than average.

More Boys Can Be Born

By improving the prenatal conditions and having more childbearing at the most favorable ages and intervals, scientists are confident that we could increase the ratio of boys born by several per cent. In fact, this increase already may be on its way; in wartime and postwar periods the ratio of boy births goes up, chiefly, it is believed, because there is more childbearing by younger mothers.

Our next step would be to keep more males alive. Six out of every hundred boys born now die in their first year. But again, this is an average figure. In the more favored groups the boy death rate is half this amount; by better care we could bring down the general mortality and start thousands more little boys on life's way. We could also reduce deaths from causes which now discriminate against males, such as accidents, industrial hazards, violence and environmental diseases.

But all of these measures are for a future perhaps many years hence. At the moment, we must face the fact that no matter how low our war casualties may be, we will have a serious man shortage in the years directly ahead.

We may begin by following our wartime rule: Where there's a shortage, make what we have go as far as is possible. Thus, our girls may be surprised to find how many more husbands can be gotten out of the supply of unmarried males. In the past large numbers of our male marriage prospects have been sidetracked for long periods; others have been permanently lost in the mazes of bachelorhood.

In Sweden, population experts have found that uneven geographical distribution of the sexes has been an obstacle to marriage. The same is true in this country. Too many young women in one place (ask the girls in Washington) or too many men in another place (ask the boys at the shipyards) is bad for getting dates or getting mates. In normal times our cities run heavily to women while our rural districts have an excess of men—some of the farm regions having two unmarried men to every single woman.

The Far Western states still had, at the war's outbreak, a 6 per cent excess of males. In contrast, the New England and Middle Atlantic states had a marked shortage of men.

By 1940, these traditionally "spinster states," with only one fourth of our total population, had almost three fourths of our surplus of native white females.

Better Marriage Chances

Any steps which would help to even up the distribution of the sexes would increase the marriage chances of our women. The war emergency has brought women into many fields where formerly there were only men. If the barriers remain down after the war, it would step up the marriage-license rate.

Another impediment to marriage has been the tendency of many men to shift from place to place. By keeping many seasonal industries on an all-year-round basis, we could cause much larger numbers of men to settle down earlier. Anything else we can do to keep up wages, reduce poverty and insure job security will provide additional incentives to marriage.

A great deal could be accomplished through more deliberate efforts to bring marriageable young women and men together. No statistics are needed to tell you that even under normal conditions, in countless American homes, apartments or furnished rooms (and right this minute) there are lovely girls eating their hearts out, waiting hopelessly for the telephone to ring, while all the time, a short distance away, there may be many fine men, equally lonely, who would give anything for an introduction.

American girls have known the privilege of having men to choose from, the opportunity of fulfilling themselves as women and as mothers, for too long to give them up without a fight. If no other alternative is presented, that fight may be against long-cherished codes, customs, traditions and principles.

Authorities with whom I have discussed the problem are worried not that the American public will be alarmed, but that it will not be alarmed sufficiently to bestir itself. To produce workable plans, and to devise means for carrying them out, will require the putting together of our wisest heads, the co-operation of our most able lawmakers, sociologists, psychologists, clergymen, educators and businessmen and, most important of all, of our wisest and ablest women.

If we do not begin such planning in the very near future, we may find ourselves losing one of the most important social battles on our home front. And this time, our young women, not our young men, will be the casualties.

THE END

Miami Moonlight...

and Frog Legs Provençale at Le Corden Bleu

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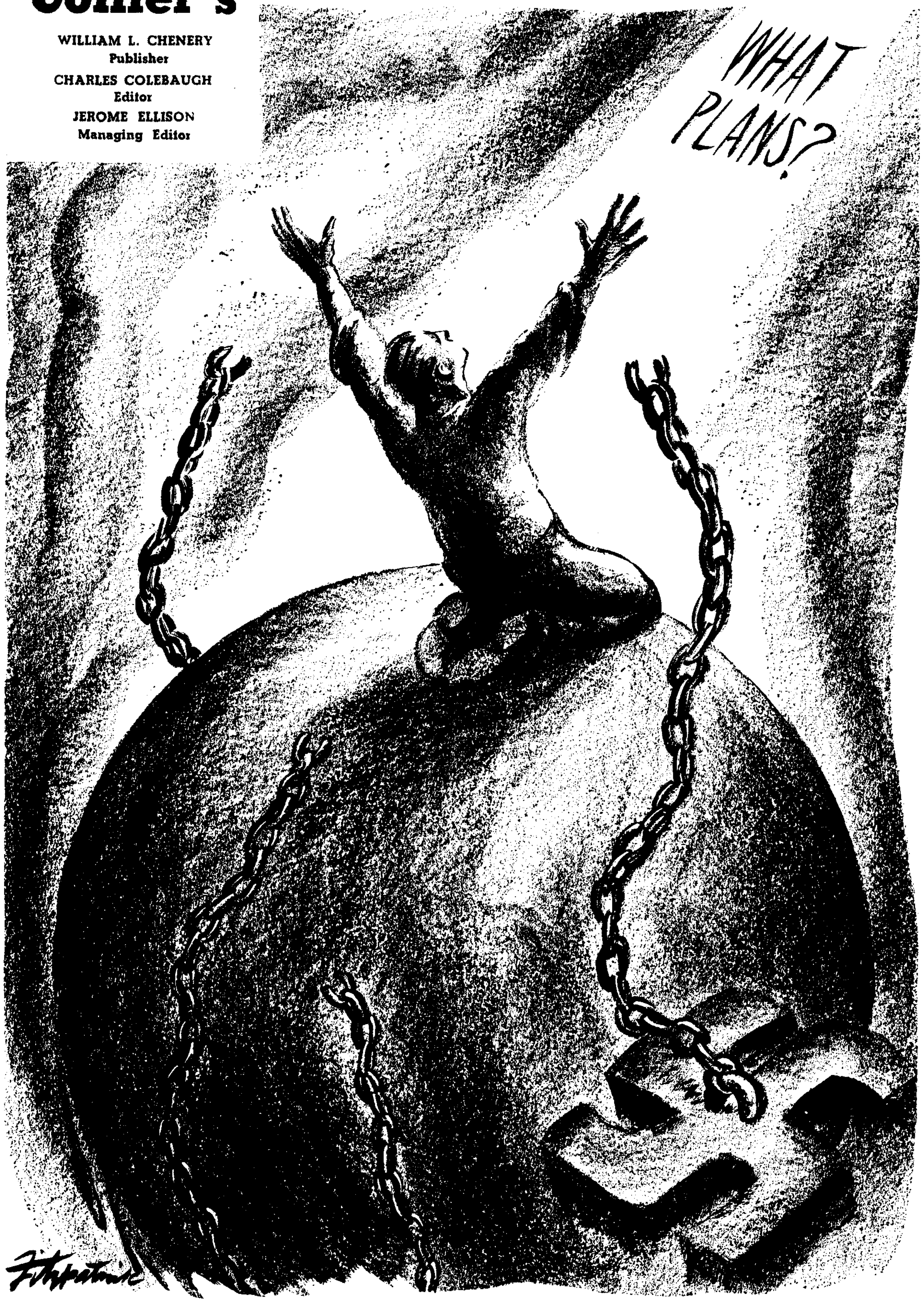

PEACE ON EARTH

COLLIER'S at this time has the honor to be printing a series of four articles on the gigantic question of how to make a workable and lasting peace after the present war. Published under the general title New Approaches to Lasting Peace, the articles are from the brains and hearts of Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, whose experience and sincerity need no elaboration here.

We hope that everybody who reads Collier's will read these articles, from first word to last. By way of doing our best to help stimulate the widest possible reading of them, we call attention here to their high lights, and ask all our readers' attention to Messrs. Hoover's and Gibson's detailed and brilliant discussion of those high lights.

The point started from is that all of us in our right minds want peace on earth—lasting peace, after this second frightful war in less than twenty-five years. Well, then, let's get peace after this war. How? Let us agree now on the essentials—with fairness and decency toward all who prove worthy of admission into some world-wide system of preserving peace.

As Messrs. Hoover and Gibson warn repeatedly, the time to set about this planning is now. After the guns cease firing it may easily be too late, what with ancient hates and passions boiling up again, and with revolutions breaking out or threatening in countries now held down by invaders or self-controlled by their determination to win the war.

Here, then, are the chief warnings and suggestions advanced in the Hoover-Gibson series:

1. We must rule hatred out of our thinking about the peace, and keep it ruled out.

2. We must drop any notion that the United States alone can write the peace, then underwrite it, then enforce it. Only the Allies, acting in frank and generous concert, can hope to do that.

3. We must give up any idea that it will be easy to engineer a lasting peace; that human nature will be changed by this war into something sweet and tractable. Human nature won't.

4. We must not be eager to impose our ways of thinking on peoples who have been satisfied, no matter how mistakenly, with their own ways of thinking for hundreds or thousands of years.

Having laid aside these preconceptions and mental handicaps, we can proceed to lay plans for tackling some momentous postwar problems:

1. How about the millions whom this war will leave maimed, diseased, orphaned, hungry? That will be the first emergency after the war. Unless we are prepared to meet it with thoroughgoing, generous and efficient relief measures, both in Allied and in Axis territory, we can lose this peace faster and more disastrously than we lost the peace that followed World War I.

2. Vast damage to homes, factories, power plants, dams, etc., has already been wrought by this war, and much more will be wrought. Blueprints for reconstruction must be in existence when the war ends. Otherwise, H. G. Wells' horror tale, The Shape of Things to Come, may come all too true.

3. How about quick conversion of war plants to peace plants, so that peacetime consumer goods may be manufactured in a hurry and in quantity? Here, at least, it looks as if the United States will not be caught unprepared, because many of our industrial leaders are already at work on such plans.

4. What about postwar political tangles in countries now occupied by the Axis? Such mix-ups, for example, as rival factions claiming to be the only rightful leaders of their long-imprisoned peoples (we have a preview of that in the Giraud-De Gaulle disputes in North Africa) . . . governments-in-exile which may have lost prestige with the people who stayed at home and took the Nazi or Jap tyranny on the chin . . . such postwar boundary disputes as the one existing between Russia and Poland.

5. How about postwar financing of both conquered and victorious countries—complicated by the present systematic (and very shrewd) Nazi and Jap absorption of stock, bond, corporation, etc., ownership into the German and Japanese economic systems? We'd better be ready with plans for untangling those ungodly complexities and restoring those properties to their rightful owners as fast as is humanly possible.

6. There is also the huge problem of how to handle, steer and stage-manage the peace conference or conferences; and of how to keep the world reasonably quiet while the peace is being worked out. The boys will be wanting to come home, from all the armies, and their families and political friends will be loudly seconding the motion. Can the Allied air forces and navies do most of the world-policing job for as long as may be necessary? It would seem that they can. But let's be sure, and let's have detailed plans ready to go into operation.

7. Lastly, there is the difference of opinion—already wide and deep in the United States and Great Britain—on the question whether to aim at one world federation to be set up soon after the war or at a number of regional federations co-operating from the start and aiming at a world federation some day.

On all these and related matters, Messrs. Hoover and Gibson have much to say. All that they have to say is of great value, because it is based on their enormous experience in the great upheaval of 1914-18, and in the long truce which preceded the present greater upheaval.

On the correct solution of these tremendous problems depends the fate of the world for the next generation at least, and perhaps for the next 1,000 years or more. We cannot lay our plans too soon or too soundly, long though World War II at this time promises to be.

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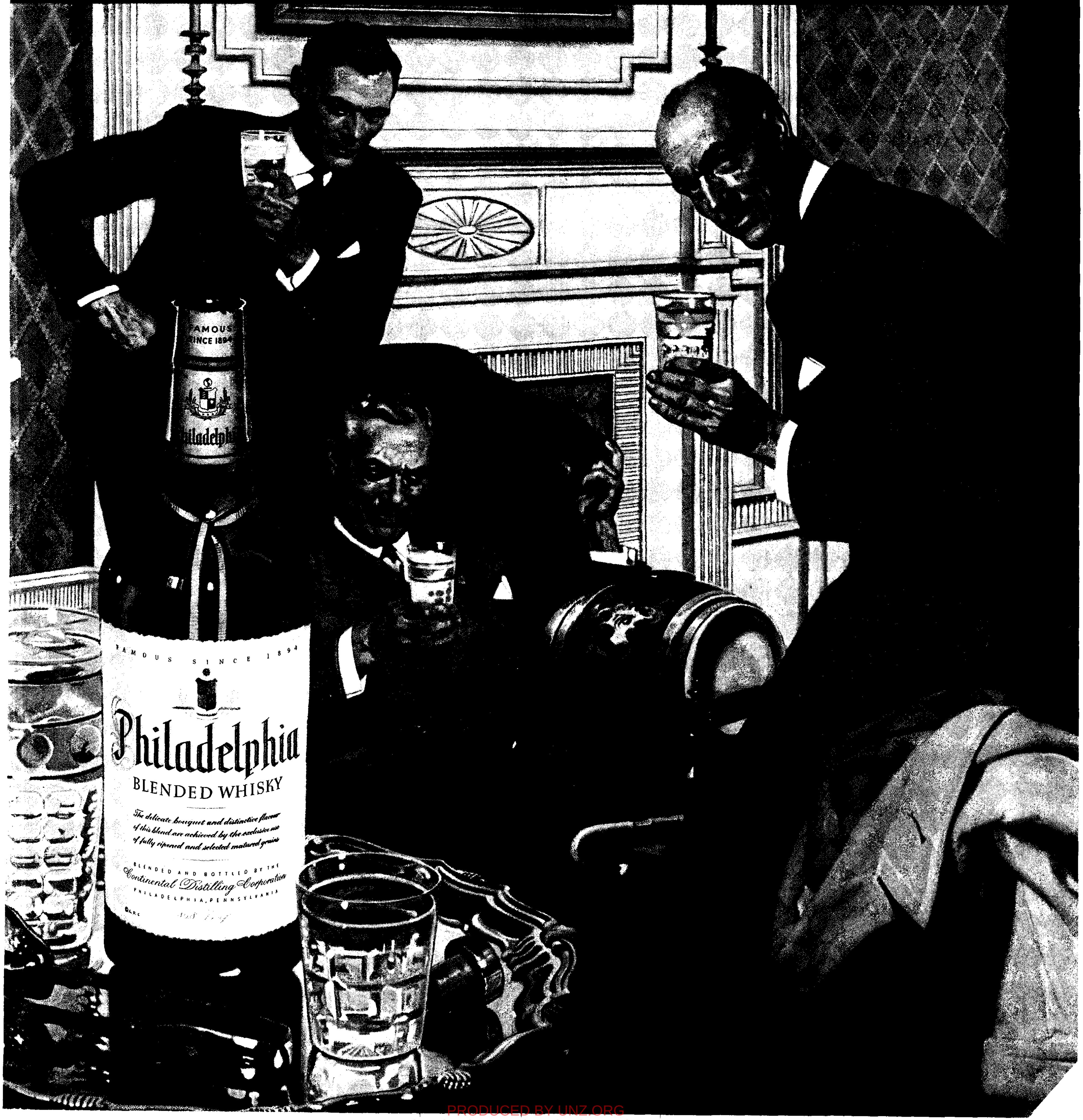
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THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

Girl on the Swing Shift

Around the clock with Dorothy Wallace, stenographer turned soldier on the production line at the Wright Aeronautical Corporation

4 P. M. No. 703-140 checking in. Handbag open for inspection. And you can double check on that package of cigarettes for it's strictly Camels with Dorothy Wallace. "Camels suit my throat better," she says.

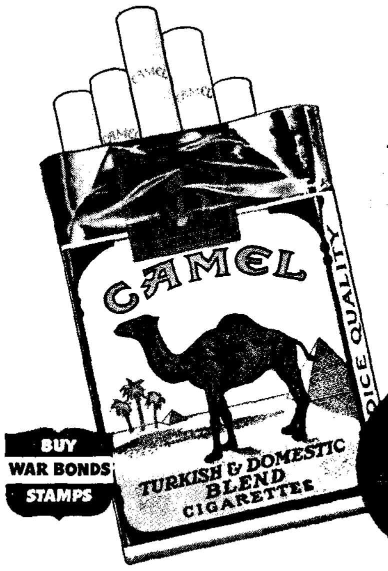
Those slim, nimble fingers that used to tap on a typewriter are working with a new purpose now—on engines for bombers. Above, ex-stenographer Dorothy mills out the channel on a master rod for a 14-cylinder Cyclone Aircraft Engine.

8 P. M. A sandwich, fruit, and hot cocoa from the lunch box. And Dorothy tops it off with a Camel. She's found that from puff to puff, and pack to pack, Camels hold that same flavorful appeal.

For the last lap of her 8-hour shift, Dorothy measures dimensions to tolerances of 1/1000 of an inch. And after midnight, with the evening just beginning, Dorothy is ready for roller-skating...

And this is swing on *skates*—so much more fun when the furloughing friend in uniform is there to carry your skates, to light your cigarette. Camels, of course, for they're the soldiers' favorite, too.

IT'S STRICTLY CAMELS WITH ME. THEY DON'T GET MY **THROAT**, AND EVERY CAMEL IS A FRESH TREAT!



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● How long since you've smoked a Camel? Give them a try today. Compare them critically...for taste...for your throat...for your "T-Zone." That's the proving ground of any cigarette.

On the basis of the experience of millions of Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels. See if they don't suit *your* "T-Zone."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.